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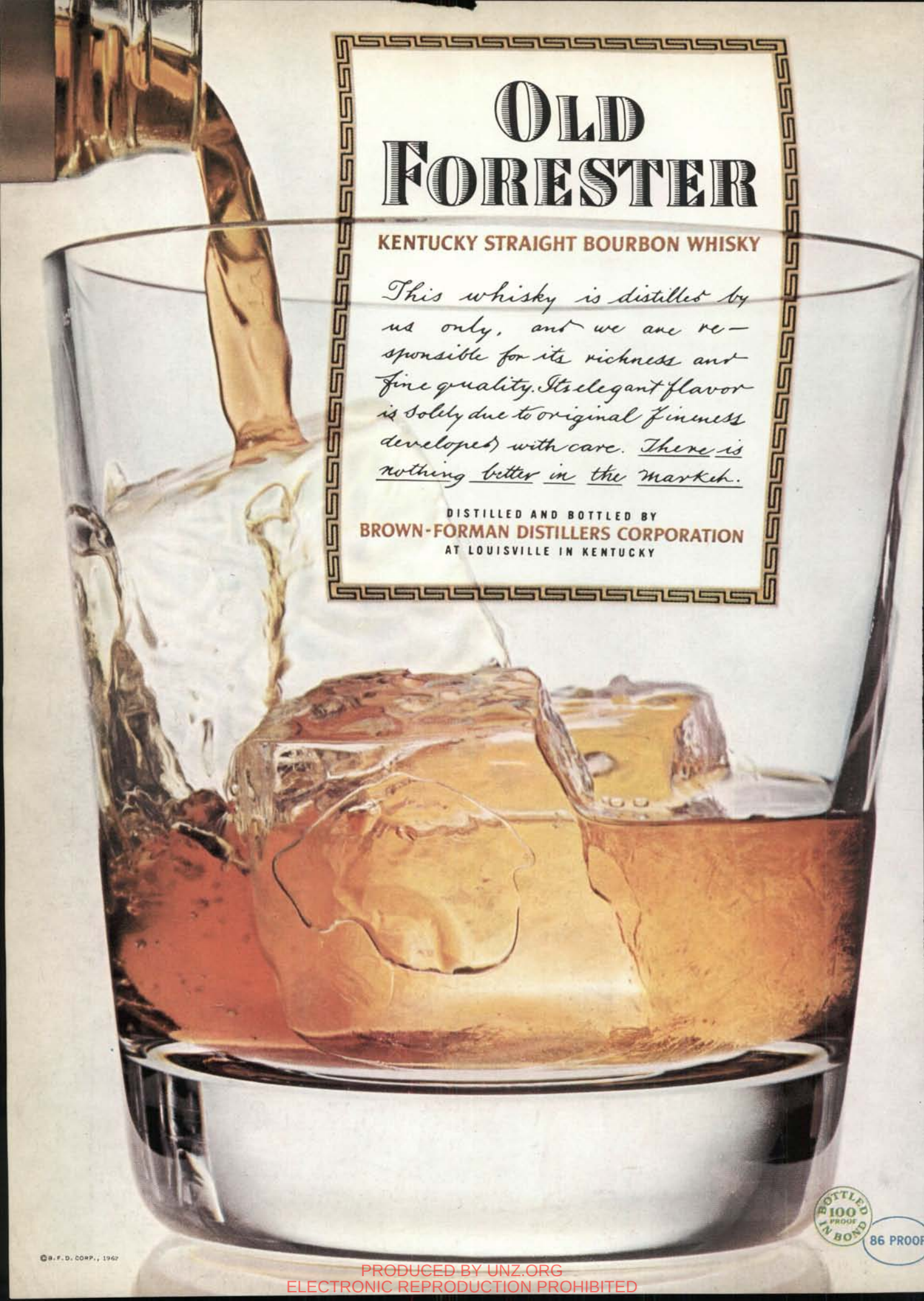

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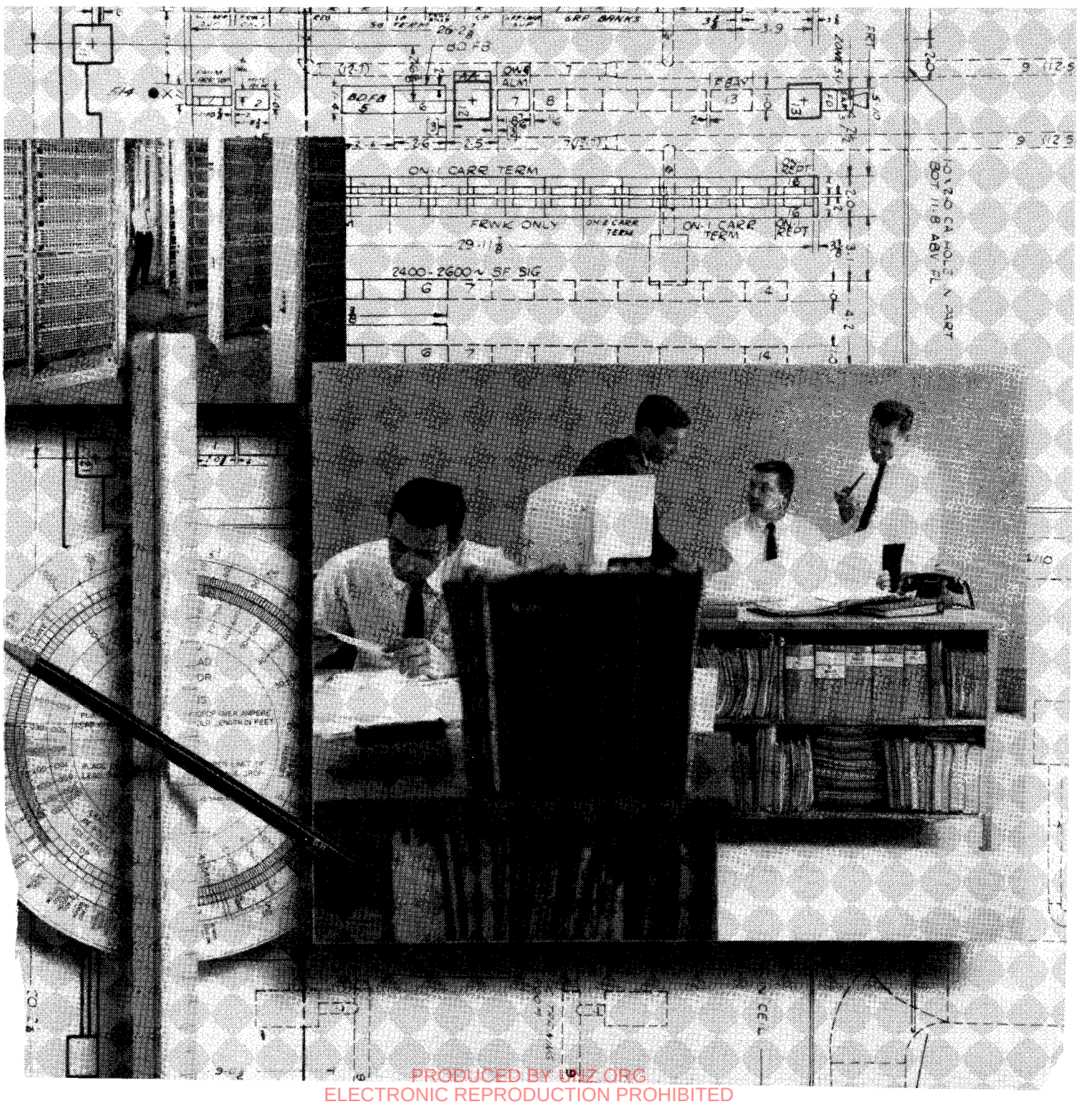

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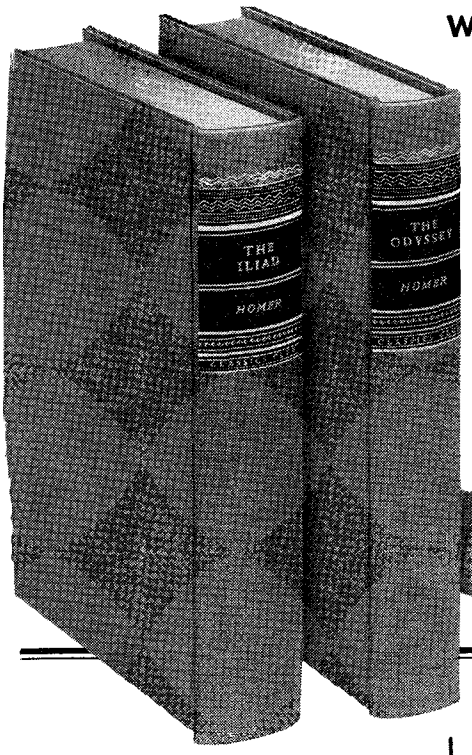

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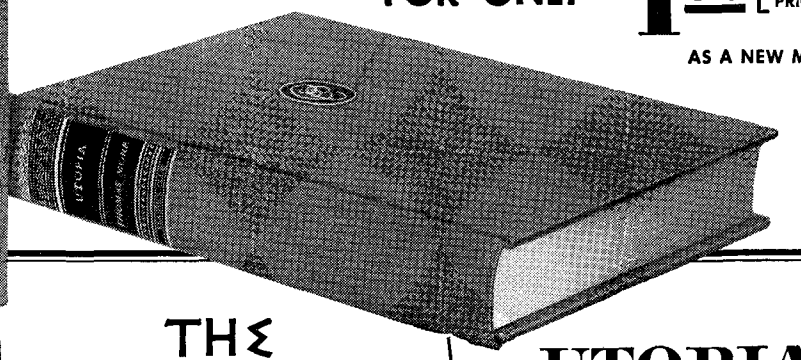

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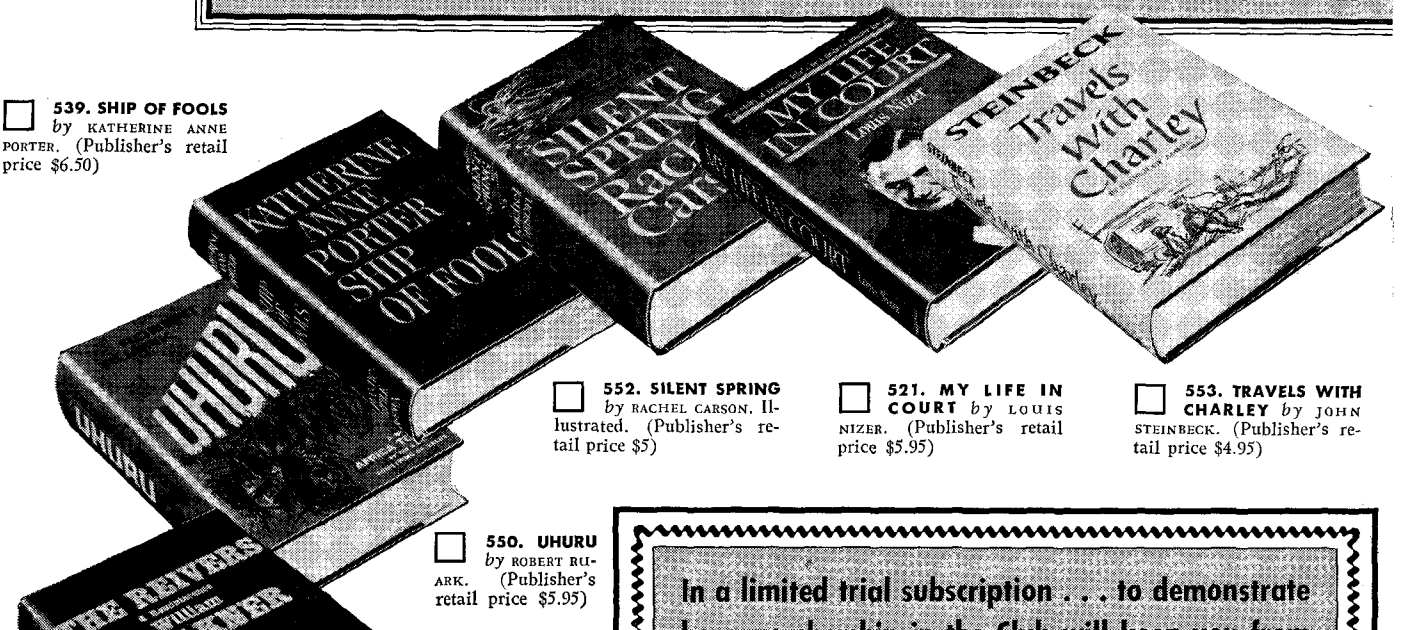

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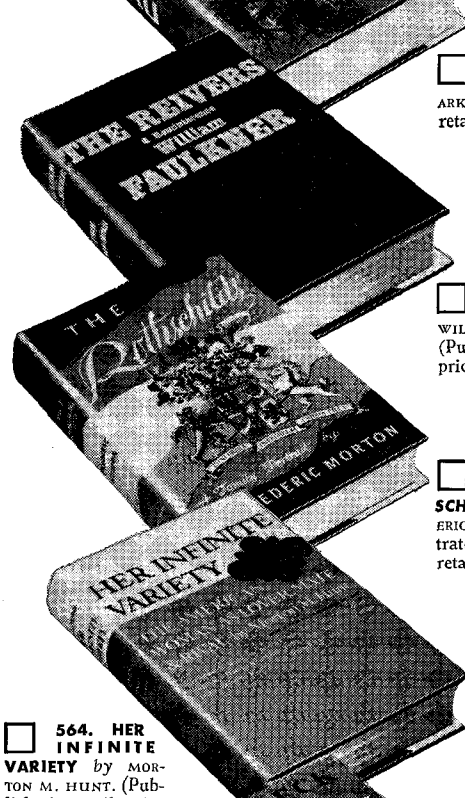

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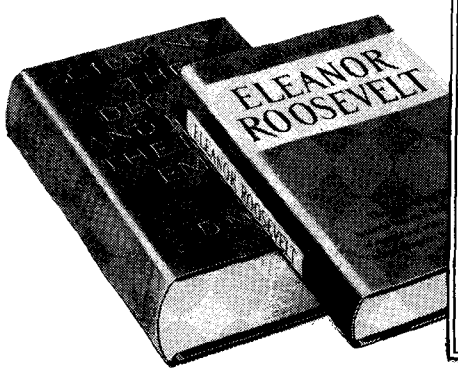

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WASHINGTON

At a dinner party on a June evening of 1790 in New York City, a historic bargain was struck. Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, argued over the table at President George Washington's residence that the new Union could be preserved only if the federal government assumed the separate and heavy debts of the states. Jefferson later wrote that "it was observed that this pill would be peculiarly bitter to the Southern states and that some concomitant measure should be adopted, to sweeten it a little to them." The sweetener was a decision to locate the national capital on the Potomac near Georgetown rather than on the Delaware River in Pennsylvania.

The Founding Fathers, in this "compromise to save the Union," gave the Congress the power of "exclusive legislation" for the District of Columbia, though their expectation was that its municipal affairs would be run by a locally elected council. But local government was abolished by Congress in the 1870s, and ever since the Senate and the House of Representatives have performed all the city's legislative functions, with presidentially appointed commissioners serving as the executive.

Today the city of Washington, ninth largest in the nation, like every other great American city suffers from hardening of the municipal arteries. Schools, highways, zoning, public welfare, and all the other familiar problems are also Washington problems. But because Washington is not just an agglomeration of nearly 800,000 people but the national capital and the capital of the free world, to which 106 diplomatic missions are accredited, its problems are unique.

The city's problems are complicated by its ever-increasing Negro population. Washington, by the 1960 census, had the largest proportion of Negroes of any city in the nation — 53.9 percent, compared with 14 percent in New York City, for example, and the national average of 10.5 percent. Furthermore, the public school population is now 83.4 percent Negro. Even counting the predominantly white parochial schools and white private schools, the city's student population is well over half Negro. And the figure will increase, for the bulk of the city's population of childbearing age is Negro.

In the post-war years, the whites in the same age bracket have streamed to the suburbs of Washington much as they have elsewhere. The Negro cannot follow even if he can afford it, as a few can, because housing in most of the Maryland and Virginia suburbs is denied Negroes through one device or another. Racial bars in schools have been significantly dropped in nearby Maryland, but only in a token way in nearby Virginia. As the District's school superintendent has put it: "The Negro population is remaining fairly restricted to the District's boundary lines, while the white population has more flexibility and is moving beyond these lines. This situation increases the amount of *de facto* segregation. The Negroes coming into the area must come to downtown neighborhoods for available private housing."

Job discrimination

The federal government is the Capital's biggest employer, and the Kennedy Administration has tried hard, and with considerable success, to move more Negroes into the higher job categories. Civil service agents have toured the Negro colleges encouraging students to apply for federal jobs. But this is a long process, and, indeed, many who have taken the civil service exams have proved to be inadequately educated despite their degrees.

Private business in the District has been prodded to increase Negro employment. There has been

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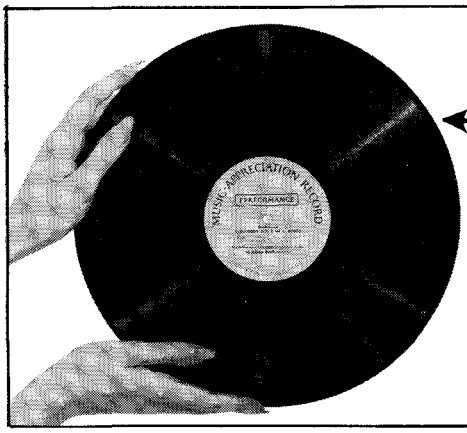

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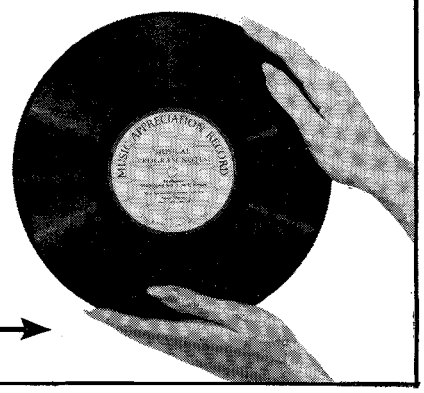

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pushing by Administration officials and others interested in civil rights, and by Negro groups, who have on occasion successfully threatened boycotts. Yet, only recently the staff director of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission declared that six leading private business schools in Washington either refuse to admit Negroes, or segregate them. These schools, he commented, "are the significant avenues through which a person can secure a job in Government and private business, since they have working relationships with the major personnel offices, public and private." Negroes miss out on opportunities to learn typing and business-machine and stenotype operation and do not get executive secretarial training — all skills for which there is a constant demand in the Capital.

A recent study of unemployment in the Capital showed that seven of every ten out of a job were Negroes. Further, the average nonwhite family earns but 56 cents for every dollar earned by the average white family, despite the fact that many Negro families have two breadwinners. Last year, what was widely viewed as a welfare scandal, investigated by a Senate subcommittee, showed what everybody knew: that thousands of Negro women were living with men to whom they were not legally married, and that hundreds of them were drawing welfare aid for their children, despite a legal requirement barring such aid when there is a man in the house.

This problem was solved in the best bureaucratic manner by cutting the children off the aid roll. One result was to jam-pack with such children the city's Junior Village, where, ironically, it costs far more to maintain a child. At Junior Village, 712 children recently were living in quarters for 320, with 80 attendants in charge.

Crime and juvenile delinquency are on the increase in Washington, as in many other places. The Negro is more than ever involved, and a number of recent attacks on congressional secretaries, as well as other forms of violence, have made many sections of the city — and not just predominantly Negro neighborhoods — seem unsafe places for the average citizen to venture even in daylight, let alone at night. Attorney General Robert Kennedy, who had made a federal venture into the delinquency problem, has tried to give a hand to the Capital. This has helped to highlight the problem but not to solve it.

The situation of Negroes in Washington has been complicated by the arrival of many black-skinned diplomats from Africa. Cases of discrimination in housing and restaurants have had wide publicity both here and abroad, to the detriment of American foreign relations. The State Department has made valiant efforts to meet the housing problem for such diplomats, but custom and prejudice often cannot be altered by either persuasion or executive fiat. The concern of the government to help visiting Negroes, however, has an unfavorable effect on the resident American Negro. As a Howard University sociologist put it, Washington Negroes are "forced to stand apart from others — even other colored people." Their bitterness increases.

Thanksgiving Day race riot

All of the facts described here form the backdrop for what took place in Washington's new and magnificent D. C. Stadium last Thanksgiving Day. A crowd of 50,000 jammed the stadium for the annual citywide high school football play-off, between Eastern High, a predominantly Negro public school, and St. John's, a predominantly white Catholic school. At game's end, some 2000 spectators rushed onto the field, most of them Negroes, and created the most serious race riot in Washington's history since World War I days.

Scores were hurt, some were hospitalized, all were the victims of an upwelling of racial bitterness which alarmed the community and so frightened school officials that further games were canceled. The public schools named President Eisenhower's former youth-fitness director, Shane McCarthy, to head a citizens' panel to look into the causes and find a cure. He had been at the game himself, and on the way out a 14-year-old niece with him was slapped by a woman.

The Negro's best weapon

All across the nation the American Negro, by one means or another, has been increasingly active these past few years in fighting for what he considers his rights. And the federal government, as evidenced by the troops sent to the University of Mississippi in the James Meredith case and by the suits to enforce voting rights in many states, as well as by further moves in school desegregation, is increasingly active. But more and more the feeling in the Capital is that the best weapon the Negro citizen has is the vote. Where he has it, he has political power to force a better deal for members of his race in many fields.

The local franchise in the District of Columbia existed until 1871, and thousands of Negroes newly

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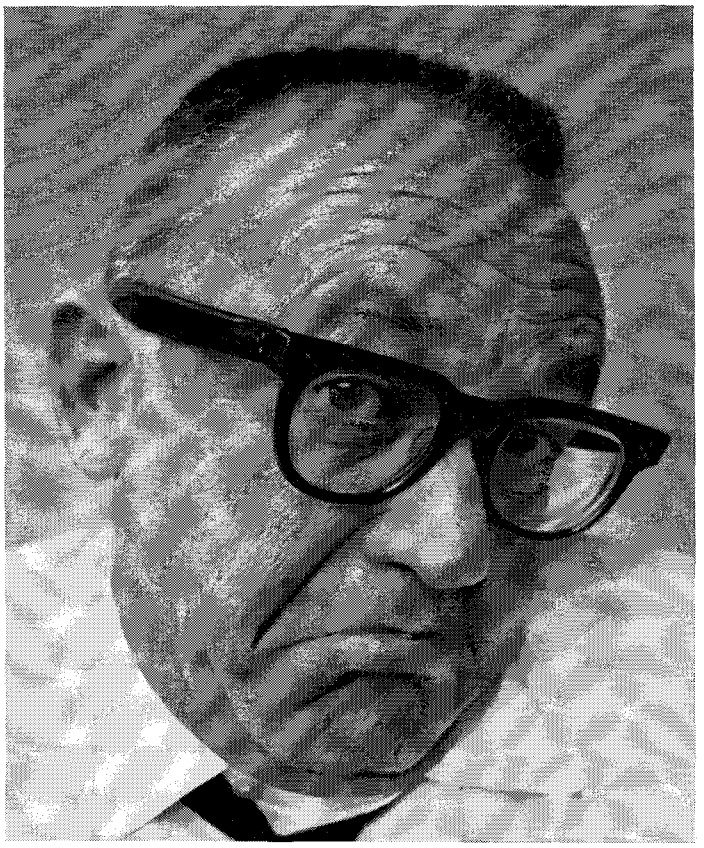

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Report on Washington

arrived from the South in the wake of the Civil War were allowed to vote. This naturally engendered opposition, and it helped lead to a territorial plan of government in 1871–1874, and finally, in 1874, to total disenfranchisement, which has existed to this day.

There is a rudimentary franchise every four years, when those who admit to membership in either the Democratic or Republican Party do vote on delegates to their national conventions and local political officials. But most civil servants either vote in their home states by absentee ballot or avoid party affiliation altogether.

In 1964, under the latest amendment ratified in the federal Constitution, the District of Columbia will for the first time participate in a presidential election. The city will have three electoral votes, and in a close election, at least, they could be meaningful. Already the local party politicians have begun to stir themselves, with both sides realizing that the Negro, if he does vote, will be critical to the outcome.

The coming of a presidential vote will give the Negro community in the Capital a sense of power; of that there is no doubt, though it may take a while to get enough of them to register and cast ballots. But the Negro problem, the bread-and-butter problem, is centered in the municipal area, and here the prospects are dim. Schools in the District were quickly desegregated after the Supreme Court's historic ruling; restaurants were desegregated by some clever legal work induced by private citizens; and other steps to progress have been taken.

But in the end any issue generally comes back to a question of what the "city council" will do in terms of money for schools, welfare, playgrounds, the police department, and other services. And Washington's "city council" is the Congress of the United States, which is busy with weightier questions.

Who runs the capital city?

The city's business on Capitol Hill is controlled through the Senate and House District Committees. The Senate committee, whose current chairman is sympathetic Senator Alan Bible of Nevada and whose conscience is liberal Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon, has by and large tried to do right by the city and its Negro citizens.

But in the House of Representatives, the chairman long has been Representative John McMillan of South Carolina, ably backed by a combination of fellow Southerners and Republicans like Congressman Joel Broyhill, who represents the adjacent areas of Virginia, just across the Potomac from Washington.

The two appropriation committees, which hold the city's purse strings, generally lean more to the McMillan view than to the Bible view, though they have granted some recent increases in the federal payment the Congress votes to the city's budget in lieu of taxes on the vast amounts of government nontaxable property. In addition, the tax base is constantly whittled away by congressional grants of tax-free status to more and more so-called nonprofit organizations with headquarters in the national capital.

McMillan and others like him, including the powerful chairman of the House Rules Committee, Representative Howard Smith of Virginia, balked all attempts to grant home rule to the District. They based their arguments on the principle of the federal interest, but the root of their objection was the enfranchisement of the Negro. Now that the Negro population has swollen so in the city, and now that the Republicans in the South are trying to be more segregationist than the Democrats, the resistance is likely to be even harder, if that is possible.

The need for home rule

On several occasions the Senate has passed local home-rule bills for the city, but the bills have never even emerged from the House District Committee; usually they do not even get a hearing. Probably now the argument will be to wait and see how the voting turns out in the presidential election. Insofar as the Southerners and conservative whites were concerned, the constitutional amendment to let the District's residents vote for President was passed

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as a substitute for home rule, as the lesser of two evils.

Yet it is more and more obvious that the situation is getting too ugly; the Negro leadership was shocked at the rioting on Thanksgiving Day and is trying to take stock of itself, but that is not likely to halt the militants or to lessen the amount of unemployment, the number of school dropouts, and the high rate of delinquency among Negroes. An explosion of even worse proportions can be expected if matters continue to drift.

The problem of the American Negro is increasingly on the conscience of the nation's white majority. But in the national capital, where the Negro feels so hemmed in, and indeed is, only Congress can relieve the pressures. Long ago Lincoln Steffens wrote his famous *Shame of the Cities*. Washington is a prime example of a modern-day version of municipal shame.

Mood of the Capital

As the New Year opened, Washington was in a cheerier mood than it had been since the first years of post-World War II euphoria. No one was saying that what once was called "the American century" had finally arrived. But there was a feeling that the Cuban affair had marked a turning point in East-West relationships.

The Soviet backdown, coupled with internal Communist bloc troubles and the increasing strain on Russian resources, at least gave government officials a feeling that the tide has turned. No longer do Soviet diplomats around the world — not to mention the satellite diplomats — appear so certain that Marxism-Leninism has all the answers and that Communism is inevitably the wave of the future.

Against this backdrop of an improved psychological atmosphere, however, there remain all the world's troubles and the continuing arms race. Cuba, of course, solved none of these problems. But it did give the President and his associates a sense of renewal as they set out to tackle the problems of 1963.

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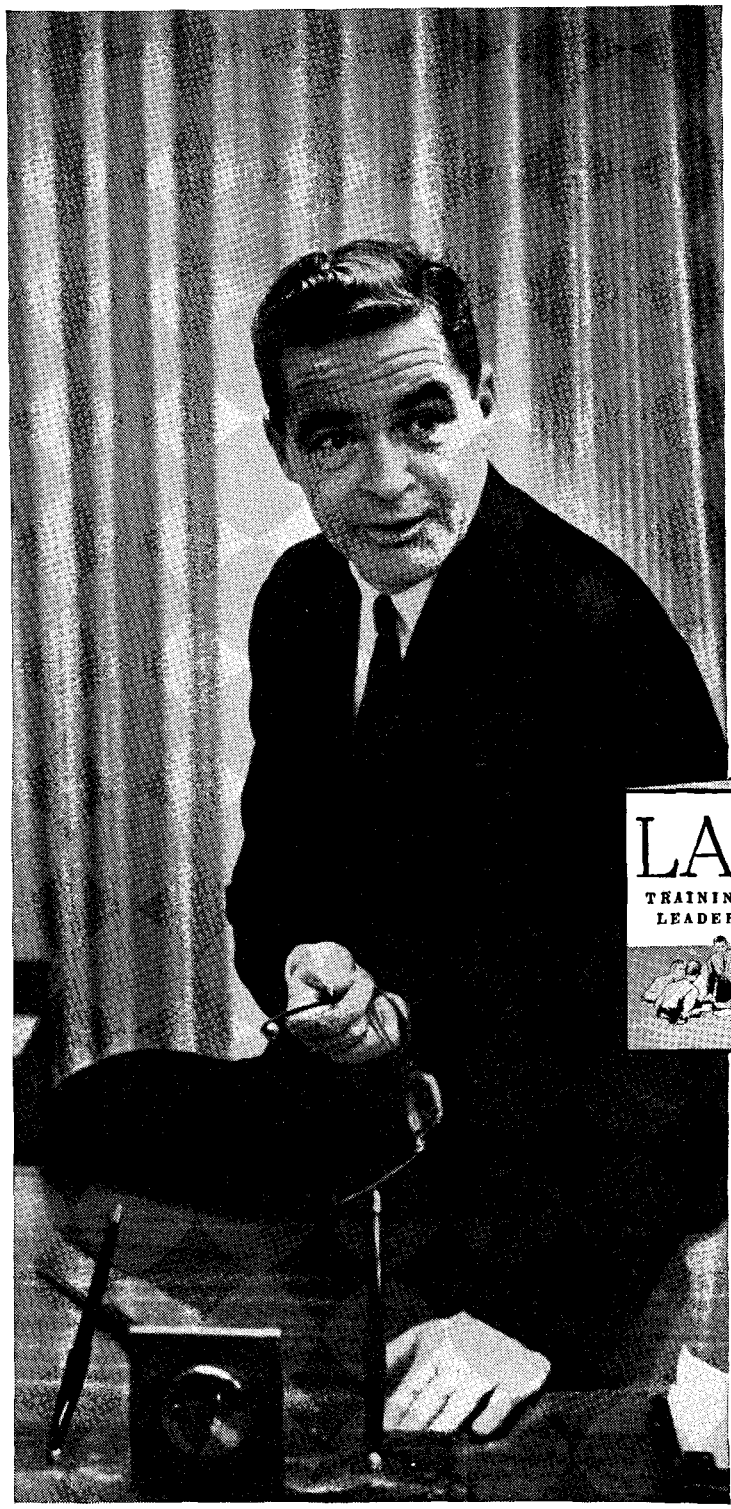

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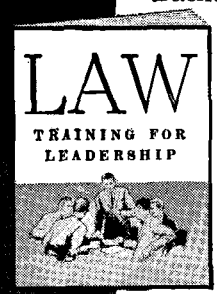

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THERE has been so much talk in recent years about the approaching end of the Adenauer era that people were beginning, somehow, to disbelieve in its ever happening. At the age of eighty-seven the Chancellor is — at least on the surface — as confident of his powers as ever and as convinced of his indispensability. He is as curt with the unsolicited opinions of ministers and public and as resolute to assert his patriarchal authority in Cabinet and Bundestag.

Whenever members of his Christian Democratic Party have overenthusiastically advanced the claims of Ludwig Erhard to be designated as his successor, Adenauer has persistently produced a cutting rejoinder about his vice chancellor's lack of political flair and talent. Whenever any of his followers have ventured remarks about the difficulty for an octogenarian to function as both Chancellor and Party Chairman, Adenauer has observed an acid silence. He has not merely wanted desperately to cling to political office; he has been unable to visualize anyone's ever taking his place. There has never been anyone whom he would trust to do the job.

The announcement, on December 7, that Adenauer would definitely retire in the fall of 1963 came, therefore, as a surprise. Admittedly, the Chancellor a year ago agreed privately to retirement by October, 1963, as an inducement to the Free Democrats to participate in the government formed after the 1961 Federal election. His agreement was contained in a letter labeled "for information" and handed to his own Minister for Special Questions, Heinrich Krone. To set their doubts at rest, the Free Democrats were given a copy. But the agreement was of an elusive, unofficial, only semibinding nature. Those who knew Adenauer were convinced that he would not hesitate to revoke his decision, ostensibly in the national interest, if he saw fit to do so.

The December 7 announcement is of a binding nature. It was made to the 242 Christian Democratic members of the Bundestag by the Parliamentary Chairman of the Christian Democratic Party, Heinrich von Brentano, after personal consultation with the Chancellor. The Chancellor would retire "soon after" the 1963 parliamentary summer holiday. This normally ends in the third week of September. It seemed that Adenauer had at last set a term on his usefulness. It seemed that he had finally conceded something to his critics, and to those members of his own large family who felt that the old warhorse should not die in harness but should be allowed a few years of rest on the slopes of Bonn's hills, tending his roses, sipping the fine wines which he appreciates.

Adenauer's reluctance

In reality, Adenauer has made no real concession at all. Under the terms of the loosely defined coalition agreement of 1961 with the Free Democrats, he was bound to retire *by* October, 1963. He will now, in fact, stay in office until the last possible moment. Von Brentano rubbed this point in by adding that the Chancellor's decision must be "respected by all," and that there should be no challenge to his authority during the next ten months (the Free Democrats had previously reserved the right to press for his earlier withdrawal). Brentano also pointed out that Adenauer had "acted of his own free will" — a curious interpretation of his confirmation of the decision forced on him a year before.

If the December 7 announcement proved anything it was that Adenauer had, once again, kept a trump card up his sleeve by making his retirement a semiofficial, semisecret affair when he negotiated with the Free Democrats a year ago. All that he has now given up is the vague hope that he might have coaxed the government parties into allowing him to remain in office until 1964, or even until the 1965 Federal election. He would then have been in his ninetieth year.

Three factors have combined to ensure that the coming, final year of the Adenauer era will be one of grave internal difficulties. The first factor has been the so-called *Spiegel* affair, which has given a greater jolt to post-war German democracy than any other event since the Federal Re-

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Report on West Germany

public came into being in 1949. The second factor has been the bitter feud which developed out of the *Spiegel* affair between the two government parties, the Christian Democrats and the Free Democrats. The third factor has been the subsequent party political manipulations and contortions, during the weeks when Adenauer was trying to form his new administration.

The by-products of these three factors have been bitterness in the political parties, disapproval and alarm among the German people, and incredible confusions of motive and principle among political leaders who have grown stale and unsure of themselves.

The *Spiegel* affair

The *Spiegel* affair was so complex that it will take many months to sort it out. As a weekly paper, the *Spiegel* is refreshingly independent, but often overcritical and sometimes verging on the venomous. Its publisher, Rudolf Augstein, has been carrying on a personal feud with the Federal Defense Minister, Franz-Josef Strauss, for over a year — a feud reflecting little credit on either man. With deliberate intent to provoke and hurt, the *Spiegel* inflated an incident of Strauss's carelessness in approving a particular army contract into a nasty tale of alleged corruption. The Fibag case (Fibag was the name of the Bavarian firm to which Strauss would have handed the contract) ended on October 24, with only partial exoneration of Strauss. Two days later police pounced on the *Spiegel's* offices in Hamburg and Bonn and arrested a number of the paper's staff, including Augstein.

There were superficially reasonable grounds for this action, which was supposed at the time to have been executed by the state prosecutor's office in Karlsruhe on its own initiative. On October 10 the *Spiegel* had published an account of a NATO secret military exercise, under the title "Fallex 62." The account gave a gloomy picture of NATO findings (15 million West Europeans killed in the event of nuclear war, lack of training and materials to carry on an effective defense, and breakdown of essential services). More important, the *Spiegel's* account showed that Defense Minister Strauss was working directly counter to American military policies in Europe. The American concept was to check aggressive Soviet tendencies by building up NATO's strength in conventional armaments; Strauss wanted to rely on the nuclear deterrent and give NATO, and even West Germany, increased control over nuclear weapons.

The grounds for the police action against the *Spiegel*, however, had less to do with differences between President Kennedy's advisers and Strauss than with the fact that secret military information had been published in the West German press. It was assumed, probably rightly, that the *Spiegel's* editors did this with their eyes open. Publication of military secrets is, under German law, a punishable offense, involving treason. The police accordingly seized members of the paper's staff, confiscated its main offices for an indefinite period, took over its files, precensored the next issue of the paper (this may have been unintentional), and interrogated all suspects in jail, without bringing any charges against them.

All this is permitted under German law, which is based on the Code Napoléon (this obliterated German tribal law, which had provided much of the essential basis of both British and Americal legal practice). In Germany today it is possible to hold a suspect indefinitely in a state of "interrogatory arrest," without bringing any charge whatever against him. A suspect may be released a year or even two years later, and has no right of redress against authorities which have tacitly admitted his innocence.

Strauss resigns under pressure

The Adenauer government set out to encourage prosecution of the action against the *Spiegel*, in spite of a popular outcry which had less to do with respect for the weekly paper than with dislike of the arbitrary methods used against it. The implication here was that the *Spiegel* was being singled out for judiciary inquiry because it had deliberately provoked Defense Minister Strauss.

Strauss, however, said at once that he had known nothing about the

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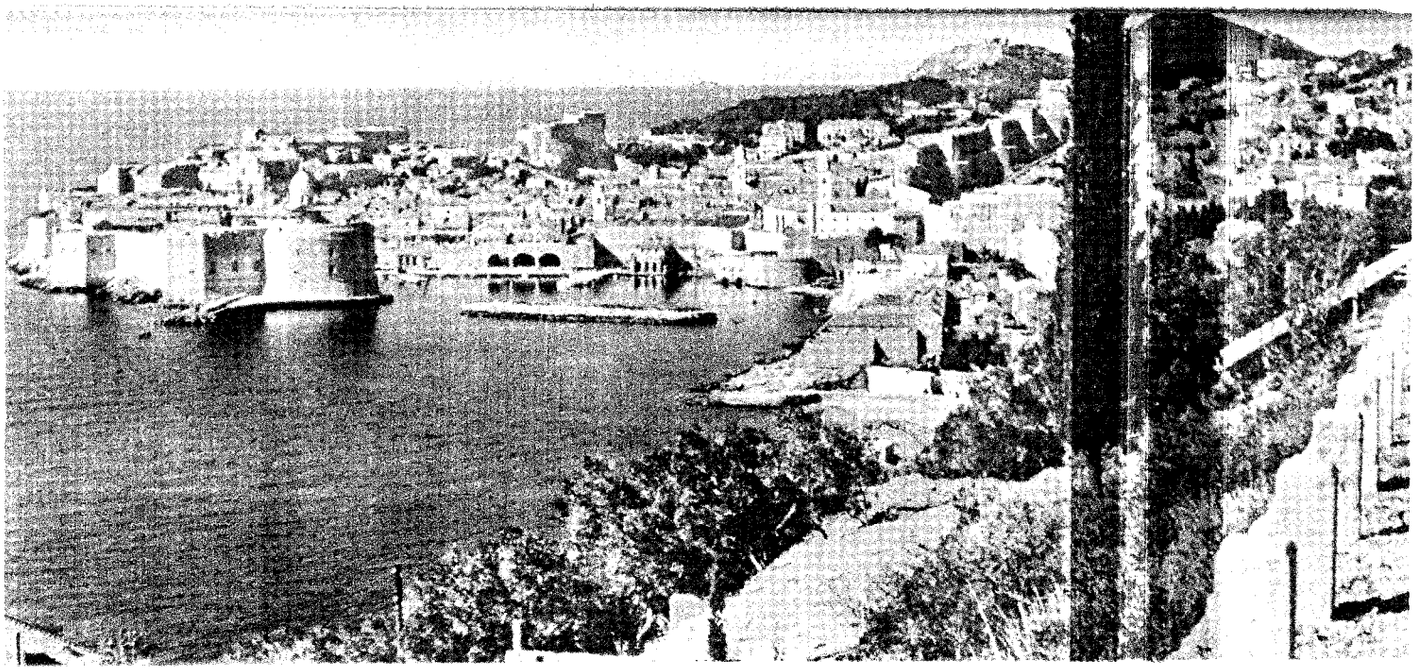

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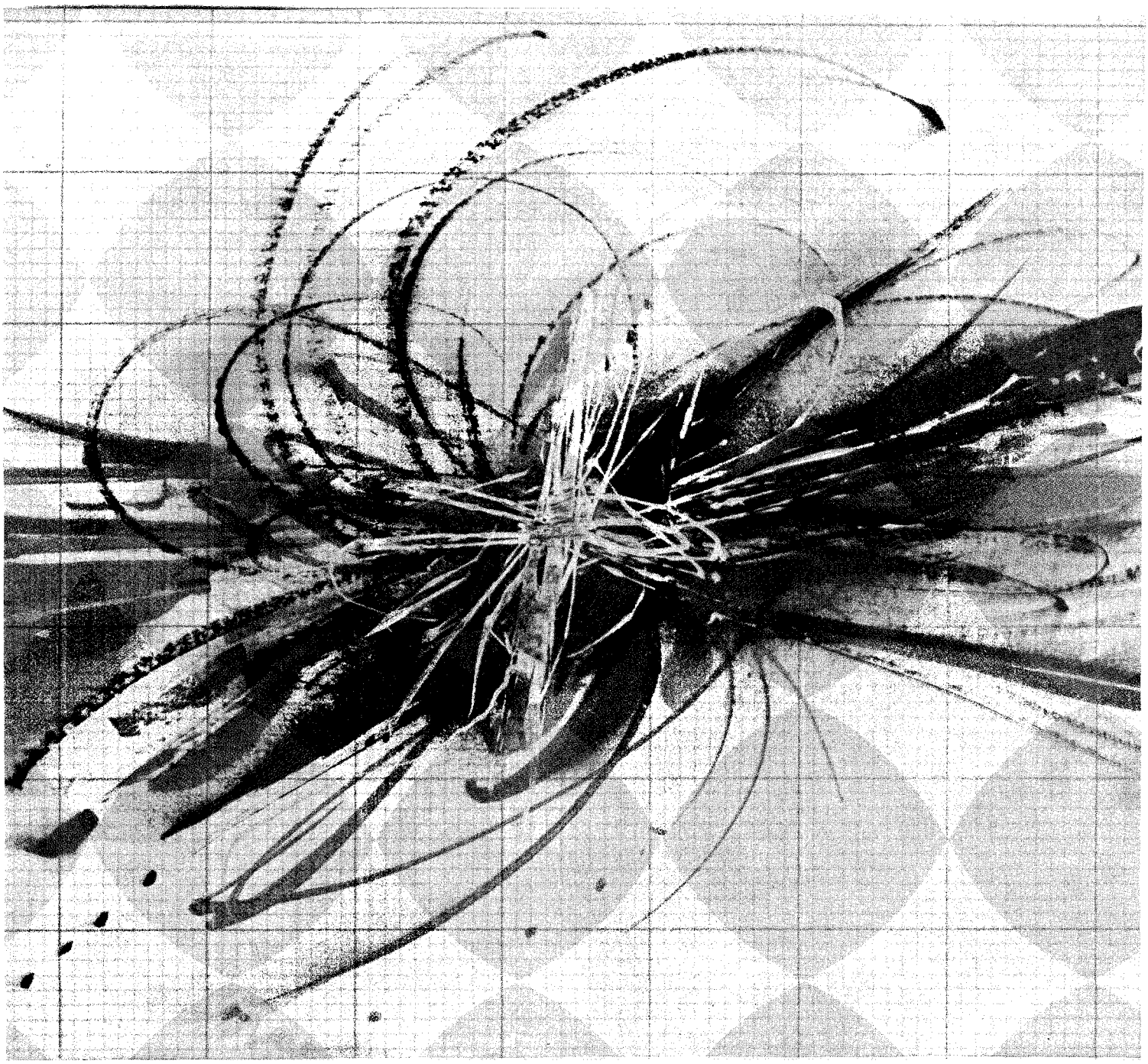

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proposed action against the *Spiegel*. It subsequently transpired that he had previously studied the case against the paper, that he personally ordered the arrest in Spain of the *Spiegel* correspondent who had written the "Fallex 62" article, that he did this on his own initiative and not, as he declared to the Bundestag, to help the state prosecutor's office, and that he personally made sure that Free Democratic Cabinet ministers were not informed of what was going on.

The case against Strauss, as a minister who refused to tell the truth or accept responsibility, was overwhelming. But it took four weeks to secure his resignation, and the credit for that was divided between public opinion and the Free Democrats. They realized, at a crucial moment, that some standard of honesty was necessary if they were ever to explain their part in this unsavory affair.

Like Strauss, Adenauer affected to know nothing about the legal action against the *Spiegel*. He continued to assert this while *Spiegel* editors and correspondents sat in jail (every second one appears to have been innocent, and was released without any charges being brought). According to Strauss, Adenauer had been kept in the picture over the *Spiegel* affair and had authorized his action against the *Spiegel* correspondent in Spain. Adenauer, again, may have been a party to the deliberate failure to inform Free Democratic ministers. The Strauss-Adenauer recriminations only began after the former had resigned, on November 30.

Government crisis

In the internal governmental upheaval over the *Spiegel* affair two secretaries of state (ranking after Cabinet ministers in their departments) were dismissed, and then reinstated — after it was shown that their ministers had known more than they. Two senior members of the Bundeswehr were arrested, and a bitter feud between two separate West German counterintelligence organizations was uncovered. At least two members of the Defense Ministry retired gracefully, in order to avoid further investigations. The Federal Ministry of the Interior was

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involved too, to a minor extent. The implication of all this was that the West German apparatus of government needed a cleanup.

The *Spiegel* affair led on into a governmental crisis, which brought further manifestations of political instability. The immediate cause of the governmental crisis was the resignation of the five outraged Free Democratic ministers. When this happened, Adenauer was confronted with two logical choices — to offer his own resignation, or to promise a full inquiry into the *Spiegel* affair and pacify the Free Democrats. He did neither.

His first reaction was to treat the crisis with ill-timed levity. Next, he tried to play off Social and Free Democrats against each other, thereby frightening the Free Democrats back into the fold but at the same time ensuring that mutual distrust and distaste would be the salient features of the next coalition government. It was inevitable that plenty of German commentators should have noted the tragic deterioration of a Chancellor who used to set his sights on worthwhile, long-term objectives and who today struggles only for the prolongation of his tenure of power.

Adenauer tried to inveigle the Social Democrats into temporary alliance by promising electoral reform, the dropping of the present system of proportional representation and the substitution of one of direct election. This would have sounded the death knell of all but the two principal parties, and would have driven the Free Democrats out of the Bundestag. Adenauer's brief, unreal flirtation with the Social Democrats was untrue to himself, to the Social Democrats, to common sense, political honesty, and to an infant German democracy.

The public responds

The shock administered to the German public by the *Spiegel* affair and the governmental crisis has overshadowed all other recent events in Germany. The Cuban crisis, which Germans faced up to with admirable resolution and which caused no wavering of German confidence in the Kennedy Administration, was forgotten a week after it ended. The Berlin Wall, in spite of Communist shootings at desperate would-be escapers, virtually vanished from the news.

Following his return from a three-day visit to Washington, Adenauer's failure to make any public statement about his talks with Kennedy passed unnoticed. The Bavarian Land election, in which the Christian Democrats did better than might have been expected and Strauss stumped his home state, trumpeting his unrepentance over the *Spiegel* affair, aroused only passing interest. For a time, at least, the average citizen lost his preoccupation with the terms of his material existence, with the continuing rise in food prices, the sharp recession on the German stock market, and the threat of higher taxation during the next twelve months.

This was in itself all to the good. In daily speech, in thousands of letters to the press, in public meetings, and in the home, the average citizen has shown a lively and welcome interest in the maintenance of democracy and the rule of law. This has been the solitary, but substantial gain from the seven weeks' crisis. West Germans were handed their political liberties on a platter after the war by the Allied occupying powers. But they have become wary and watchful in defense of them.

Still, the outlook for the months ahead is unhappy. Adenauer's formidable authority is draining away, and as long as he remains at the helm there will be no reconciliation between the political parties. There is lack of leadership in the Bundestag and outside it. The question of who will succeed the aging Chancellor has still not been settled.

It is well that the firm hand of Gerhard Schroeder is taking increasing hold of West German foreign policy, and that Erhard is still in the government to guide the economy through a period of diminishing foreign trade surpluses and creeping inflation. When Adenauer retires next October, it is around these two men — and the party reformer of the Christian Democrats, Joseph Dufhues — that a rejuvenated and responsible administration will have to be grouped.

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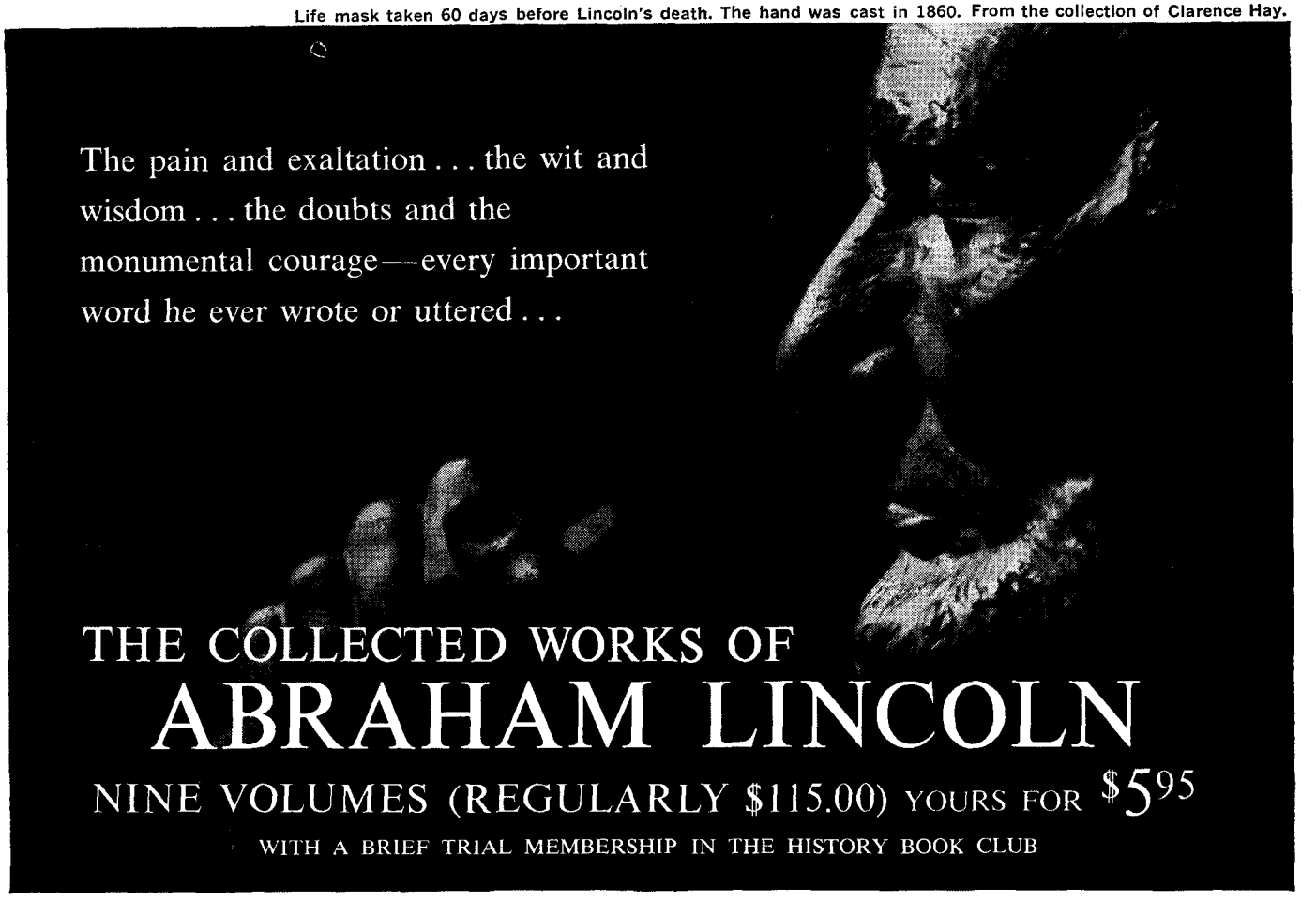

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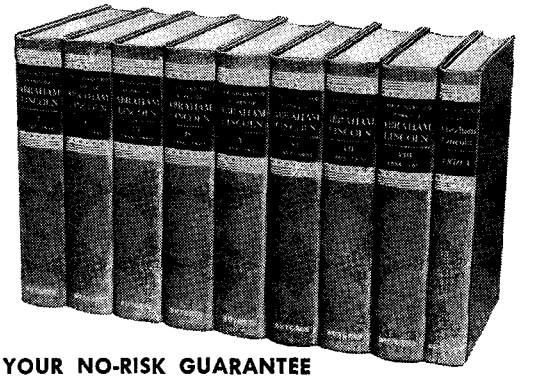

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EMERGING from the November 21 cabinet meeting in the Elysée Palace, at which he had heard President Charles de Gaulle comment on the results of the first electoral runoff, France's 36-year-old Finance Minister, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, is reported to have said, "Yesterday the trouble was an ungovernable Chamber. From now on it's going to be an ungovernable General."

It would be hard to sum up France's present predicament more succinctly than this. Last October's referendum and, even more, De Gaulle's sweeping electoral triumph in November consummated one of those shifts which have been a characteristic feature of French politics ever since the Revolution of 1789. The vexations of parliamentary irresponsibility and misrule, which were the curses of the Third and Fourth Republics, are being replaced, under the Fifth, by an executive omnipotence which has already begun to assume the proportions of a one-man dictatorship.

Dramatic proof of this was offered in the arbitrary manner in which De Gaulle chose to unleash his antiparty and antiparliamentary campaign of last autumn. The idea of reforming the Constitution of 1958 so as to have the President of the Republic elected by popular national vote rather than by an elite group of some 60,000 notables was by no means new; it had been making the rounds of the Elysée Palace for a year or two at least before it was revived with particular insistence last summer.

At that time De Gaulle was understood to be contemplating not only a reform of the presidential election system but also the introduction of a vice presidency to provide for an automatic succession should anything happen to him. The virtues of such an innovation, after last August's assassination attempt at Petit-Clamart, were obvious; but when the General finally unveiled his grand design in September, the idea of a vice presidency had quietly evaporated.

It is as though George Washington, a bare four years after taking office in 1789, had decided to modify the American Constitution so as to allow for a seven-year presidential term and had deliberately bypassed Congress and taken the issue straight to the country. Had Washington chosen to act in this way, every politician in the country would have denounced him as a demagogue.

De Gaulle's steamroller

All written constitutions are imprecise and at times even self-contradictory, but the Constitution of the Fifth Republic happens to be unusually so. Article 11, which is the one De Gaulle invoked to justify his initiative, states that the President of the Republic can, on the recommendation of the government, submit to a popular referendum any measure concerning the "organization of public powers." This formula was obviously ambiguous, and De Gaulle, by a specious interpretation of Article 11, proceeded to nullify Article 89 of his own Constitution, which specified that any amendment to the Constitution must first be voted through by the National Assembly and the Senate. He acted in the face of the openly expressed reservations of several prominent members of the ten-man Constitutional Council.

The referendum proposal had to be rammed down the throats of De Gaulle's unhappy ministers at a special Cabinet meeting held in mid-September. Only one of them had enough backbone to emit a frankly unfavorable opinion, which carried with it his resignation. He was Pierre Sudreau, the former Minister of Construction and the only Frenchman within recent memory who seems to have been able to instill a bit of steam into a backward and inefficient building industry. De Gaulle thus lost the services of one of the few really able administrators he has been able to get to work for him.

Token resistance

This warning was underlined a week or two later in the most dramatic fashion by the Conseil d'État, France's highest administrative court and one of Napoleon's greatest contributions to orderly administrative practice. Meeting in full session on October 1, all but one of its 60 plenary members

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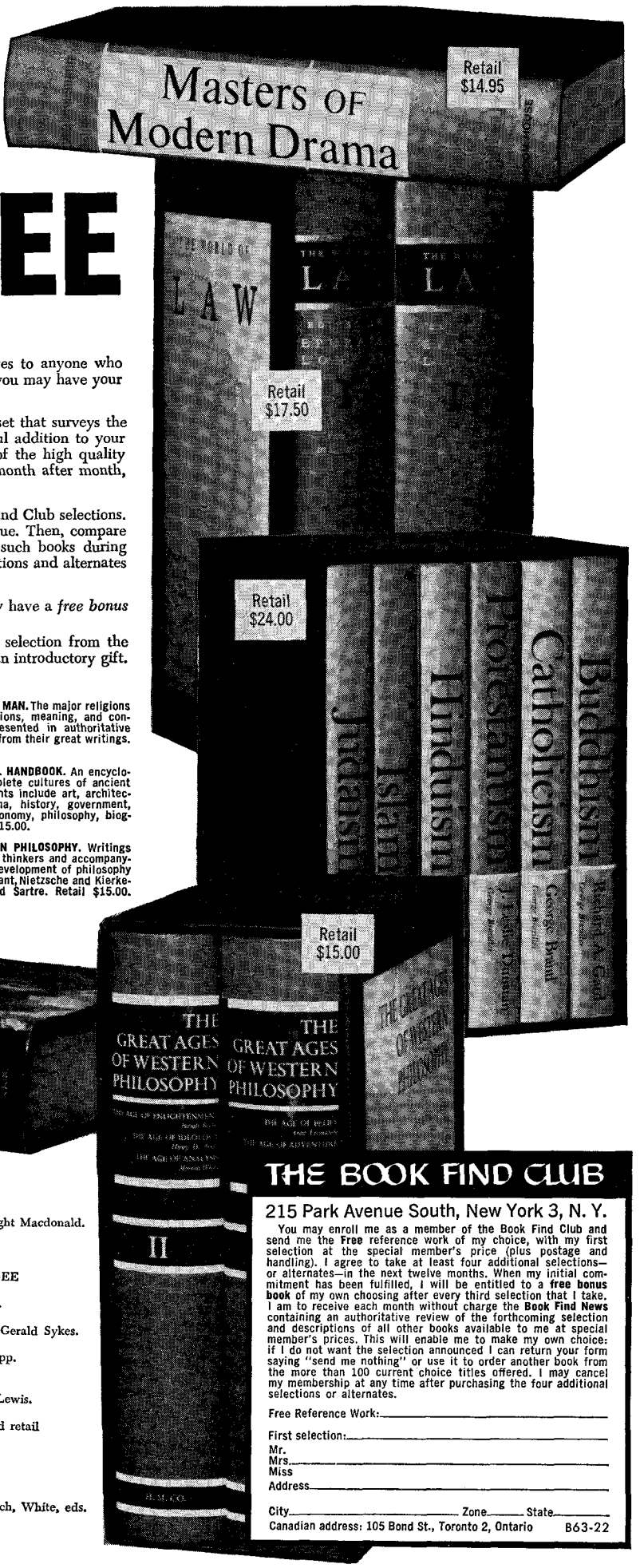

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solemnly declared De Gaulle's utilization of Article 11 to be illegal and unconstitutional.

Encouraged by this authoritative juridical verdict, the French National Assembly was suddenly galvanized to action. Egged on by Gaston Monnerville, a Negro from Martinique who has been President of the Senate for the past fifteen years, and by former Premier Paul Reynaud, the opposition parties closed ranks and toppled the Pompidou government on October 5 by a majority vote of censure of 280 out of 480 deputies. The National Assembly was promptly dissolved. De Gaulle blandly piled one unconstitutional irregularity on the others and fixed the referendum date for October 28.

Propaganda barrage

What subsequently happened is now history, but it is worth recapitulating to bring out the ominous potentialities for the future it revealed. The Gaullist propaganda machine now went into action with Christian Fouchet, nicknamed "the French Goebbels," at the controls. It has been estimated that the two previous referenda of January, 1961, and April, 1962, each cost around $5 million in government advertising, presents distributed to sympathetic or hesitant newspaper publishers and writers, and state-controlled radio and television programs.

This time, however, all previous records were shattered, both qualitatively and quantitatively. The campaign reached its shrill crescendo with the dramatic announcement that President Kennedy had invited Charles de Gaulle to Washington, presumably because the "young man in the White House," as he is now familiarly referred to in Elysée circles, was in desperate need of guidance from Europe's greatest elder statesman. Though the news was promptly denied in Washington, the French television wizards, led by propaganda chief Fouchet, were quite content with the impression produced on the minds of their gullible audiences.

By the time the voting was over on October 28 it was revealed that

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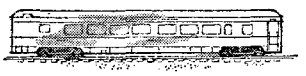

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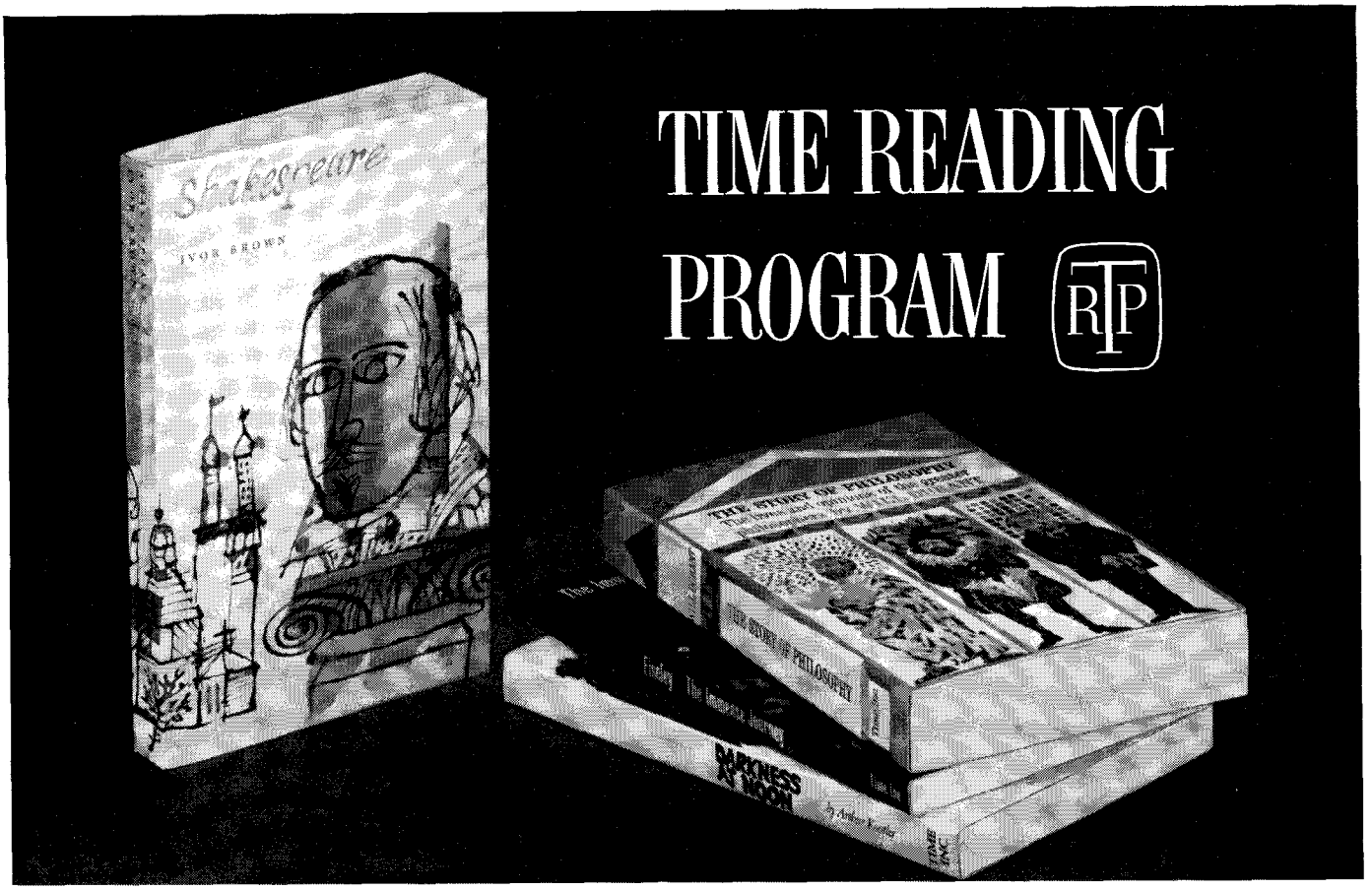

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Report on France

the northern half of France, the richest in cars, refrigerators, and television sets, had voted pretty solidly for the referendum amendment, whereas the fifteen departments which had "No" majorities were all well south of the Loire — those backward and underdeveloped areas, that is, where television sets are few and far between and people still have to rely on newspapers to find out what is going on in the world.

The 62 percent of the voters — 46 percent of the electorate — who voted for the new amendment were not quite as dazzling a national majority as the General had hoped, but he swallowed this half victory with good grace, consenting to return the next day to the Elysée Palace from his country retreat at Colombey-les-Deux-Églises.

The General takes charge

On November 7 the General took personal charge of the campaign with an order of the day of Napoleonic brevity. The speech, heaping new fire and brimstone on the parties of the Fourth Republic (which, as a matter of strict historical fact, were the architects of France's present economic upsurge, as they were of the European Common Market), contained not the slightest inkling of what De Gaulle's program would be. His televiewers — *Françaises, Français!* — were simply asked to vote for those who had agreed to follow in the unerring footsteps of the "guide" — a word which has increasingly crept into the General's recent speeches.

On the first electoral round on November 18, the Gaullist UNR (Union pour la Nouvelle République) was way ahead of the field with 50 Assembly seats, a lead which was transformed the following Sunday into a narrow parliamentary majority of 229 out of 465 on the basis of about 32 percent of the initial vote.

Between the two electoral runoffs a good many constituencies were left to choose between a Gaullist and a Communist candidate, a situation which Guy Mollet publicly deplored as signifying the confrontation of two species of "unconditionals," or, as he later termed them, "invertebrates" — those who do not know where Khrushchev is headed but vote the Kremlin line no matter what, and those who have not the faintest idea what De Gaulle is going to do next but vote for him with closed eyes.

The UNR, in trying to put up valid candidates in almost every constituency in France, used a number of Gaullist bodyguards, tub thumpers, and G-men, like the notorious Alexandre Sanguinetti, the Corsican boss of the *barbouzes* — the "bearded ones" — secret Gaullist policemen who tried to discredit the OAS last spring by developing their own program of violence and attributing it to OAS agitators.

When challenged, during an electoral rally, to say just what he stood for, Sanguinetti came up with this rhetorical gem: "People say: you have no program. But all the parties have had programs which they failed to apply. We don't have one because we are pragmatists; Gaullism is the reconciliation of the people and the state to remake the nation."

Free hand for De Gaulle

Just where this mystic reconciliation is likely to lead France and the French is a question. The idea that French parliamentarians no longer need to offer programs but only unswerving obedience to the chief of state is an innovation in French politics. Since his new supporters in the Assembly were elected on no program save their unswerving fidelity to De Gaulle, he can lead them in any direction he chooses: toward a supersocialistic welfare state as much as to a postmortem revival of the pet Gaullist notion of the association of labor and capital in the management of enterprises; toward the abolition of the Senate or its transformation into some kind of corporative upper chamber; toward the liquidation of the Conseil d'État, which has defied him on a number of occasions; toward the quiet downgrading of the NATO Alliance, culminating, perhaps, in an eventual alliance with the Soviet Union against the "yellow peril" in the East.

No light was shed on De Gaulle's immediate intentions by the message he addressed to the new National

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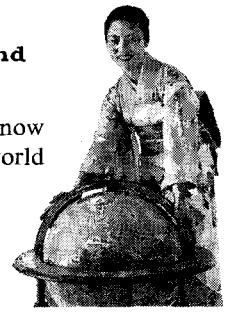

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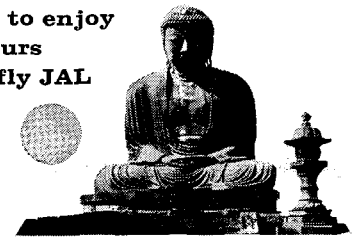

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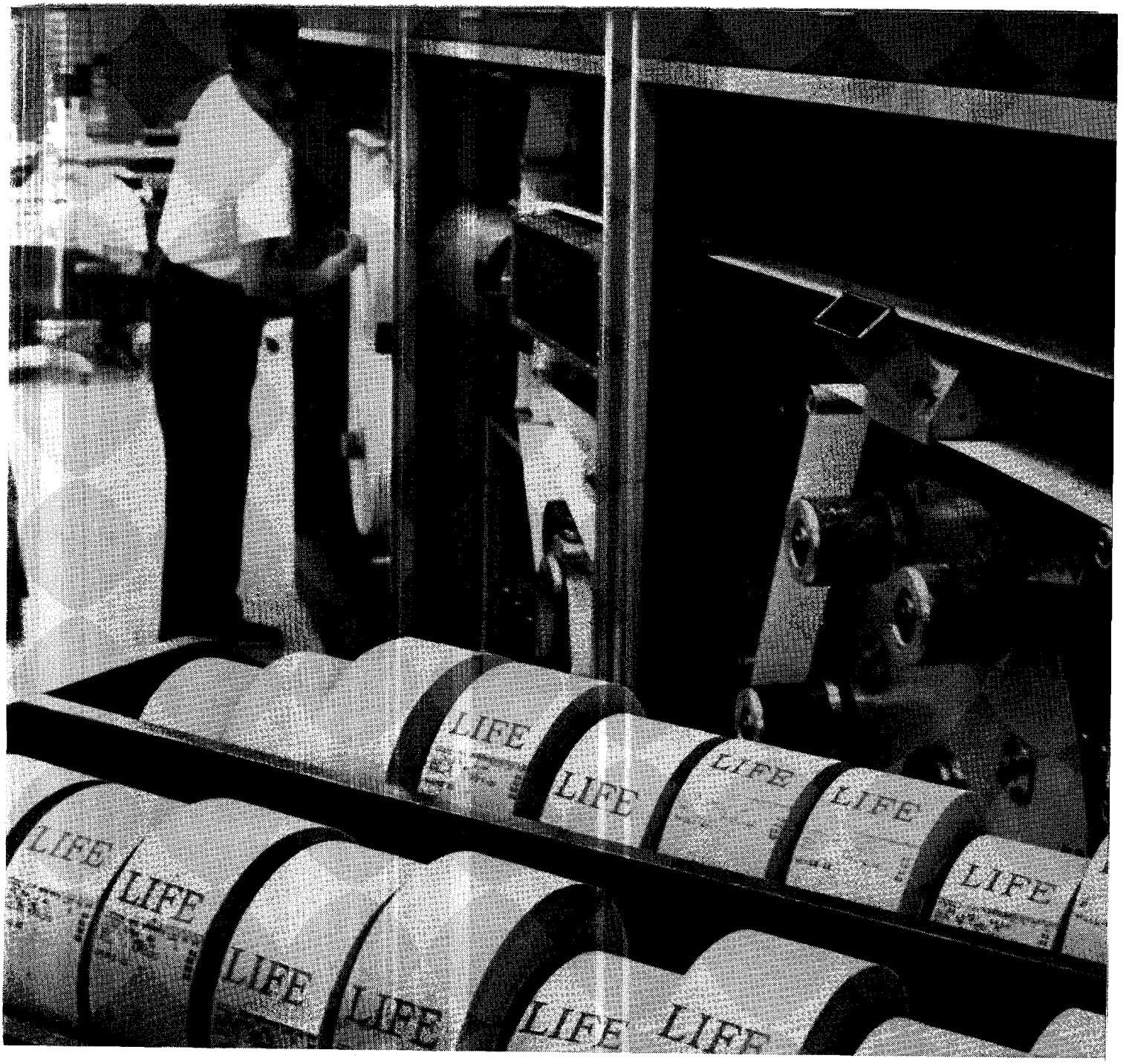

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Assembly when it convened on December 11 or by the speech delivered several days later by Georges Pompidou, the docile Prime Minister whom De Gaulle immediately reinstated after the November elections.

De Gaulle's intentions

There was a flurry of speculation that De Gaulle was at last going to unveil that ambitious left-wing program of increases in pay and social security which had been expected ever since Pompidou became Prime Minister last April. Such a program would threaten France's presently stable balance of payments. Over the last twelve months the French price index has risen by 5 percent, further cutting down the benefits which accrued from the 25 percent devaluation of the franc in 1958.

Last August and September the danger signals went up again, for the first time in more than a year, when French exports failed to cover imports, and though October more than made up for the deficit, the total export surplus for the first ten months of last year was down to $67 million, as compared with $473 million for the corresponding period of 1961.

The decline of the Senate

No such built-in obstacle confronts the General in his plans for the transformation of the Senate, a project which was already in the blueprint stage as early as last October. Indeed, according to inside reports emanating directly from the Elysée Palace, De Gaulle would have lost no time putting the project into effect if his October referendum had obtained 70 percent of the vote.

The transformation of the Senate into a corporative body, including representatives of industries, professions, and unions, would accelerate a process of gradual decline which has been going on for several decades. It would further increase the imbalance of power which is now the salient feature of French political life. It would consummate the final triumph of the city over the provinces in a country of 47 million with a rapidly expanding urban population, of which one citizen in five still stubbornly votes the Marxist ticket.

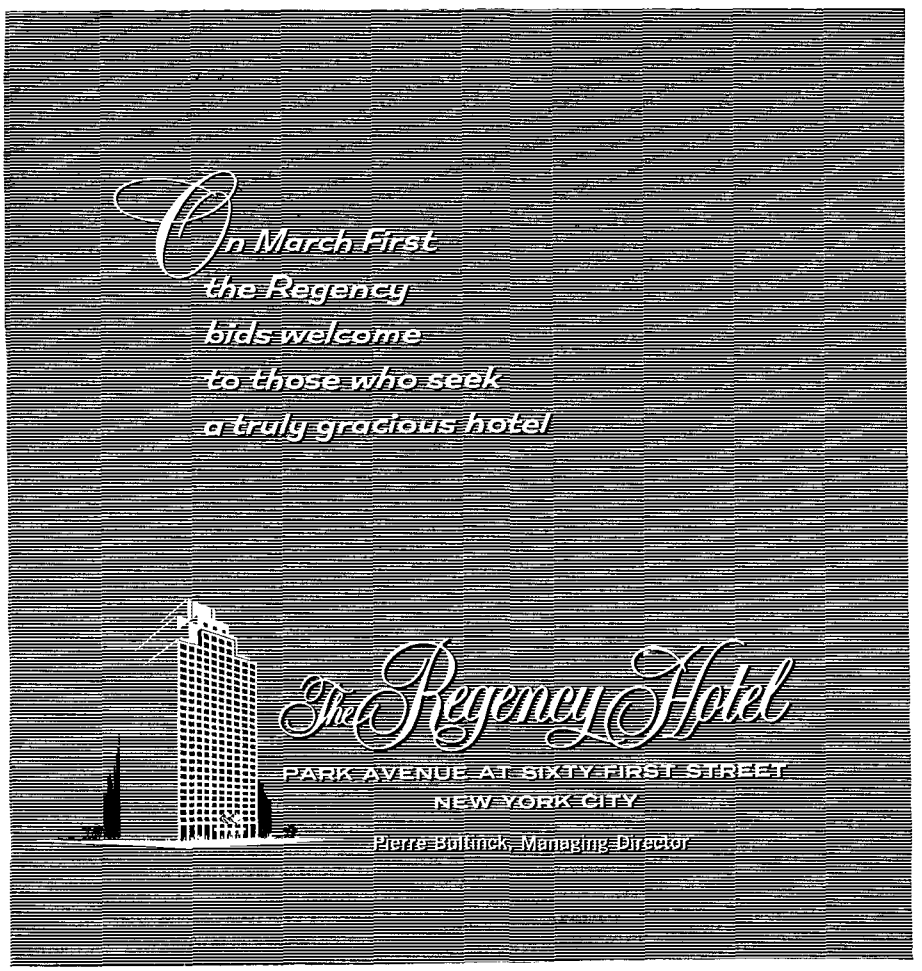
Most serious of all, it would once again furnish De Gaulle with a pretext for taking a major issue directly to the country in a plebiscite of the kind he engineered so skillfully last October. The General has made no bones about this to his intimates, going so far as to declare on a number of occasions: "I know that 80 percent of the cadres [civil servants, fiscal agents, lawyers, magistrates, doctors, officer corps] are against me, but if necessary, I shall rule with the mass."

France and the Common Market

When Konrad Adenauer relinquishes the reins next autumn, Charles de Gaulle will be far and away the dominating figure in Western Europe, even if Britain succeeds in joining the Common Market. If he had had a completely free hand, the General would almost certainly have tried to exclude England from the outset, if only because Britain is, as he put it in his *Memoirs*, a marine and not a land power. But just as he had to let the Common Market take its natural course, even though he had denounced its creation bitterly before returning to power in 1958, so he has had to leave it to his Foreign and Agriculture Ministers to determine the exact terms on which England could be admitted.

Unquestionably, however, De Gaulle has tacitly encouraged his negotiating ministers to be as tough as possible. Economically, this attitude can be justified. It is in the agricultural domain that the French have gained least from the Common Market. The West Germans, who have the highest wheat prices of the Six, have been more than reluctant to lower them to meet the French, who have the lowest.

The French have therefore argued that any additional concessions to Britain and the Commonwealth in the agricultural field would mean diluting the original intentions of the Common Market to the point where they would become meaningless. French farmers, like farmers the world over, want markets for their products; and they have shown more than once in the last couple of years that they will resort to violence to make their grievances heard.



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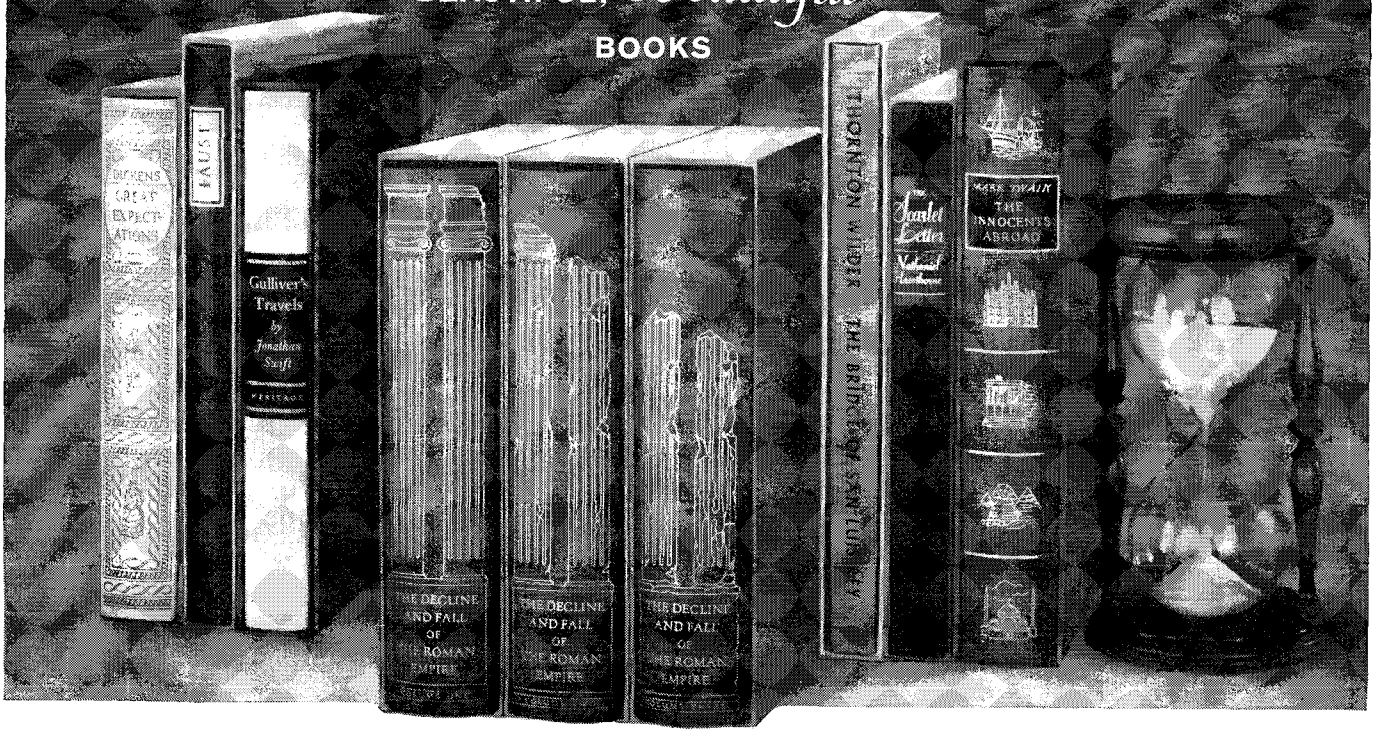

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THERE is little evidence in Guinea today of the sense of urgency and vigor that the idea of this small West African republic evokes in the minds of foreign observers. The gap between image and reality is the most obvious aspect of Guinea. An atmosphere of lethargy pervades commercial and government offices in Conakry, the capital city. The few private merchants remaining in business complain of drawn-out and tedious negotiations necessary before permission is granted and foreign exchange released to import commodities through the state trading agency. The local branch of Paterson and Zachonis, a commercial firm operating throughout West Africa, eliminates the need for foreign exchange by exporting only enough skins and hides to cover the cost of goods it imports from England and France.

The crumbling roads in Conakry and upcountry reflect a continuing lack of maintenance, while the few attractive apartment buildings are rapidly deteriorating as a result of neglect and a shortage of personnel capable of repairing elevators, plumbing, and electrical fittings. In the large department stores, such as Printania and the government-owned Nafaya, queues of people jostle one another for the privilege of buying a variety of shoddy goods, ranging from Czech and Russian canned goods to unfamiliar brands of cigarettes and candy. These soon appear at highly inflated prices in the many hole-in-the-wall native stores around Conakry and its suburbs.

Because of the lack of many consumer durables and the limited variety and indifferent quality of most of the goods available, there is a great deal of accumulated purchasing power seeking an outlet. This is reflected in the high prices for services, such as hotel accommodations, apartment rents, or restaurant meals; the amount of private building of houses, the materials for which are generally obtained through bribery from government supplies intended for public works projects; and the high incidence of smuggling across the borders of Sierra Leone, Ivory Coast, and Liberia. Much of this situation is due to the weakness of the currency and the cumbersome state trading mechanism.

Guinea has generally maintained a favorable trade balance of somewhat over $1 million annually with countries outside of the Soviet bloc, while its visible trade deficit with the bloc amounted to over $13 million in 1961. A continuing amount of the country's exports will be tied up in the future in paying off the debt obligation to the bloc as a result of the various bilateral agreements concluded after independence.

Declining exports

Trade with France continues to decline, although Guinea still exports as much as 30 percent of its products to France and takes about 17 percent of its imports from the franc zone. Exports to the United States, mostly coffee and alumina, represent about 6 percent of Guinea's exports, while the republic takes almost an equal amount in surplus agricultural commodities — wheat and rice — and electrical equipment.

Guinea's main agricultural exports are bananas, pineapples, palm kernels, peanuts, coffee, hides and skins, sesame, and quinine bark. Of these, only banana and peanut production have increased, all other crops showing a decline. Much of the decline is attributable to the lack of fertilizers and insecticides following the introduction of the state trading agencies.

With one exception, the production of minerals has also declined. Exports of bauxite, diamonds, and iron have fallen off. Only the production of alumina by FRIA, the single large manufacturing industry in Guinea, has increased. This company is owned by a consortium of American, French, British, Swiss, and German companies. The largest interest is held by the American company Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation, whose 48 percent interest is guaranteed by the United States government for over $75 million. Organized in 1956, the company began producing in 1960, with facilities capable of producing 480,000 tons of alumina per year.

Up until early 1962, there was one other major company producing bauxite in Guinea. Bauxites

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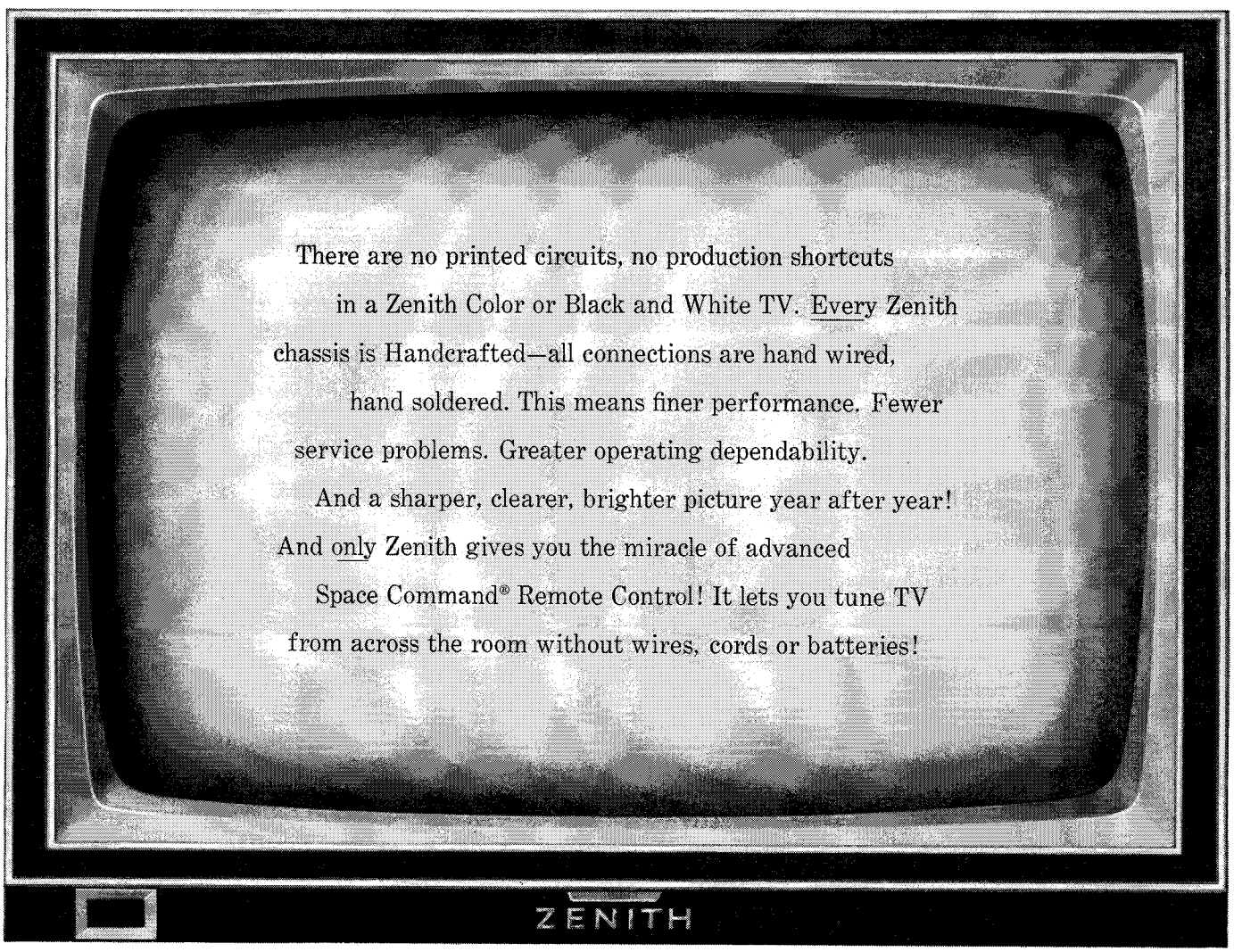

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VENICE

du Midi, an Alcoa subsidiary, had been producing more than 300,000 tons of bauxite per year and had made preliminary investment in a projected alumina plant similar to that of FRIA. Disagreement with the government over new conditions it imposed led to the nationalization of the company in February, 1962. Production since that time has been negligible.

Other than the FRIA operations, there is little manufacturing industry in Guinea. Although the government has made it clear that industrialization is to be one of the primary objectives of its economic planning, only a few small plants manufacturing soap, plastics, fruit juice, and beer exist, and only one of these has been developed since independence.

Building the schools

A substantial part of Guinea's expenditures so far has gone into construction of school facilities. This has been coincidental with the educational reform of 1961, which aimed at the reorganization of the school structure, and Africanization and monopoly of education by the state.

All private schools, primarily Catholic, were taken over by the government, and political education was introduced in the form of classes given at the end of the school year by government officials and high civil servants. Instruction is given in the role of labor unions and the youth movement, in the administrative structure of the government and the Democratic Party of Guinea, and in foreign policy.

More important to the government has been the need to introduce new textbooks and curricula under its program of Africanization, in an attempt to replace traditional historical and political images of Africa, as presented in French textbooks, with a more suitable African interpretation. One text already being used is *Histoire de l'Afrique Occidentale* by Suret Canale and Niane Djibril, which is a Marxist interpretation of West African history with an anti-colonial emphasis. Subjects such as history and geography will eventually be taught only by Guineans.

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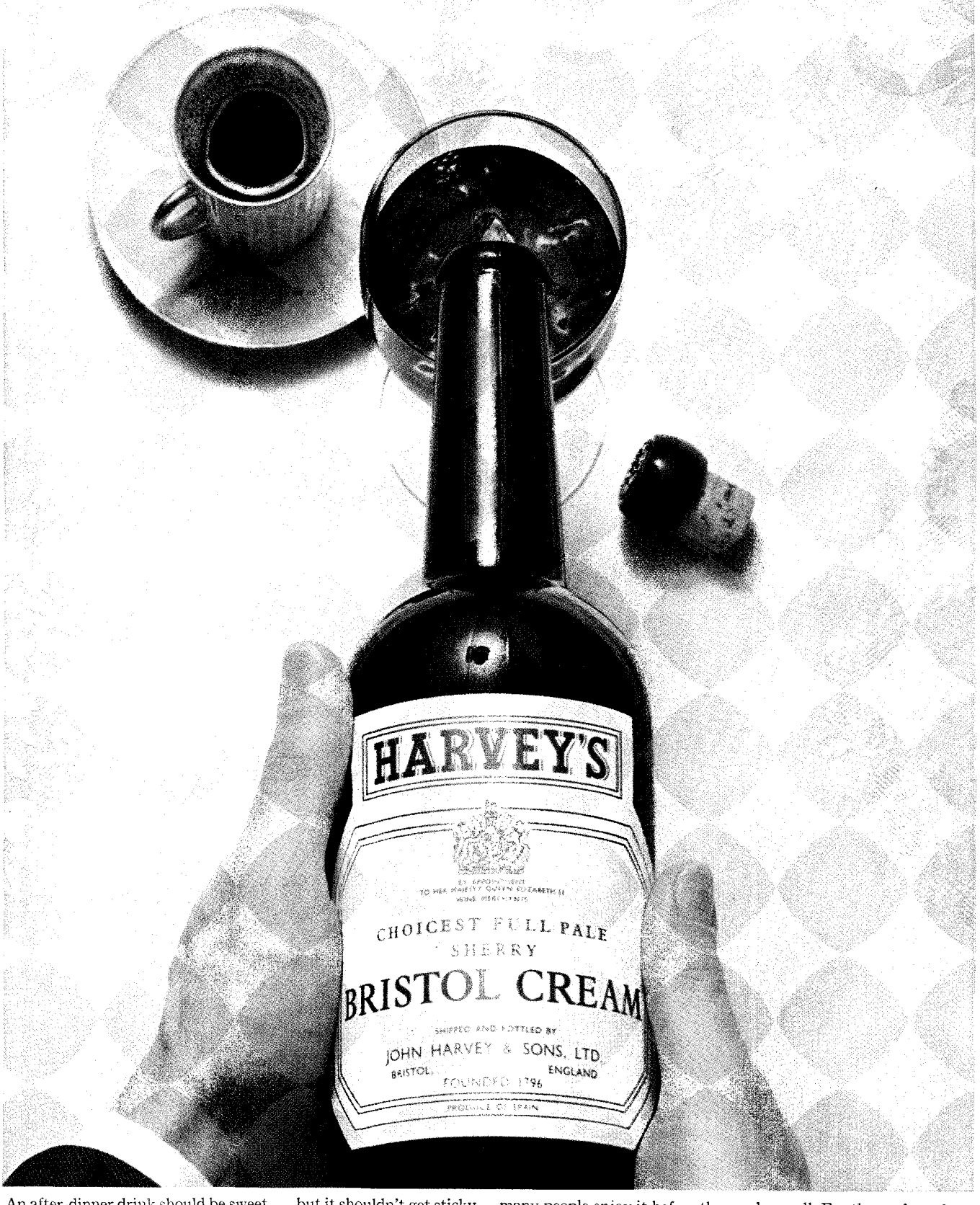

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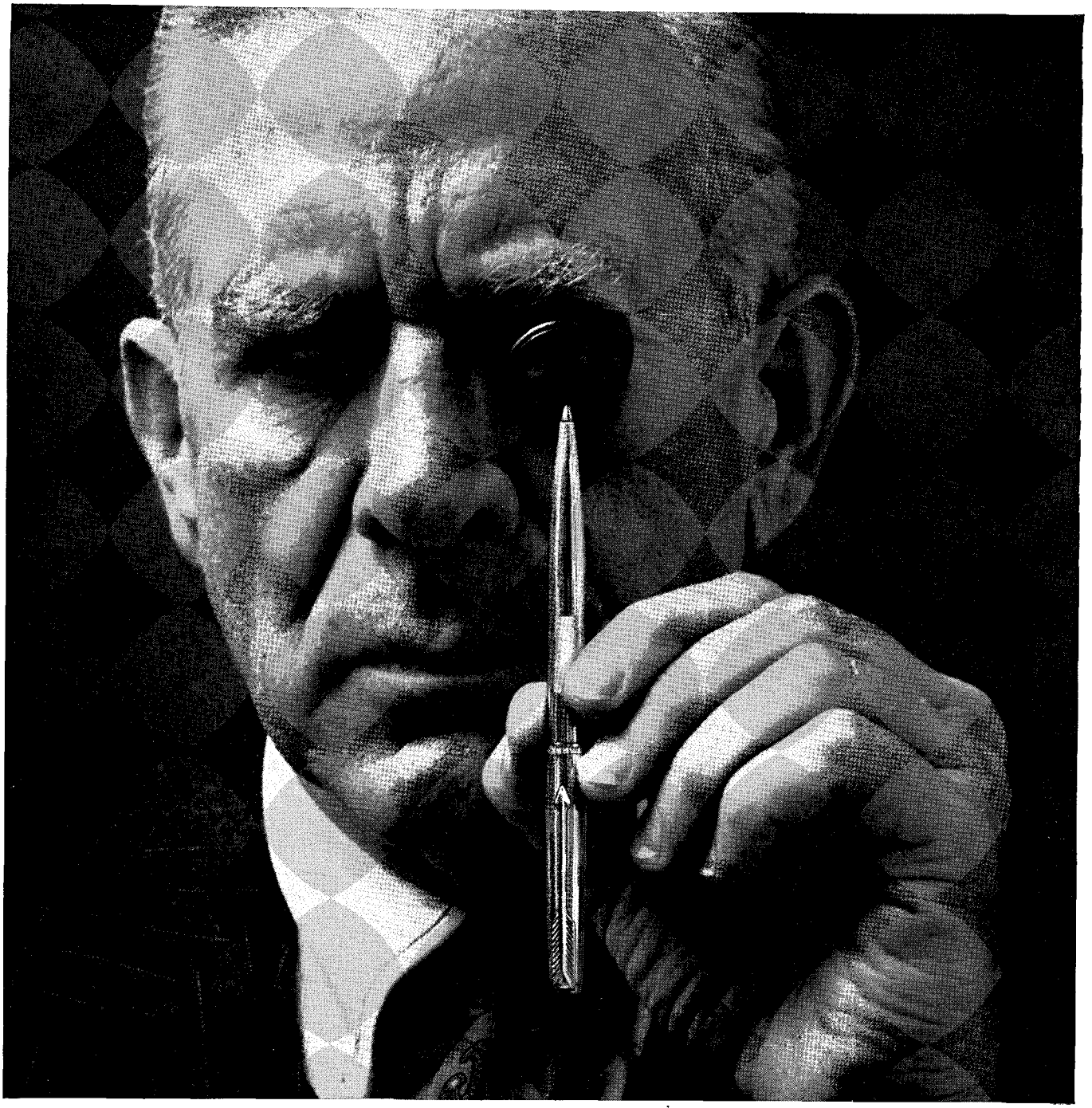

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Report on Guinea

The emphasis on educational development and reform has yielded good results in terms of increased school construction and the tripling of enrollment since independence. In Conakry, the construction of a polytechnic school by the Russians is nearing completion. It will be the first institution of higher learning in Guinea and will be staffed primarily by Russian instructors, teaching science and mathematics.

One-party government

Despite many of the conditions of political instability — inflation, urban unemployment, unstable currency, consumer shortages — there is little evidence of political unrest in Guinea. This circumstance is the natural consequence of the effective countrywide organization of the Democratic Party of Guinea (PDG), under the popular personal leadership of Sékou Touré, President of the republic of Guinea and executive secretary of the party.

Organized on vertical lines, the party mechanism reaches down to the lowest level through the village committees. Above these are the regional committees, or party sections, and at the top of the pyramid is the National Political Bureau (BPN). The BPN is the ruling organ of the party, and its 17 members are elected for three years by the National Party Congress, the latter comprising the BPN and ten delegates from each of the 45 party sections. Party members occupy the key positions in all organizations, whether village committees, labor unions, or the youth movement (JRDA), and everyone is charged with instructing the people in the theories and goals of the PDG, as established by its leadership.

Under the national constitution adopted on November 12, 1958, legislative powers are vested solely in the National Assembly. The Assembly consists of one house composed of deputies elected on a national list by direct universal suffrage or by referendum. After the last election prior to independence, 58 seats were held by the PDG and 2 seats by the Socialist Party, which subsequently merged with the PDG, giving the latter absolute control.

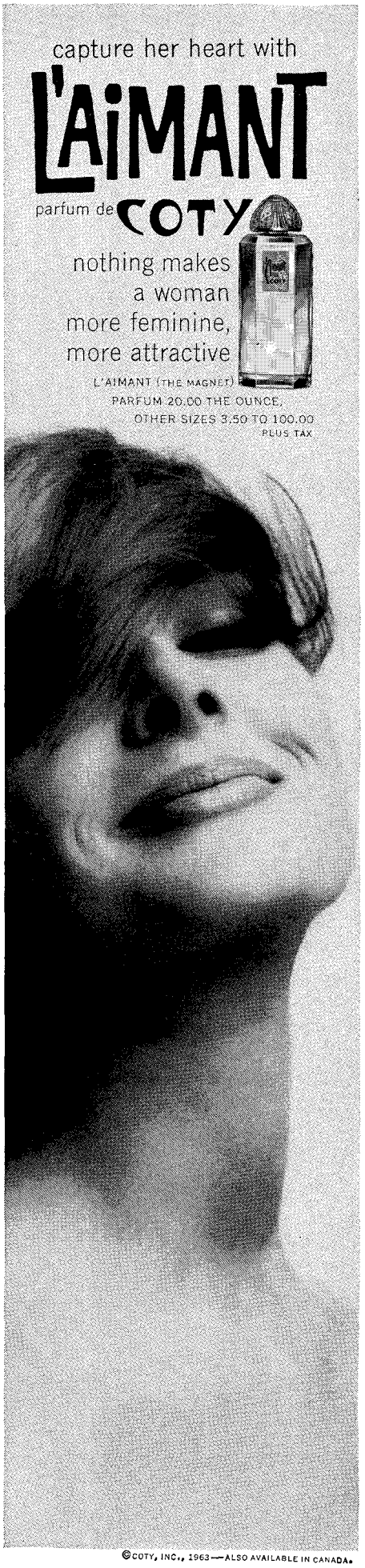
The major preoccupation of Sékou Touré and the hierarchy of the PDG is their political image at home and abroad. Since 1958, when Touré and Guinea were precipitated into international prominence with their resounding negative to De Gaulle's Community, Touré has succeeded in projecting and extending the influence of the Guinean idea and image far beyond the physical size and economic importance of the country. Guineans hold important positions in every Pan-African organization of consequence.

Touré has established himself as a rival to Ghana's Nkrumah as a champion of Pan-Africanism, has courted assiduously the leaders of the Monrovia and Casablanca groupings of independent African states, and has effectively presented himself to the African man in the street as leader of the one African state that truly controls its own destiny.

The Soviet alliance

The apparently wholesale capitulation of Guinea to the Soviet bloc immediately after independence was dictated by the necessity of economic survival after the precipitate withdrawal of the French and the subsequent cold shoulder for the new nation from France's allies. Guinea's adoption of Communist techniques of party organization, economic control through nationalization, state domination of commerce, and regimentation of the population through control of the labor unions, youth movements, and the educational system convinced both East and West that it was another Soviet satellite in the making.

The earlier sense of indebtedness and almost adulatory attitude of the Guineans toward the Soviets have yielded to the sober realization that the East Europeans are just as prone to costly errors in development as anyone else. Discontent with the quality of East European food products and the frequent breakdown of machinery and equipment is often openly voiced. On the personal level, friction has developed in some of the projects involving cooperation between Guinean laborers and East European or Red Chinese workers — the Communists increasingly frustrated by the low-pressure attitude toward work of the average Guinean, the Guineans irritated at the vig-



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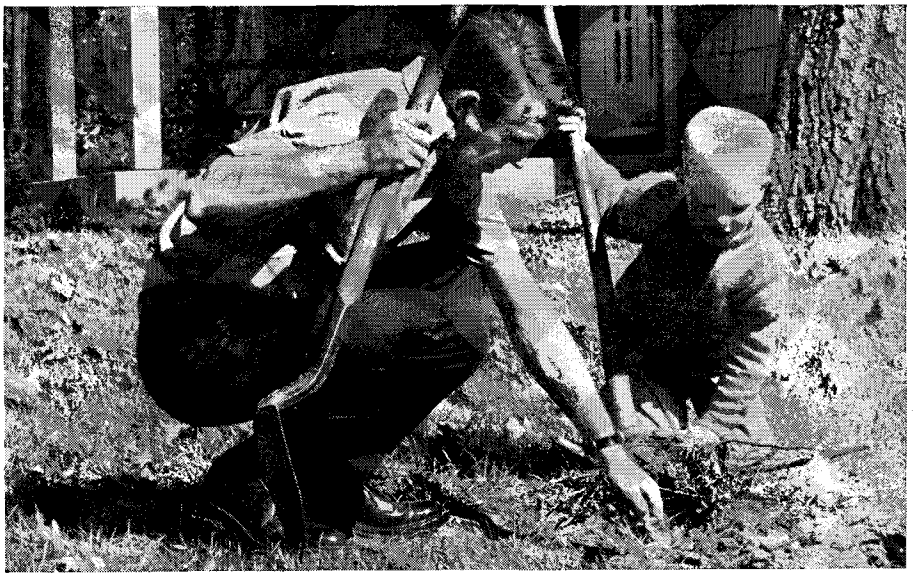
orous urging of their instructors. As a result, there has been a reassessment on both sides of the basis of the Soviet-Guinean alliance. The continuing nature of Soviet projects in Guinea and Guinean obligations in terms of barter agreements and debt servicing eliminate any likelihood of mutual abandonment, but the privileges and the prohibitions of the alliance have been more clearly delineated.

Credits and grants from the Soviet bloc are estimated at over $100 million, and Russian projects which are under way include the polytechnic institute, a completed radio transmitter, port modernization, airport construction, and railway improvements. Other East European countries are involved in operating trawlers and training Guinean crews, constructing a dam to increase the hydroelectric capacity of the country, and building a hospital. Red China has provided a $24 million loan for agricultural purposes, and over 150 Chinese are working at cooperative and agricultural centers, on rice and tea plantation experimental projects.

United States assistance so far has included shipments of surplus wheat and rice, scholarship and teacher programs. Negotiations are in progress on a project for setting up a school of administration and for a rice improvement scheme involving the reclamation of 35,000 acres for rice cultivation. Aid from Ghana, West Germany, Israel, Saudi Arabia, Morocco, and a number of other countries has been increasing in volume, but so far there is little evidence of any impact on the Guinean economy.

The best indication of the changing Guinean outlook came as recently as last October on the occasion of the visit of President Sékou Touré to the United Nations. At the request of the Guinean President, a meeting was set up with President Kennedy, which, though generally ignored by a United States press preoccupied with the Cuban crisis and pending national elections, gave a big boost to improving Guinea's relations with the United States.



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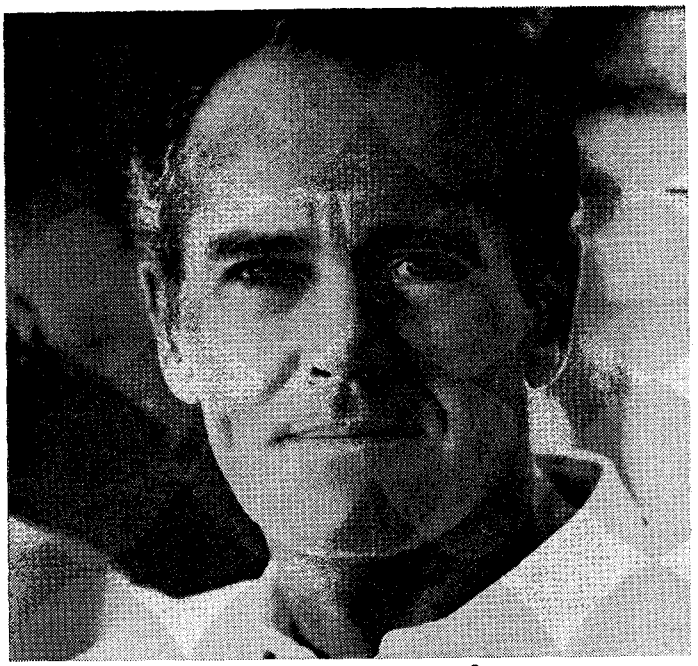

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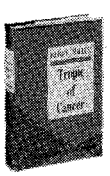

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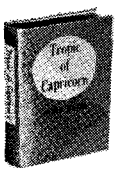

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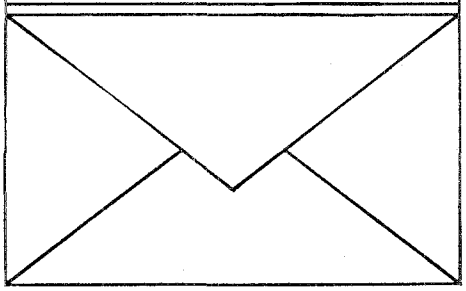
LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



To avoid nuclear war

SIR:

Bravo for Bertrand Russell for his article "To Avoid Nuclear War" (November *Atlantic*).

How strange that man, who has evolved generally into a humanitarian being, cannot give up the idea that war can settle differences. Those in charge of our future insist the only way to security lies in strength. Month by month we grow stronger and stronger and less and less secure.

MRS. BILLIE DAHLSTROM
San Bernardino, Calif.

SIR:

It is always sad when an intellectual giant — Bertrand Russell in this case — loses touch with reality near the end of a brilliant career.

The "minute difference" between the U. S. and Soviet positions on nuclear tests includes the Soviet refusal to allow a representative group of inspectors to determine if they are cheating.

ALLEN W. SMITH
Midland, Mich.

SIR:

Shame on mathematician Bertrand Russell for his arithmetic. The sum of $112 billion may amount to $45 for each human being, but certainly not to $450.

Congratulations, however, to philosopher Bertrand Russell. Once again he clearly makes the point that one can hardly boast of having won a war unless one survives it, that there can therefore be no possible victor in an atomic contest between the United States and the U.S.S.R., and that the only conceivable "lesser loser" in such a battle would be China, or, rather, Asia, because statistically it would have more survivors. This is a very cold but very obvious fact.

I also commend the *Atlantic* for allowing its readers to compare in the same issue Mr. Russell's views and those of the John Birchers and related groups as exposed by Betty Chmaj in "Paranoid Patriotism." Most European countries, including my own, suffer from similar groups. The doctrines of practically all of them contain more or less the same mishmash of racial prejudice, religious bigotry, and chauvinistic patriotism.

This type of thinking is, of course, an insult to religion, to patriotism, and to the race or people involved.

RAYMOND HENNESSY
Les Daviauds, Richemont
Charente, France

SIR:

I, like many other Americans and Europeans overseas, am inclined to disagree with the views which Bertrand Russell set forth. Having lived away from the protective cover of American and European civilization, we in the less advanced countries of the world can easily see the dangerous realities of the Communist threat of world domination. Our views are nearly always unanimous for standing firm against Russia, especially after the recent Cuban crisis.

ROBERT B. ALSDORF
Canadian Academy
Nada-ku, Kobe, Japan

SIR:

Your decision to publish "To Avoid Nuclear War" by Lord Bertrand Russell is to be commended.

I never fail to be amazed by the incongruity of Lord Russell's age and his perspicacity. It is clear to me, after having read the article, that ninety-one years have served only to increase his reasoning abilities rather than diminish them, as would be expected.

Lord Russell was born and grew up in an age which optimistically believed in the perfectibility of man. He then saw these beliefs shattered by the pessimism of the post-war years and forgotten with the coming of the atomic age. Yet he tirelessly labors to contribute all he can to the moral and political advancement of man, although he must realize that he cannot hope to witness the fruits of his labor in his lifetime.

More men possessing the energy and intellectual insight which Lord Russell demonstrates would certainly bolster our hopes for nuclear peace.

NORMAN G. GAUTREAU
Boston, Mass.

Jung on Freud

SIR:

Reading "Jung on Freud" (November *Atlantic*), I am amazed how a scientist like Jung can end up lost in the mirage of mysticism.

Admittedly, Freud does not spell the whole truth; nevertheless, Freud worked on human problems based in reality to the very end, whereas Jung's last years were devoted to a disintegration of nebulous nothingness.

GENE GALVIN
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR:

The article "Jung on Freud" was a welcome sight. All too often, in

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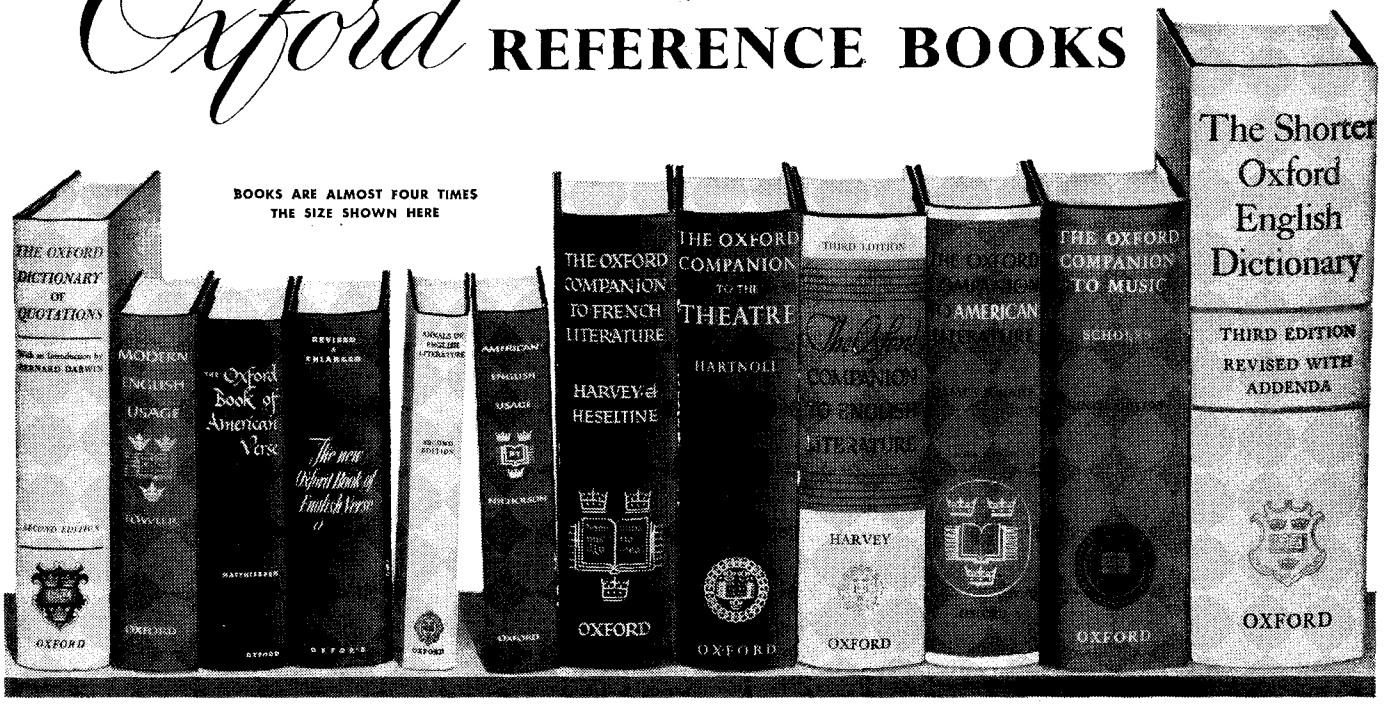

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this age of the cult of psychoanalysis, Freud the man tends to be obliterated by Freud the god. Many tend to take Freud's pronouncements as gospel, and therefore to consider the personality of the man as irrelevant. Jung demonstrated clearly that Freud's theories were in large part a function of his dogmatism and the positivistic attitudes prevalent at the end of the nineteenth century.

One does not have to agree with Jung's psychology in order to appreciate the insight which he gives into Freud and his theories. Jung provides this insight by baring his early mentor as an individual with emotions, prejudices, and neuroses — in short, revealing Freud as a man and his theories as fallible.

BARRY LISKOW
New York City

SIR:

It is gratifying to see C. G. Jung begin his article on Freud with the frank confession that he makes no pretense of being scientific. Such a confession contrasts refreshingly with much contemporary writing in the social sciences, in which what is purely subjective and personal passes itself off as being scientific and universal. This winsome attitude does not continue throughout the article, however, since Jung criticizes Freud for not subserviating himself to the "truth," a term that has no meaning if Jung's initial statement is sincere.

SELWYN G. GELLER
Knoxville, Tenn.

Paranoid patriotism

SIR:

It was with great pleasure that I read Betty Chmaj's treatise "Paranoid Patriotism" on the Southern extreme right (November *Atlantic*).

As a Southerner, I hopefully anticipate that region's speedy entry into the twentieth-century sphere of human relations and social values.

Perhaps through the inspired journalism of people like Miss Chmaj and Ralph McGill of the Atlanta *Constitution*, and the dedicated leadership of President Kennedy, the Supreme Court, and the several clear-thinking, intelligent members of the Congress, this evolutionary process can be realized.

HERBERT T. SCHWARTZ, LT., USAF
APO, New York City

SIR:

Betty Chmaj should have been in Harlingen, Texas, recently. She would have seen a picture of a school board member proudly standing beside the American flag which he had flying upside down all day. Last year the high school heard a representative of the Christian Anti-Communist League. No one who objected to the last incident remains in town. The flag display was shown on television but not mentioned in the paper or protested by any group. I guess the only people who are unhappy are those with sons in the service.

Name Withheld by the Editors

SIR:

After reading Betty E. Chmaj on the Southern states of our country, I felt as though I had visited a new and terrible land. So far from fact, from true perspective, so far beneath what one thinks of as the *Atlantic's* quality.

I should like Betty to come down as my guest and cool her fevered brow, loll around, and meet the hobgoblins she has conjured up as "the Southerners." The only sad thought is that some stray reader may believe this cant.

MRS. S. YANCEY BELKNAP
Gainesville, Fla.

SIR:

As a former foreign correspondent and editor with professional understanding of objectivity, I present a protest over the one-sided article "Paranoid Patriotism." There are dimwit betrayers at both poles, left and right, but the author appears to believe there is no paranoid left.

HAROLD P. BRAMAN
Beverly Hills, Calif.

SIR:

A salute and a solemn amen to Betty Chmaj for a timely article on rightist rantings here in the South.

I am just a year out of high school, but memories of the Houston School Board "Freedom Fighters" linger ominously on. I remember being subjected to the celluloid cloud cover from Searcy, Arkansas (a sort of "war college").

What kind of school system have we here when my history teacher had to whisper in class for fear that the principal was listening in, when that same teacher had to read us "ultraviolet" dogma on the UN written and distributed by a school board ignorant beyond description, when another teacher told me, "I won't teach it. I don't care if I get fired"?

The answer is obvious. And what is being done about it? Nothing. These people are so enmeshed in their own grandeur and fouled sense of purpose that they fail to realize that they are the greatest danger to our way of life.

Now that the board of trustees here at Rice University has finally voted for integration, it must naturally follow that we are a Communist-front organization backed by Gus Hall, the N.A.A.C.P., the Supreme Court, and so forth.

ROY LOWEY-BALL, '66
Rice University
Houston, Tex.

A plea for fatness

SIR:

We two girls are roommates at Cornell University. We deeply regret losing forty pounds (between us) before we read the article "A Plea for Physical Fatness" by John Crawford in the October Accent on Living section. Feeling a deep obligation to our country, we have since been on a strict diet of Coca-Cola, pizza pie, doughnuts (both glazed and jelly), and Frosted Flakes. Considering the gravity of the world situation, we both feel it is inconsequential that no boys will look at us anymore. We are only too happy to be serving our nation (and the Coca-Cola Corporation). Perhaps you will suggest our names for the Nobel Peace Prize this year.

The clothing stores in Ithaca, in a characteristic refusal to serve Cornellians, do not carry sizes above a sixteen. Consequently, we shall be forced to defect to Russia, as we have heard it rumored that GUM is exclusively overweight-oriented, despite the failure of the farm program. Please forward our Peace Prize.

MYRA NEMET, '64
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Cornell University
Ithaca, N. Y.

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THE ATLANTIC

LEAN TIMES IN BOSTON

Depression and the Drys

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

CHARLES W. MORTON was a reporter on the staff of the BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT when the Hub was going through the combined throes of Prohibition and Depression, a wry experience requiring imaginative resourcefulness. This is the first of three articles by the Associate Editor of the ATLANTIC.

ANYONE who was trying to earn his living through the Depression days is bound to have a hard time recounting the period to a later generation. The same is true of Prohibition, overlapped by the Depression for the final four years of its span. Living under the pressure of these forces in combination, with no end of either in sight, one tended to regard them as a permanent legacy for modern man — conditions which no one esteemed but which nevertheless defied amendment. It was characteristic of President Hoover that, long after Prohibition had become a national disaster, he appointed the so-called Wickersham Commission to make a protracted study of it: were the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act functioning happily, or was some slight revision called for? It was characteristic of the commission that it belatedly brought out a vast report which seemed to stimulate more arguments than it settled. The President praised the commission for its selfless devotion to the public interest, the speakeasies renewed their leases, and the Depression dragged on into its fantastic succession of bank failures. The *Boston Evening Transcript* trotted out its biggest type in many a day for the Wickersham findings: "A Wet Commission Makes a Dry Report."

The lead on a story from the *Boston Evening American* in 1931, when banks were beginning to fail in dozen lots, preserves for us the usual journalistic spirit of the times, and it would be fair to add that the *Transcript* was willing to report a bank failure as just that and nothing more, without insisting that every closing had a silver lining. The *American's* lead:

> A feeling of optimism pervaded Boston's financial district today, following the first shock of the closing of the "sound" Federal National Bank, its branches and eight affiliates.

Brokers' market letters of the time showed a similar determination to find the hidden reassurance in the monotonous decline in stocks and the fragility of dividends. A paragraph from a house by the name of Russell, Miller and Company remarked: "New York Central *since it passed its dividend* has shown distinct evidence of important long pull buying. It is likely that Pennsylvania will do the same thing *once its dividend is out of the way* [my italics]. Its price indicates the omission of the dividend." (Note: Pennsylvania did not omit its dividend.)

On the larger view of the general relationship between stock prices and business activity, the Boston firm of Elmer H. Bright and Company issued an opinion that seemed to represent the reasoning of financial experts: "Much has been said about improvement in business being neces-

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sary to bring about improvement in security prices. Previously the market has been thought to discount general business improvement. Cause and effect are difficult to diagnose. We believe that rising security prices will give a material impetus to general business."

The principal soothsayer of the period was Roger W. Babson, proprietor of an investment counseling service, who was widely credited — and still is — with having been the unique prophet of the great crash in October of 1929. His status is based on a statement in the New York *Times* of September 6, 1929, in which he said, and once again the italics are mine:

"*I repeat what I said at this time last year and the year before that sooner or later a crash is coming* which will take the leading stocks and cause a decline of 60 to 80 points in the Dow Jones barometer." Rubbery though this statement was, it caused great indignation in the financial world and among all who were long on stocks, but it caused Babson to be enthroned after the crash as an accredited seer. One is reminded of the tobacco-will-get-you-yet comment made by friends of the heavy smoker who died at age ninety-five.

It was a period when "6% Gold Mortgage Real Estate Bonds" were often found to be mere certificates of indebtedness issued by thoughtful larcenists and worth five or ten cents on the dollar, provided the Securities Holders' Protective Committee had not managed to get there first and lay hold of the last scrapings in the till. A sound ambition for any red-blooded American boy at the time would have been to be a referee in bankruptcy or to organize one of the countless protective committees, or, better still, to become counsel for specialists of this sort. The sheep and the goats were the people with jobs and the jobless, and any sort of job at any wage was better than none. Begging on the streets was less conspicuous in Boston, but in New York one could not walk a block anywhere in the midtown section without being accosted a half-dozen or more times by perfectly proper-looking men and woman of all ages — a dime? a nickel? anything? It was impossible to foretell from their appearance which of the others along the sidewalk would prove to be begging. Cancellation of service by telephone subscribers was a regular item of statistical news in the financial pages.

The most corrosive effect of the Depression came from the certainty, from month to month for more than three years, that it was all going to be a lot worse before it got better. Pay cuts announced to be temporary soon proved to be temporary only in the sense that a new and larger cut was in the making.

Prices were, of course, low and continuing to decline. Fifteen or twenty cents would buy a substantial lunch at Woolworth's, where we occasionally invested our quarter hour at noonday and where many of the customers, after eating a part of the generous portions, would wrap up the remainder in a paper napkin to take home for another meal. It became more agreeable to make a couple of sandwiches at home and lunch on them in the city room, with a five-cent cup of coffee from Sadie Kelly's Spa, downstairs on the Milk Street side of the *Transcript's* building, brought by the office boy. This led to much expertise among the staff on how to make a proper sandwich — that is, one that would neither dry out nor become soggy — and it was found that large leaves of lettuce effectively insulated the sandwich filler, for both purposes.

More intricate were the techniques of applying the wonderful new do-it-yourself half soles which the dime stores introduced along toward the bottom of the Depression. I am sure there were more *Transcript* shoes with holes in the soles than without them; if a man wore his rubbers throughout the day in the city room, it was not necessarily on account of the weather but rather the condition of his shoes.

The dime-store half soles, like the shoes for the Turkish Army, came in three sizes only: large, medium, and small. They were thick rubber slabs, heavily corrugated, and they gave the wearer the impression that he was walking about on something like snow tires. A pair of the soles came affixed to a cardboard instruction sheet, with a small metal grater and a tube of powerful and extraordinarily quick-acting cement. The soles themselves were impregnated with some equally abrupt adhesive, protected by a rubbery sheet which was to be stripped off at the very last instant before slapping the new sole onto the old. One began by roughening the soles with the grater and spreading on the cement from the tube. Before this could dry, the new sole had to be in place — the point of no return — and the final stage consisted in whacking the shoe violently on the floor to make sure that everything was stuck fast. Any surplus projecting around the edges was simply to be trimmed off with a knife, so the instructions read.

The soles must have been made for an extremely wide-footed trade, for the surplus was extensive. The rubber was tough — the uppers of a pair of cheap shoes thus renewed would go to pieces before the rubber showed wear — and it was hard for a man to slice around the edges without achieving the effect of a gadrooned border or a series of

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angular slashes, which led to much airy comment in the *Transcript's* city room.

A reporter would appear of a morning affecting an elaborately formal manner, sit down at his desk, and begin, foppishly, buffing his nails on his coat sleeve, stopping from time to time to look at them complacently. This could mean various things: that he had just had some preposterous adventure on an assignment and was willing to talk about it if pressed, or that he was wearing some new purchase from Filene's Automatic Bargain Basement, or that he had just resoled his shoes with the new dime-store materials. In the last case he would cross a leg so as to show, conspicuously, his handiwork. Comments were immediate.

"He certainly missed his cast on that right shoe."

"I like that sawtooth edging."

Shortly before the do-it-yourself half soles came in, I was eking out a few extra weeks of use from my solitary pair of shoes, which had holes right on through the inner sole, simply by wearing my rubbers indoors and out. A sardonic friend from Omaha happened in at the *Transcript* office and remarked that although the weather was fine, I had prudently worn my rubbers. "This is the Boston act, I suppose," he said. "A real Bostonian, eh?" I told him with some hauteur that I preferred the rubbers to walking on no soles at all, and I duly confounded him by taking off a rubber and showing him the hole. Most of us got our shoes at a chain of one-price shops whose shoes at that time cost $3.20. They looked quite all right when new, but they stretched and bulged into odd shapes, and the soles simply could not take the running around that we gave them. The shoes, combined with a dollar shirt from Raymond's, a ten-dollar blue serge suit from Filene's Basement, a tired necktie, and a ruinous hat were the uniform of the day — an inexpensive outfit and looking every nickel of it.

THE instantaneous view of the Depression in action — or, rather, as an interval of suspended human activity — was afforded by the Times Square breadline, in New York. Its focal point was no more than a counter, in the northernmost part of the Square, around Forty-fifth Street, as I recall it, at which a cup of coffee and two doughnuts were handed out gratis to all comers. This particular breadline — and there were many others scattered around the city — was a benefaction from William Randolph Hearst, and its peak of activity was timed to confront the evening theatergoers with a reminder that many of their fellow citizens were having a rough time of it.

Distribution began somewhere around 7 or 7:30 P.M., I believe, but the line would begin to take form as early as 6 o'clock. By 7, there were thousands of men, two abreast, in the line, which had doubled back and forth in long serpentine folds, each perhaps a block long. While the line waited for handouts to begin, it was of course stationary, and there was the spectacle: thousands of able-bodied Americans, young and old, waiting quietly for their handout. To see the line for the first time, as I happened to, in a January blizzard was to wonder what on earth it could be. The realization was slow, hardly credible, that this pattern of dark shapes was made up of men, ordinary men, who were hungry enough to stand there in the storm, in the glow of the marvelously irrelevant electric advertising displays, the finest of their kind in all the world.

I have read little or nothing about the Times Square breadline in the years that followed, although it has seemed to me ever since one of the great touchstones of the Depression years. Somewhere in the literature of the Depression, it ought to claim a few pages, as indeed should the neatly dressed men, each with his crate of apples, selling them on the street corners at a nickel apiece. Where did they get the capital to buy a crate of apples, and why apples instead of lead pencils or shoelaces?

The begging, unabashed, was everywhere, and I am reminded of a conversation overheard in a small hotel where I spent a few days in the forepart of 1932. The hotel was in the West Forties, just east of Broadway, relatively new, well furnished, and I was staying there because in this convenient midtown location a room and bath were to be had for $10.50 a week. But its clientele, embarrassingly at times, was goons and hoodlums, looking like fiction characters, minor employees of the gambling and bootlegging factions, hired to protect deliveries and collections at a fairly low level. The general tone of the hotel and of the whole Depression-ridden neighborhood is in an anecdote which an especially formidable-looking hoodlum was telling two of his cronies as we all stood waiting one evening for an elevator in the lobby.

"Here was this old guy," said the hoodlum, "not a bad-looking old guy, but I seen he was gonna put the bite on me. So just as he comes up to me I says to him, 'Hey, buddy,' I says, 'could you let me have a dime for a cup of cawfee?' Jeez, y'oughta seen his face. I thought I'd die laughing."

Most of the good restaurants along Park Avenue were posting their menus outside to attract passersby, and the *prix fixe* one-dollar dinner was a standard offering up and down the street in places

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where a dollar today would fall short of paying for a cocktail. The usual breakfast price in cafeterias and drugstores was twenty cents, for orange juice, bacon and a fried egg, toast, and coffee. The hitch was that too many people could not afford these prices, or any prices at all.

There may have been a breadline or two in Boston, but I do not remember seeing one. The most effective effort of that sort was the One-Cent Restaurant, opened by the Salvation Army a few doors off Scollay Square in a vacant store building which they had persuaded the owner to lend for the purpose. It contained the barest essentials of kitchen equipment and furnishings, but it did serve a steaming bowl of cereal with milk for one cent, and a fairly well-balanced meal could be had for a nickel. It was a model of what volunteer service could provide as direct relief, with a minimum of overhead and red tape, for those who needed it then and there.

Somewhat less realistic was the direct relief scheme proclaimed by Aimee Semple McPherson, who came to town in one of the bottom periods of the Depression on an evangelistic crusade. The reigning local queen of the headlines at the time was a young widow who had just been acquitted of the murder of her husband. Her trial lasted for weeks, and no aspect of her life and personality was too trivial for press attention. Of her housewifely qualities one sob sister wrote, admiringly: "She keeps a very neat cell." She was, without doubt, at the time of Aimee's arrival the most widely known woman in Massachusetts, and it was inevitable that they should team up.

First on their agenda was an evening meeting in the Boston Arena, at which the young widow would be immersed by Aimee in a tank of water and "saved." This occasion drew an overflow crowd, indicating plainly that the young widow could be useful in other capacities, and it was announced that she would take charge of a great new welfare program — codirector with Aimee was, I believe, her title — for distributing food parcels to the needy.

The immersion in the tank had been a morning-paper story and consequently not covered by the *Transcript*. But as the *Transcript's* man responsible for news of Aimee from 9 to 2:45, it fell to me to cover the first distribution of the parcels. An unoccupied basement near Copley Square was the headquarters, but when Frank Colby, the *Transcript* photographer, and I arrived at the appointed hour, the young widow was the only person there, and the total largess for the needy consisted of two cardboard cartons, each containing about three dollars' worth of canned goods and staple foodstuffs. The cartons, she explained, were of course only samples; more would be forthcoming. But after Colby made a picture and we left, we heard no more about the young widow and the direct relief program, and whatever became of the two cartons of groceries we never learned. The deal with Aimee had cooled suddenly.

I must say that during the week, more or less, in which I followed her activities, never once did Aimee fail to maintain her faultless facade of affability, graciousness to any and all of the press, and impenetrable aloofness from embarrassing questions. The same was not quite true of her entourage, one of whom was a comic figure of heroic dimensions, a bulky and unbelievably stupid young man whose name I have forgotten and who was always addressed as "Brother" by Sister Aimee and her staff.

On the first morning of the assignment, I arrived at 9 o'clock at the large parlor of Aimee's suite in a second-rate hotel. Her secretary, an extremely good-looking girl, invited me to wait until Sister was ready for visitors, and I was sitting there reading a paper when Brother came in.

"G'morning," he said to the secretary and unhesitatingly set a course for the door of what was obviously Sister's bedroom.

The secretary, more sensitive than Brother to what his actions might imply to a third party, called out to him sharply. "Brother, Brother," she said, "Sister *isn't up yet.*"

Brother came to a halt, but it was plain that the secretary's statement was causing no more than a "so what?" reaction in his thinking. The secretary was taking no chances that Brother would be able to add up the situation correctly without assistance. "Come and meet this reporter from the *Transcript*," said the secretary. Her tone was so firm that even Brother suddenly got the idea. I think he had failed altogether to notice my presence up to that point. He came over to me, beaming. "Pleased to meetcha," said Brother, and sat down beside me.

We conversed idly about Brother's adventures on tour, and we kept getting back to his main preoccupation, that his feet were giving him trouble. He was so talkative that I was curious about what he might say of the man who had been so egregiously identified with Aimee's affairs at the time of her famous "kidnaping" a decade or so earlier. Brother's face darkened at the question.

"I'm a man of God," Brother declared, although this was hardly the first impression a stranger gained of him, "and I don't believe in vi'lence. But when I think of what this little woman had to go through on account of him, I'd just like to get my hands on that son of a bitch!"

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Some companies expanded their business and profits right on through the Depression, but I doubt that any of us at the *Transcript* were aware of them. We were all so involved in the paper and so dependent on it that prosperity elsewhere, while the *Transcript* was faring so poorly, was inconceivable. I believe, on the basis of figures shown to me many years later, that the paper's losses were overstated to us, but its circulation and advertising were certainly shrinking from month to month.

The darkest news for us came every year or so with the announcement that all hands would meet in the city room at 3:15 to hear a report from the president of the company, George S. Mandell. We all liked him, a kindly, remote personality, an improbable executive for any sort of enterprise, let alone an evening paper. He was a devoted fox hunter and horseman, with a limp and a stoop from many tumbles, and his small, cluttered office usually contained several bits of tack that he had brought into town for repair. My chief visual memory of him is of his limping through the city room, swinging a bridle or stirrup leather, humming to himself, and bowing and smiling to anyone who caught his eye. I doubt that he knew the names of half the staff.

Turnouts for these meetings included only the news and editorial people and those who worked in the "counting room." The employees under various union contracts had no reason to attend, for they were not paying union dues for the purpose of negotiating wage cuts for themselves. I never heard of any wage cut being accepted by the typographical unions throughout the Depression and final years of the *Transcript*. (When I left the paper in 1936, the printers were said to be paid $57.50 a week, while Henry Claus, the editor and a really superior person, was down to $50 a week.)

The meetings were brief, merely a formal ratification of rumors that had preceded them for weeks. The extreme rumor was, of course, that the *Transcript* would suspend publication, and I think we always felt bucked up, if not downright cheerful, when the Old Man would begin his statement with word that this was not so: the *Transcript* was not suspending publication. But it was true, he continued, that losses were mounting, and it was his sad duty to inform us that, effective immediately, all salaries would be reduced by, et cetera, et cetera. It was simply then a case of going home and breaking the news to the family: if things had been bad, they would now be worse. I think we felt as sorry for the Old Man, for being obliged to make such embarrassing announcements, as we did for ourselves.

In certain other respects the Depression was more entertaining, especially in the great numbers of important personages whom it was constantly whittling down to boy's size. No sooner did one of these magnificoes perceive that the economy had "turned the corner," as the favored cliché of the time put it, than a new flurry of failures, foreclosures, and utterly novel disasters would break out.

The reassuring speeches of President Hoover always seemed to presage some altogether new setback. My friend E. B. Sargent, whose desk adjoined mine in the city room, shared with me a joint stock account — small but absurdly active — and we picked up a point or so on many occasions by going short on odd lots whenever a presidential speech or message was imminent. The cyclical theorists, chart readers, economists, and rabbit's-foot touchers never had such infallible short-term guidance as was theirs for the simple act of coppering the sanguine utterances of President Hoover. And like Prohibition and the Depression itself, there were times when it seemed as if he would be with us forever. His speeches seemed to me dull and much too long, impaired also by the muttering monotone in which he read them and his occasional struggles with the odd word which he seemed to be encountering for the first time. "Auspices" was one which tormented him especially, and I often wondered why he allowed in his text words that repeatedly trapped and tripped him.

The great argument after a major speech by Mr. Hoover was not over whether one agreed or disagreed with it, but rather over what on earth the speech had meant. It was hard to call his position mistaken, for somewhere among his musings might lie quite an opposite possibility. I have always counted the following lines, on the likelihood of there being a second world war, as one of his more sibylline obfuscations:

> Certain types of propaganda are today fertilizing our soil for our entry into war. For instance, we are assured that a great war in Europe is inevitable. This is a half-truth. The setup in Europe has made a general war inevitable every hundred years since the Romans kept the peace. And until mankind makes much greater progress it will continue to be inevitable. But the pounding in of that phrase is either sensational journalistic speculation or European propaganda. Furthermore, it is dinned in our ears that we shall inevitably be drawn into this inevitable war. That depends upon our own will to keep out.

No reader need have wondered, on the basis of this excerpt, whether war was imminent, for even as Mr. Hoover's article was emerging from the presses, in the September, 1939, issue of the *Reader's Digest*, the great war had begun.

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The organization of his material was even more painful: it was like listening to a long outline, laid out in sections and subsections, and at the beginning of each Mr. Hoover would tell the listener what he proposed to say in that section. He would then say it. The main subject would be divided into perhaps six principal headings, and these were identified and fully disclosed at the beginning: first, second, third, and so forth. But each of the principal headings proved to split into a series of subdivisions, also numbered, and it was disconcerting to hear the speaker end Number Four and with the word "finally" go on to Number Five, only to find that he was nowhere near the end of anything and was in fact about to take up his principal heading Number Two, with Three, Four, Five, and Six as yet untouched. "Further" was another word that kept recurring unhappily; it always came out "futher" or "futhermore." Little is heard nowadays, in the Hoover saga, of how phenomenally unpopular he had become by the final year of his term. As Colonel Starling of the Secret Service said to us, on arriving in Boston with President Hoover after a bitter greeting from street crowds in Detroit in the 1932 campaign, "It isn't a pleasant thing to see people run out and spit at the President of the United States." When Norman Thomas came to town from the Middle West in the same campaign, he reported, "Farmers are milking for sport." Corn, at Iowa loading points, was fetching some six or seven cents a bushel, and the well-to-do, of whom a few still remained, were hoarding canned goods against the threats of Milo Reno and his proposed "farmers' holiday."

The real fun figures of the time were, of course, the bankers and financial experts. I had found in my teens that my bank would no more lend me money for playing the market than it would underwrite a system for shooting dice or betting on horses according to their post positions. It had astonished me, therefore, on settling down in Massachusetts at around the peak of the boom in the fall of 1928, to hear my new friends tell how their banks had helped them to buy the rather large blocks of Electric Bond and Share, Radio Corporation, Pennroad, and other favored securities that they were holding. The banks were, in fact, no wiser than Joe Doakes. The 1929 crash in itself plunged many of them into insolvency, not because of a run by depositors who wanted to get their money out, but because the bank examiners found they had made loans so hopefully that they could no longer meet their obligations.

One of the financial remedies attempted by the Hoover Administration was a ruling by the Comptroller of the Currency, whose name I recall as John W. Pole, that banks would be permitted to carry bonds in their portfolios at par, without regard to the market price, which was often anywhere from a half to a tenth of that figure. This remarkable concept received little or no comment at the time, and I have never heard it mentioned in the years that followed, but it still sounds to me like something out of Lewis Carroll. True, the resulting balance sheet might appease the examiners, but what was to happen to this delightful markup when the bank needed some fresh cash and tried to sell these same bonds?

The investment trusts proved to have little more trading acumen than the man in the street, and many of them managed to trade themselves into extra losses during the long slide. Their method was simple: sell out at the bottom of a sharp decline; take courage at the next temporary rise and buy in at its top; repeat the performance as long as the capital lasts. Statisticians have estimated that many investment trusts would have been more successful had they invested at the peak of the boom in every company listed on the New York Stock Exchange and then simply sat tight on their holdings for the next ten or twenty or thirty years. Much the same illness seemed to afflict the mutual funds in the sell-off of 1962, when the shrinkage of assets in all but a few funds proved to exceed the decline in the Dow-Jones averages.

A few cool heads must have made great fortunes in the Depression. I have in mind a Boston patriarch who converted all his securities into some millions in cash in 1928 and reinvested just before the bank holiday in 1933. His son explained the father's reasoning to me as follows: "If the country is going to hell, it won't make any difference anyhow, but either the country *is* going to hell or else General Motors is dirt cheap at $14 a share." A whole building full of finance committees and statistical wizards could have worked long and hard without reaching an equally profitable conclusion.

Boston was never quite able to make up its mind about Prohibition. Through the final years of it the city was under the thumb of a police lieutenant who made no bones about being the man in charge. His connections among the higher-ups were widely conjectured, but nothing of that sort ever came to light. He raided or not, as he saw fit, and that was that. The result was that drinking and bootlegging were tolerated in Boston, provided the surroundings were unattractive. To buy a visitor a drink of whiskey in the bar frequented by newspapermen, one escorted him to a rather dirty basement kitchen where, surrounded by garbage cans and the splatter of dishwashing, the proprietor filled a tiny shot glass

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for the bon vivant from a pint bottle labeled Golden Wedding. Take it or leave it.

New York, by contrast, had speakeasies in abundance for every taste and purse. The dollar volume in sales and in protection money must have been astronomical, for these were well-stocked, heavily patronized places that prided themselves on supplying almost any drink called for.

I tried once, on returning from the wonders of New York, to expound the virtues of more variety in his bar inventory to the charming old Irishman who offered the supposed Golden Wedding and only one other item, needled beer. He had just set before me a small glass of needled beer, and I had laid my half-dollar for it on the bar. He listened indulgently to my preachment. He looked at the small glass of beer, then at the half-dollar, then at me, and said with a winning smile, "*This* is all right."

Of all the comic figures generated by the Depression and Prohibition, I recall Professor Irving Fisher of Yale as unique in his misconception of both issues. There were, of course, millions of others who had miscalculated the stock market and who were sure that Prohibition was a blessing, however much disguised, but few were so prominent and so excessively verbal as this revered economist. On financial subjects he managed to give the impression that it was the market that had made the mistake rather than himself, and he continued to make countless speeches on economic affairs long after another man in his position might have seriously considered taking up some new line of work. He was a rabid Prohibitionist, and during the year that I worked on the Boston *Herald*, before shifting to the *Transcript*, I covered a big Symphony Hall meeting of drys who turned out to get the straight of it all from the learned professor. I reported him at length in the *Herald*, but no one seemed to take his figures amiss, with the result that I sent a letter about them to the editor of the *Commonweal*, which was very nearly the only respectable anti-Prohibition weekly of that time. The letter, published in its issue of November 6, 1929, was as follows:

> In your issue of October 16 there is a reference to Professor Irving Fisher of Yale upon which I should like to elaborate somewhat.
>
> On October 13 Professor Fisher spoke on Prohibition here in Boston, and if my ears heard him correctly, he offered the following mathematical absurdity: a) that drinking today is some 15 percent in extent of pre-Prohibition drinking; b) that from 1920, the advent of Prohibition, the dry move showed a steady gain until 1925; c) that from 1925 to date, one half of this gain was lost.
>
> May I suggest that a graphical representation of this hypothesis would show that, taking pre-Prohibition consumption as a basis of 100, Professor Fisher's graph would have to drop to minus 70 in order to "lose half of its gain," and wind up at plus 15?
>
> Just what degree of drinking is represented by minus 70?

In the lean summers of the Depression, I used to spend a week or ten days of my vacation with the coast guard, on one of its regular patrols. A reporter who could write an ordinarily interesting account of a patrol was always welcomed by the service as a wardroom guest, and the only cost to him was his mess bill, which ranged anywhere from $5 to $10 a week. Why more newspapermen did not avail themselves of these pleasures I have never understood, for it was like having an ocean-going yacht at your disposal along the coast of northern New England. Every patrol yielded its magnificent seafaring scenes and some bizarre adventure, and Prohibition often intruded in all its absurdity.

One summer a year or two before Repeal, I was enjoying a cruise on the spacious old cutter *Tahoe*. We anchored off a small air station that the coast guard had recently set up at Salem Willows, and the officers were whiling away the day by taking rides, hospitably offered by the station's commander, in a new amphibious plane. Suddenly came radio instructions to locate and shadow the rumrunner *Pronto*, then at sea some thirty-five miles east of Gloucester and seeking to make a shore contact that night with a speedboat from the Cape Ann area. So ran the message from Intelligence.

The people in a navy or coast guard vessel always count that day lost when the ship's movie is not shown, and an hour or so after clearing Salem the captain decreed it time for the show. Evening, the usual time, might find us otherwise engaged, he felt, and he was quite right.

I came on deck at the end of the movie, just after sunset. The afterglow was fading, and the sea and clouds were a pearly gray, an opalescent effect. The *Tahoe's* engines were stopped. I realized suddenly that I was looking at our quarry, the *Pronto*, lying motionless in the twilight calm, hardly a hundred yards away: a 110-foot converted subchaser from World War I, powered by twin-screw diesels. Her home port was Bridgetown, capital of Barbados, and she was so deeply laden with her cargo of Belgian alcohol that she looked, with scarcely any freeboard, almost like a small submarine. Two salty-looking characters in rubber boots and black oilskins were lounging outside her wheelhouse, and even as I stood gaping at the first genuine rummy I had seen in operation, they

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disappeared inside, and almost immediately *Pronto* made off toward the west.

The prodigious game of tag that followed, carried on at a speed of about twelve knots, could not have been more exciting at ten times that speed. *Tahoe's* maximum was around thirteen knots, about two more than *Pronto* seemed to have, but the rummy's short turning radius, with her twin screws, kept the contest even, and she could be off on a new course by the time we were just beginning to swing around in pursuit. It was easy to keep *Pronto* in sight in the twilight, but if she once got beyond the reach of our searchlights in the dark, we should probably lose her. The cutter had no right to interfere with a vessel of foreign registry on the high seas, so that all *Tahoe* could do was watch the rummy in the hope of capturing or destroying the speedboat that was seeking to take part of her cargo ashore, and, at any rate, of preventing their contact.

The situation was exasperating to *Tahoe's* captain. After several especially quick changes of course, just before dark, he ordered a seaman armed with a machine gun to report to the bridge. A round-faced youngster responded, looking much too young to be lugging so threatening a weapon. "Get down there on the port rail and stand by," the captain ordered. "Don't fire until I give the order." But then, as the boy was scuttling away with his gun, still within hearing, the captain shouted, somewhat ambiguously it seemed to me, "I'll fill the bastard full of lead!"

I was enchanted, waiting for what might happen next. Out of such stuff are international incidents made. Both vessels were on a straight course, *Tahoe* about a hundred yards astern of *Pronto* and coming up on her with our two-knot advantage of speed. *Tahoe's* cutwater was headed directly for the exact center of *Pronto's* stern, and *Pronto* seemed to be slowing. With a collision only a few feet away, *Tahoe* turned ever so slightly and swept past the rummy. At the same time there was a great thumping, smashing of glass, shouts, and angry words.

My first thought was that the lad with the machine gun must have cut loose on his own, and I hurried out to the wing of the bridge to look. Our bow wave was just rolling across *Pronto's* deck, and the two salty characters in oilskins were knee-deep in water as they ran to close a hatch on the bow. The thumping sounds were continuing and proved to be a barrage of potatoes, from the large, ventilated lockers on deck where we stored our vegetables, which two or three dozen of *Tahoe's* people were heaving at *Pronto's* wheelhouse.

Pronto dodged and twisted, barely within the reach of our searchlights, until around midnight, when she laid a course for the tip of Nova Scotia, her shore arrangements a failure for the time being. As she settled on her new course, a jaunty blinker message in Morse came from her: "Thanks for the spuds. Look out for the rocks. Good night."

Potatoes, I learned, were the usual missiles in harassment of the rumrunners. Another favored tactic was for a cutter to lie alongside to windward of a rummy, as near as possible, and blow her boiler tubes, giving the rummy a thick coating of soot. But *Pronto's* time was running out. About a week after I had returned to Boston, a short paragraph with a New London dateline brought word that *Pronto* had been rammed and sunk the night before off the Connecticut coast by U.S.C.G. cutter *Argo*, and what became of the two salty characters in black oilskins, I never did learn.

When legal liquor returned with Repeal in 1933, Boston was no better prepared for the occasion than it had been for Prohibition. It was a festive evening, the crowds were enormous, and the drinks in general not very attractive. The Scollay Square neighborhood served whatever was called for — Scotch, rye, bourbon, brandy — but in many places it all came out of the same bottle. Jake Wirth's, the old-time German restaurant, was celebrated for its varieties of draft beer in pre-Prohibition days, but the fine Latin motto carved above its bar mirror, "*Suum Cuique*," had been only a mockery during the long near-beer interval. Now, jammed to capacity with ecstatic beer drinkers, Wirth's was coming into its own again.

On a roundup of the evening for the *Transcript*, I dropped in at Wirth's to get a few pointers on beer. Wirth's headwaiter, who worked for the restaurant for sixty-five years, was known to the world as "Pop," a slender little man who always wore a black draft cap and whose manner with customers, in contrast with that of German waiters in general, was always charmingly urbane. I found him at the fringe of the crush around the bar, watching reflectively the customers, who were acting as if this were the last chance at a seidel of beer they would ever have in their lives.

Pop was embarrassed when I asked him about the beer, but he was too fastidious a host and too conscientious a restaurateur to lie about it. Regrettably, he said, Mr. Wirth had been so late in applying for the new liquor license that it had not yet been granted.

"You mean —" I began, with a nod toward the merrymakers at the bar.

"Right," said Pop. "Near beer. Still near beer, the same as yesterday."

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CUBA AND THE NUCLEAR RISK

BY

WALTER LIPPMANN

Those of a skeptical nature in the United Kingdom and in France have raised the question of whether the United States could be trusted to defend the NATO countries in all contingencies, and if not, whether it might be wiser to have a nuclear striking force of European origin. This is WALTER LIPPMANN'S *resounding answer, which he delivered in Paris on the occasion of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Paris* HERALD-TRIBUNE.

THE closing years of the nineteenth century were also the closing years of the period of American isolation. The American doctrine of isolation was formulated by our first President: "The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little *political* connection as possible." For, he went on to say, "Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none or a very remote relation." This was the rule that we lived by with only a brief interlude, during the Wilson Administration, until well into the Second World War.

Today that original American doctrine has been reversed. Now we act on the principle that the vital interests of Europe are the vital interests of America. But in addition to this, there is something radically new in our situation. If there were not something radically new, we could devote all our resources to working out the economic and social and political connections of that greater community to which Europe and the Americas belong. But while we must develop this greater community, the time we live in calls for more than that, and our problems are of a different kind.

It is not only that isolation has ended. It is that we have begun to live in the first years of the nuclear age. Ours is an epoch when the rivalry of two great social orders includes a rivalry in nuclear arms. We were very conscious of that fact during the crisis over Cuba. For in Cuba there was, for the first time in history, the kind of grim and deadly confrontation which could have led to thermonuclear war.

As a scientific phenomenon, the nuclear age began in 1945 with the explosion of the first nuclear bomb. But in world relations the nuclear age really began about ten years later. Until nearly the end of the forties, the United States was the only nuclear power in the world. In 1949, the Soviet Union exploded a nuclear device. But it was not until the middle of the fifties that the Soviet Union began to have an armory of nuclear weapons. Beginning about 1955, the West had ceased to have a monopoly of nuclear weapons, and by the end of the 1950s, the Soviet Union had become a very formidable nuclear power.

Since 1955 there have existed in the world two rival and conflicting coalitions armed with nuclear weapons. They are in conflict at many points on the globe. They distrust profoundly each other's purposes.

The essential and novel fact in the contemporary conflict, which distinguishes it radically from the great conflicts of the past — as, for example, that between Islam and Christendom — is that the two coalitions possess nuclear weapons. These weapons differ from all other weapons, even those used as recently as the Second World War, in that they carry with them not only a greater quan-

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tity of violence but violence of a radically different order and kind.

In the wars of the prenuclear age, which ended with the bomb on Hiroshima, a victorious power was an organized state which could impose its terms on the vanquished. War damage, though great, was not irreparable, as we can see in the recovery of Europe and of the Soviet Union.

But after a full nuclear exchange, such as the United States and the Soviet Union are now capable of, there might well be over a hundred million dead. After the destruction of the great urban centers of the northern hemisphere, with the contamination of the earth, the water, and the air, there would be no such recovery as we have known after the two world wars of this century.

For all practical purposes, the devastation would be irreparable. The United States has the power to reduce Soviet society to a smoldering ruin, leaving the survivors shocked and starving and diseased. In an exchange of nuclear weapons, it is estimated coolly by our American experts that the Soviet Union could kill between thirty and seventy million Americans. I hesitate to say what would happen to Europe, whether or not it had a nuclear force of its own. But it is a fact that the Soviet Union has far more medium-range missiles capable of reaching Europe than it has long-range missiles capable of reaching the United States.

A war of that kind would be followed by a savage struggle for existence as people crawled out of their cellars, and all the democracies would have to be converted into military dictatorships in order to keep some semblance of order among the desperate survivors.

All that I have said has been said before. But it has not been said by men who have lived through an actual confrontation which could have produced such a catastrophe. If anyone wishes to understand the American position in the Cuban crisis and the American attitude toward military power in the world today, he must remember that responsible Americans do not dare to forget the reality of the nuclear age. I know some of these men. They live with these realities. For that reason, they do not find themselves in close sympathy with those Europeans who talk as if nuclear weapons were merely a bigger and better kind of artillery, and who think that the new weapons are subject to the same rules of warfare and of diplomacy as were the old.

Because nuclear weapons mean mutual suicide, the paramount rule of policy in this age is that, as between the nuclear powers, there can be no important change in the status quo brought about by the threat of force or by the use of force. Nuclear war cannot be used, as war has been used in the past, as an instrument of national policy. The Cuban affair has much to teach us about the nature of diplomacy in the nuclear age.

The United States has for some time possessed a marked superiority in nuclear weapons. This superiority was quite sufficient to deter the Soviet Union from using or from threatening to use nuclear weapons to enforce its purposes in Cuba. But our superiority was not sufficient to permit the United States to use or threaten to use nuclear weapons to enforce all of our own purposes in Cuba.

President Kennedy was able to prevail because, having the power to achieve a limited objective, he had the wisdom to narrow his objective to what he had the power to achieve.

Thus, he had the power to deter the Soviet Union from attempting to break the blockade by Soviet naval action and by the threat of Soviet nuclear missiles. But the President himself could not use America's nuclear power to bring about the overthrow of Castro and the liquidation of a Communist regime in Cuba.

It was manifestly unthinkable to use nuclear weapons against Cuba. They had no relevance to the Cuban problem. It would have been an incalculable risk to invade and occupy Cuba at the risk of retaliatory military action against Berlin, action which could have escalated into nuclear war. The President adopted limited objectives which could be achieved by limited means. He demanded the removal of the Soviet strategic missiles. He did not demand the removal of the Castro regime or even of the Cuban defensive missiles.

The President was able to achieve the objectives to which he limited himself. Soviet nuclear power was neutralized by American nuclear power, and in the Cuban area, the United States also had overwhelming land, sea, and air forces which were quite capable of destroying or capturing the Soviet missiles. The Soviet government had no conventional forces in the Caribbean area, and once its nuclear power was neutralized, it had no other force it could use.

This was, as I see it, the military rationale of the Cuban affair. But I hasten to add that, while the confrontation ended peaceably, it was possible that things might have got out of hand in Moscow or in Washington. There were rash men in both places. But for several reasons things did not get out of hand. First of all, Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Kennedy have intimate knowledge of nuclear weapons, and they have a poignant personal realization of the meaning of nuclear war. For another

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reason, throughout the crisis, the two heads of government kept channels of personal and official communication open.

Finally, and decisively, the United States, which had overall nuclear superiority and conventional superiority around Cuba, was careful to avoid the ultimate catastrophic mistake of nuclear diplomacy, which would be to surround the adversary and to leave him no way to retreat.

Washington did not forget that while nuclear war would be suicidal lunacy, it is an ever-present possibility. Nuclear war will not be prevented by fear of nuclear war. For, however lunatic it might be to commit suicide, a great power, if it is cornered, if all the exits are barred, if it is forced to choose between suicide and unconditional surrender, is quite likely to go to war.

This is one of the facts of life in the middle of the twentieth century. It is as much a fact as the existence of the megaton bomb itself, and it is a fact which must be given weight in the calculation of national policy. It was kept constantly in mind in the calculation of our Cuban policy.

There is a line of intolerable provocation and humiliation beyond which popular and governmental reactions are likely to become uncontrollable. It is the business of the governments to find out where that line is, and to stay well back of it.

Those who do not understand the nature of war in the nuclear age, those who think that war today is what war was in the past regard these careful attempts of statesmen not to carry provocation beyond the tolerable limits as weakness and softness and appeasement.

The Chinese do not understand the nuclear age, and they charge the Russians with appeasement for drawing back in Cuba. There are a good many people in the West who do not understand the nuclear age, and they are forever charging us with appeasement because we do not brandish the nuclear bomb in all our controversies with the Soviet Union. But prudence in seeking not to drive your opponent into a corner is not weakness and softness and appeasement. It is sanity and common sense and a due regard for human life.

It has, I know, been said in Europe that the United States has always had a special interest in Cuba, and that therefore the firm stand of the President is no proof that the United States would be equally firm in, let us say, Berlin.

Our answer to these skeptics must begin, I think, by asking them to look at what the United States was actually firm about in Cuba. It was firm, as I have already pointed out, about the Soviet strategic weapons in Cuba, which, in the American view, were offensive because they were good only for a first strike. Had the missiles been put in place, they would have changed seriously the balance of nuclear power in the world.

The United States deployed its whole military power, nuclear and conventional, against such an alteration of the status quo. It would do the same, and for the same kind of reason, if the Soviet Union moved with military force against Berlin or against any other point which is critically important to the maintenance of the status quo in the balance of strategic power.

But the United States did not use its power to unseat Castro or to crusade against Communism. It did not use its power for political or ideological ends. In my opinion, it will not risk a nuclear war in Europe over anything less than that for which it risked war in Cuba — that is to say, a radical move against the balance of strategic power. That is why the United States will defend the physical freedom of West Berlin. But it will not risk a nuclear war over political and juridical issues.

I SHALL venture now to say a few words about the relations of the United States and Western Europe in regard to the world balance of power. During the Cuban confrontation it was evident in Washington that the crucial decisions were being made without consultation with our European allies. I would not for a moment minimize how hard it is for great and proud nations to feel that they are being taken to the brink of catastrophe while the outcome is being determined in Washington and Moscow.

As I understand what went on, our allies were not consulted in the Cuban crisis because of the belief that the risk of war would have been much increased. The American intention was to react sharply, but to react for a limited aim and with limited means. Had this intention become known before it was announced — and in a consultation it would almost surely have become known — there was a probability that the Soviet government would take the initiative either by proclaiming defiantly the presence of the missiles or by denouncing the proposed quarantine as an act of piracy.

Had that denunciation been made before the quarantine was proclaimed and enforced, both Moscow and Washington would have been committed to a collision course. Mr. Kennedy could not have gone backward. Mr. Khrushchev could not have done what in fact he did do, which was to accept the quarantine in what was, it seems to me, a rather elegant and nonchalant way.

Whether or not you think the American reason for not consulting Europe was a good reason, I think I am right in saying that our experience in

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the confrontation has confirmed us in the view that the command of nuclear power to balance Soviet nuclear power cannot be divided or shared.

The directing of the nuclear power of the Western world is like driving a car on a hair-raising mountain road. Only one man can sit at the wheel. Others in the car can help to decide, before he starts, whether to take the mountain road or to seek a safer though longer one. But once the road is chosen, once the objective, the policy, the strategic plan have been agreed to by consultation as a shared responsibility, there can be only one driver at the wheel. And while the other passengers may not wholly like him, whether or not they think he is a very good driver, it is still safer for all concerned than if there were two or three drivers trying to grab the steering wheel at the same time.

The Cuban confrontation demonstrated, we believe, not only that the command of nuclear power is indivisible; it demonstrated also the importance of conventional military power when nuclear power has been balanced and neutralized. The United States prevailed in Cuba because, after nuclear power had been neutralized, it had powerful conventional weapons.

The American position in this matter should not be misunderstood. The United States government is not interested in maintaining for itself a monopoly of nuclear weapons in the Western alliance. The United States does believe that within our alliance all nuclear forces, European and American, should be effectively integrated — that is to say, they should have agreed targets, intimate reciprocal intelligence, and, for the moments of decision, a unified command.

The American position is based not only on a conviction as to how Western nuclear forces should be directed; it is based also on the realization that the United States cannot afford to provide the nuclear power of the Western alliance, and contribute a disproportionate amount to the conventional defense of Europe, and in addition continue to meet its obligations in Asia and in Latin America. We believe that before the European nations, severally or jointly, commit themselves to the gigantic cost of becoming nuclear powers, they should realize that the American nuclear power is adequate, that it cannot be duplicated quickly, that all of Western Europe combined will almost certainly not make a nuclear force capable of substituting for the force which the Americans have built up in the past seventeen years.

At the same time, as the Cuban affair illustrated visibly, conventional forces are essential to the defense of Europe. The United States cannot afford to fulfill its worldwide obligations and also carry the main burden of the conventional defense of Europe. Europe cannot create an adequate nuclear force and also adequate conventional forces; it seems to us essential as a practical matter that there be for the time being a division of labor.

Does this mean that Europe must leave the nuclear defense of the Western world to the United States? For some years to come, we believe that this is unavoidable, for it would take many years before Europe could have effective nuclear forces. It does mean that Europe must trust the honor and the competence of its American ally in providing and managing what will be at least 90 percent of all of the nuclear forces of the Western alliance.

Does this mean, as it is said, that we are asking Europe to supply the infantry while we supply the artillery? It does not mean that. The Cuban crisis proved conclusively that we prevailed not only because we had the nuclear power to neutralize Soviet nuclear power but because we also had superior conventional forces in the Caribbean.

It is all very well to call these conventional forces the infantry. But, in fact, they consisted of naval ships, air forces, paratroopers, and marines. To those who tell us that we are trying to monopolize the big weapons which give prestige, or that we are trying to reduce Europe to the prosaic role of supplying the foot soldiers, my reply is that we are providing for the defense of Europe a big share — perhaps a disproportionate share — of the conventional forces, including the foot soldiers.

There are times, I must confess, when we forget our own faults — they are always easy to forget — and when we become restless at being told again and again that we cannot be relied upon to fulfill our commitments involving Berlin and Germany and France, that we are soft and weak, that we care about Cuba and the western hemisphere but not about Europe, and that we do not understand Communism and its challenge.

We feel that we have earned the right to be trusted when we say that the vital interests of European security and prosperity are also the vital interests of the United States. Europe has been growing spectacularly in unity and in affluence, and we have looked upon this not as the rise of a rival power, but as a success in which we rejoice and in which we share.

To Europeans I say, trust us not to desert you or to betray you. Believe me when I tell you that the contemporary American superiority in nuclear weapons, which will pass away in the course of time, is a burden and not something that Americans are happy about. They do not gloat about it. They regard it as a grim, costly, dangerous responsibility which through no ambition of their own they find themselves committed to.

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how not to teach teachers

by JAMES D. KOERNER

JAMES D. KOERNER *received his Ph.D. in American studies at Washington University in 1952, has taught at Kansas State University and at M.I.T., and is currently serving as president of the Council for Basic Education. He has recently completed a two-year study of teacher education, the results of which will be published by Houghton Mifflin this spring in a book entitled* THE MISEDUCATION OF AMERICAN TEACHERS.

UNLIKE most educational controversies, the training of teachers for the public schools is a subject that generates continuous heat. A kind of rhythm characterizes other issues — why Johnny can't read, or college freshmen can't write, why IQ tests are unreliable, or whether schools should be palaces; such controversies wax and wane. But the problem of how best to prepare teachers, being central to everything else in education, is a war without end. The traditional combatants, professors of academic subjects versus professors of education, have held a series of disarmament conferences in the last few years which, while not producing any substantive results, have eased the tension a bit. Still, the basic quarrel abides, and the cannonading continues from both sides, often rather wide of the right targets.

During the past two years, I have visited, for periods of from a day to a week, sixty-three institutions that train teachers — universities, multipurpose colleges, liberal arts colleges, and teachers colleges, in all sections of the country and representing all types of programs now in operation. I have looked especially at the preparatory programs for teachers of academic subjects, both the liberal arts and the professional part, and I have examined the graduate programs leading to the numerous masters' and doctors' degrees in education. I have visited about two hundred classes in both academic and professional subjects; have talked with many hundreds of administrators, students, and members of the faculty; have read through a small library of books, reports, monographs, pamphlets, and periodicals; have examined several thousand transcripts of credit for graduates of education programs; have attended innumerable educational meetings, conferences, seminars, and conventions; and in sundry other ways have acquainted myself with the massive industry of professional education.

It has been, I regret to say, a cheerless experience. When all the complexity of the field is recognized and all the necessary qualifications made, the simple fact remains that the education of American teachers, school administrators, and other professionals is more often a failure than a success. This is so because neither the liberal arts nor the professional component of these training programs comes even close to its theoretical goal.

In the first place, the field of professional education, which controls the training programs for teachers and administrators, has become an unwieldy, slow-witted, bureaucratic colossus, standing on a slippery foundation built on sand. It is the most poorly defined, formless field in higher education. It is the most derivative, taking its

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substance from the academic fields of psychology, history, philosophy, and the social sciences, all of which it has digested badly while adding little that is uniquely its own. Because it has failed to bring a unifying theory into this multifariousness, its training programs continue to be constructed on tenuous and untested hypotheses, or on whatever is expedient in a given instance.

ALTHOUGH education does not yet know how much or what kind of professional preparation is needed by teachers and administrators, it has constructed a plenitude of mandatory training programs on the assumption that it does. These programs, despite a long history of inadequacy, remain frozen into law in state certification requirements. More important, those who run teacher-training programs have become frozen in their own thinking and are now far too busy managing an established business with a rapid growth rate to have much time or inclination for the examination of first principles.

Education has been corrupted by money and power. It is a big business. It turns out a quarter of all the undergraduate degrees awarded by American institutions, and in 1963 will graduate about 150,000 persons eligible to teach in public schools, a good many of whom will not teach, and a good many more of whom will not teach long. It awards half of all masters' degrees, and more doctors' degrees, by a sizable margin, than any other single academic field. To man this giant machine, the field has well over 20,000 full-time faculty, making it second in size only to the field of English. Outside the institutions themselves, there is a constellation of large professional and service organizations that is an integral part of the education machine. All this has happened in an astonishingly short time, and success has seduced the field into arrogance and administrative busywork and away from basic concerns.

Thus, one of the reasons that the education of American teachers is fundamentally a failure is that professional education, which constructs and controls the training programs, has extremely poor credentials as an academic discipline. The fact that it has won recognition as such a discipline, which it has done through the abdication of responsibility by the liberal arts departments, is not a qualification; it merely makes possible the building of more academic empires on sandy foundations.

This general disability, as well as the specific ills that education is heir to, is mostly traceable, as it would be in any other field, to the faculty. It is an indecorous thing to say and is obviously offensive to educationists, but it is the truth, and it should be said: the intellectual caliber of the education faculty is *the* fundamental limitation of the field. Because no educational program can transcend the quality of its faculty, any long-range improvement in teacher training will have to wait upon improvement in those who staff schools and departments of education. Although a good many men of excellent ability are to be found in education, particularly among the younger faculty, their number is minute in relation to the whole.

Yet the preparatory programs for public school teachers are chiefly under the *de facto* supervision of the education faculty. It is here that admission to the training programs is controlled, here that the programs themselves are constructed, here that the future teacher accumulates courses in education and pedagogy, here that he develops whatever professional outlook he has, here that, hopefully, he learns what to do with what, hopefully, he has acquired from his academic courses. Cardinal Newman, who wrote one of the great treatises on liberal education, saw only one reason for courses: "The general principles of any study you may learn by books at home; but the detail, the colour, the tone, the air, the life which makes it live in us, you must catch all these from those in whom it already lives." It does not live in the greatest part of the present education faculty; in this unfortunate fact lies education's greatest problem.

Weak students gravitate to weak faculties. Education students, along with students in agriculture and business administration, fill the lower ranks of the academic ladder. Every major study of the subject, beginning with a classic one in the state of Pennsylvania in 1928–1932 and coming down to very recent ones, has arrived at the same conclusion: education students show up badly, both in achievement and native ability, when compared with students in other fields — a fact that has been known informally throughout higher education for half a century. Teaching attracts poor students for a combination of academic, social, and economic reasons, but the bland acceptance of this condition by the education faculty, its failure to weed out the incompetent and to raise its standards of admission and performance create a circular problem: a weak faculty maintains low standards that attract weak students; together they deter better faculty from entering the field and raising standards that would attract better students into better programs. "All other reforms," as John Dewey once observed, "are conditioned upon reform in the quality and character of those who engage in the teaching profession."

Some headway is being made. A great many

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teacher-training programs that used to take anyone who appeared at the door have raised admission standards in recent years. A grade average of C or a shade better is becoming a common requirement in these programs. This is helpful, though it may not in itself mean much. Grade averages are most significant when one knows what the quality of the instruction is, what the grading practices are, and what groups a given student is competing against. A C average is not an impressive requirement, especially in teachers colleges and state colleges, if one is trying to educate educators, nor is it commensurate with grade averages for entrance to professional programs in other fields. Still, the grade requirement is on the rise and in time should make some difference in the quality of teacher turned out.

No headway is being made, so far as I can see, on admissions standards at the all-important graduate level. With the exception of students enrolled in the so-called Master of Arts in Teaching programs, who are usually capable persons, candidates for the masters' and doctors' degrees are rarely screened in education as they are in other fields. Ironically, it is often easier for one to be admitted to graduate study in education than to undergraduate programs in the same institution. A bachelor's degree which might be twenty years old and from a third-rate institution is often adequate for admission, especially to those advanced-degree programs that are wholly under the control of the education division. Whatever reasons there may have been historically for taking low-caliber people in the training programs for teachers, there has never been and certainly is not now any reason for taking them in the graduate programs. The ramifying influence of low standards in graduate education is painfully clear: the masters and doctors turned out become administrators who hire teachers, construct curricula, and set standards in public schools; they also staff professional associations, accrediting agencies, and become professors of education.

The education courses themselves deserve their ill repute. Most of them are indeed puerile, repetitious, dull, and ambiguous — incontestably. Two factors make them this way: the limitations of the instructor, and the limitations of subject matter that has been remorselessly fragmented, subdivided, and inflated, and that in many instances was not adequate in its uninflated state. That some teachers and courses in education can be found to equal the best in the academic areas is a happy fact. A course in the history of education, taught by, say, Lawrence Cremin of Columbia Teachers College, or a course in the psychological theories of how young people learn things, taught by Ernest Hilgard of Stanford, or one in the methods of teaching high school English, taught by Edward Gordon of Yale — such courses could be as valuable as any on the campus. But the mere effort needed to identify the intellectual leaders or the outstanding teachers in professional education today testifies to their scarcity.

The principal subjects of the professional curriculum — teaching methods, practice teaching, and the educational aspects of history, philosophy, and psychology — are almost never taught and the textbooks almost never written by persons who are themselves trained historians, philosophers, psychologists, or proven experts in teaching. Hence, there is nothing more obvious in the typical education class, apart from the remarkable docility of the students, than the lack of real depth and scholarship on the part of the instructor. Frequently, a strong strain of anti-intellectualism is discernible. Frequently, utilitarianism takes the place of intellectualism, the "tender-minded" approach, as William James called it, takes the place of the "tough-minded," the ritualistic takes the place of the realistic, the uncritical acceptance of shibboleths takes the place of the critical analysis of ideas. There is a universal devotion to the "discussion method," which most often signifies, as it does in public schools, an aimless, generalized bull session. Great use is also made of group dynamics, field trips, panel discussions, student-directed projects, and an infinite variety of movies and other visual aids; these devices no doubt have their uses, one of which seems to be to kill time.

The best students are repelled by all this, the average ones are bored, the poor are pleased. With the exception of practice teaching, which is not really a course, the professional curriculum for teachers is perhaps 50 to 75 percent water. At the graduate level, the dilution is often much higher.

Apart from the question of quality, the quantity of education courses required or permitted in teacher training also deserves the harsh things that are usually said about it. This is one of the oldest issues between the academician, who has traditionally inveighed against what he regarded as an excessive number of education courses, and the educationist, who has usually claimed that the number of courses is quite modest and reasonable. Nobody, so far as I could discover in surveying results of educational research, had tried to collect information on the subject from the only reliable source that exists, the transcripts of credit for graduates of the various education programs. I therefore gathered a representative sample of such transcripts from thirty-two institutions and made numerous calculations from them.

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The transcripts indicate, among many other things, that the preparing institutions go far beyond state certification requirements in education courses. Elementary school teachers get an average of forty-nine semester hours in education, while the average requirement for state licensure is twenty-four. Secondary school teachers get about twenty-seven semester hours, while the average state requirement is eighteen. Elementary school teachers, that is, spend about 40 percent of their four years of college taking education courses in such subjects as Educational Psychology (usually three or four courses under different names but covering about the same material), Audio-Visual Aids, Personal and Community Hygiene, and Elementary School Curriculum; they also take a seemingly endless series of discrete courses in how to teach each subject of the elementary school at each level of the elementary school. Secondary teachers spend nearly 25 percent of their time taking education courses. These are national averages. If one looks only at the liberal arts colleges, the averages go sharply down in education and up in academic courses; if one looks at schools that are present or erstwhile teachers colleges, which prepare very large numbers of teachers, the averages go sharply up in education and down in academic courses. These figures, of course, do not cover the graduate programs in education, in many of which not a single academic course is taken, and where the time is spent in courses so trivial that they must be seen to be believed.

I submit that this much undergraduate time devoted to education, especially in view of the redundant and intellectually thin nature of the courses and the consistently negative reaction of students to them, is indefensible. And it clearly cannot help but deter the very people most needed in teaching; a really bright student will not suffer such a diet. If educationists are serious about improving teacher training and the quality of students, one of the most effective steps they could take would be to reduce course offerings and requirements by perhaps 50 percent, while insisting that the remainder be taught with some distinction.

THE remedies for the faults of professional education are implicit in the discussion. If admission standards are low, they should be raised; if course work is sterile, it needs revitalization; if the faculty is weak, new graduate programs and new faculty hiring policies are indicated. The real question is not what needs doing, but how to get what needs doing done. The forces for change in teacher education are now greater than they have been for a long time. There are more "Young Turks" around, more support for new programs from foundations and college administrations, more interest on the part of academic folk, and more pressure for reform from the public than ever before. But to all these forces there are others that are opposite and often more than equal.

The greatest obstacle to reform is the field of education itself. This is natural. Teacher training is a major industry, the income from which supports not only schools and departments and professors of education but often other branches of the university as well, even entire institutions. Sometimes the income is fairly good, permitting high salaries and fast promotions for the education faculty. Like any vast bureaucracy, education is by nature pretty much dedicated to the status quo and has developed a centripetal circle of power to perpetuate it. At the center are the institutions themselves, while orbiting around them are accrediting associations, the state departments of education, and the administrator-dominated state and national agencies like the NEA. Such a concentration of power naturally looks with a cold eye on suggestions for change, especially those coming from outside. It has a built-in radar that sounds the warning at the approach of any proposal that threatens to diminish the establishment, or that might jeopardize jobs or status.

Thus, the field has a history of opposition, more or less automatic, to most proposals for reform that have been made over the last half century. It held the line for decades against increasing the liberal content of its programs at the expense of the pedagogical; it fought like a tiger to maintain *in statu quo* state certification requirements, that monument to administrative rigidity; it met criticism with fury, denunciation, and diversionary attack. There has always been, for example, enormous opposition to any proposal that would license teachers in a way that would make the most sense to a great many people — through a system of qualifying examinations. Under such a system, people could be qualified to teach when they could demonstrate their ability to do so, which would mean giving them better examinations in subject matter than are yet available, and possibly some sort of probationary internship. It would mean that the main criterion for entrance to teaching would shift from the mechanical counting up of credits and courses, often of dubious pedigree, to performance. In the nature of things, most teachers, whatever system prevails, will continue to come through organized programs in colleges, but they would be required under an examination system to prove their grasp of the subjects they propose to teach as well as their capacity to teach them. The doors to teaching would thus be open to anyone. Einstein might be

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able to teach third-grade arithmetic, after all; able immigrants might be admitted to the classroom to teach their native languages; and the services of many kinds of persons of genuine intellectual accomplishment might be made available to the public schools. An examinations system, whether administered at the state, regional, or national level, would also be a valuable check against the quality of individual institutions — certainly far better than the ineffectual accreditation programs now in operation.

Professional education, except in isolated instances, presents a monolithic opposition to such a scheme and goes to picturesque lengths to find reasons why mandatory qualifying examinations will not work. The educationists' real objection, however, is to the reduced status of professional education, of course work, and of graduation from organized programs that inheres in the plan. Also, the concept of professionalism, which has preoccupied the field of education for so many years, is violated. Qualifying examinations seem to say that public school teaching is not really a profession (which it probably is not) and that people can perform well in it without professional preparation (which they obviously can). I do not believe that any system of qualifying examinations, beyond the perfunctory ones that now exist in a few places, has any chance of adoption. The conditions of life in the world of professional education preclude it, as they preclude other reforms that are urgently needed.

THAT being true, what are some of the practical, concrete reforms that could be made now within the existing establishment?

1. The time devoted in teacher-training programs to education courses should be restricted to state requirements, which allow ample time for pedagogical work of any consequence.

2. At least two thirds of the work for all graduate degrees in education (the Master of Arts in Teaching degree excepted, where it might be about half) should be in the liberal arts area, and students in these programs should be required to measure up to the customary graduate standards.

3. The regular four-year undergraduate program should remain the standard preparation for new teachers. The Master of Arts in Teaching programs should by all means be continued and encouraged for liberal arts graduates without previous work in education; but the accelerating movement toward making five years of preparation mandatory for all new teachers is ill advised. It merely takes the pressure off the undergraduate programs to improve themselves, and it inflicts an enormous and unnecessary burden on an already overtaxed system of graduate education. Four years are ample, provided they are wisely used.

4. The remaining teachers colleges in the United States should be shut down or converted to general-purpose institutions, and those that have already been converted in name should move much faster toward conversion in fact. Removal of the word "Teachers" or "Education" from the name of the school, even when done by the state legislature, does not make the school a liberal arts institution. Most of the colleges that have made such changes still have the same faculty teaching the same kind of students in the same kind of programs as they formerly had.

5. Undergraduate majors in education should be eliminated, and all teachers, including elementary teachers and special school personnel, should be required to major in an academic subject. A reasonable reduction in education courses would make this possible, while the time devoted to the student's general education would remain about what it now is.

6. Education courses that are derived directly from academic disciplines, such as those in educational psychology and in the history and philosophy of education, should be taught only by persons fully qualified to teach in the appropriate academic departments of the same institution. This commonsense recommendation would mean that 90 percent of the people now teaching these courses would cease to teach them, and so is a bit utopian, but it is a goal toward which education ought to be moving with all deliberate speed.

7. If competent faculty cannot be secured to teach methods courses — and most such courses are incompetently taught now — formal courses in the subject should be eliminated.

8. Persons whose graduate training has been in education and who have no recognized qualifications in an academic field should not be allowed to teach academic courses, as they now frequently do in teachers colleges and many smaller institutions.

Unfortunately, the political realities of the education field dictate a future built upon the past, which means that modest, short-term gains, a kind of mild meliorism, will probably be the pattern of the future. The key question is whether improvement of this sort can keep up with the problems of exploding enrollments, the advancement of knowledge itself, and the other educational exigencies of the nation. In any event, continued improvement in teacher education, slow or fast, will come only in response to unrelenting pressure from the public, the scholarly and scientific community, and the small minority of educationists who know better than anyone else what is wrong and who want to change it.

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Carry on, Carry on!

BY J. B. PRIESTLEY

Photograph by Mark Gerson

British novelist and playwright, who has written nearly seventy books and whose first big book, THE GOOD COMPANIONS, *won him a large following in America,* J. B. PRIESTLEY'S *reminiscences,* MARGIN RELEASED, *have just been published by Harper & Row. From his new book we have selected this hearty account of his enlistment and training in the First World War, when he served with men all from the West Riding.*

IN AUGUST, 1914, when the newsboys were running and shouting every day and all day, I was alone in the house, my family being at the seaside. I waited until they came back before I enlisted, in early September. I joined, like a chump, the infantry — to be precise, the Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment, known in some circles as "The Havercake Lads," in others as "The Dirty Duke's." I reported at the regimental depot in Halifax, where a regular sergeant, noting sardonically the newish sports coat and flannel trousers that, like a fool, I was wearing, set me to work at once removing the congealed fat from immense cooking pots. For a week or so I was free to return home at night, so long as I was back in barracks before eight in the morning.

Then I left with a thousand others, by train at four in the morning, for a tented camp at Frensham in Surrey. Until the rains of winter finally washed us out of this camp altogether, we slept twelve in a bell tent, kneeling after lights out to piss in our boots and then emptying them under the flap. The old soldiers told us that this was good for our boots, making them easier for route marches. Unlike battalions formed later, we had plenty of old soldiers, many of whom had served in India and carried little tins of curry powder to sprinkle over any meat that came their way. Some of them of course were already wearing crowns or stripes, but many others, dour or wily types, refused promotion. They would do what they considered their essential duty, and in all circumstances, as time proved, but they were, so to speak, against the military establishment, would not be associated with it, and remained suspicious and grumbling privates to the end. (Though genuinely anxious, during the first year or so, to get into some fighting, I soon discovered that I belonged by temperament to this type myself.)

It is not true, as some young critics of the First War British high command have suggested, that Kitchener's army consisted of brave but half-trained amateurs, so much pitiful cannon fodder. In the earlier divisions like ours, the troops had months and months of severe intensive training. Our average program was ten hours a day, and nobody grumbled more than the old regulars, who had never been compelled before to do so much for so long. It was only in musketry that we were far behind the regular army, simply because we had to wait for months for the rifles we would eventually use.

The only time off we had at Frensham was Sunday afternoon and early evening, and two or three of us, to get out of the camp, would walk to various farmhouses where we could eat a huge sixpenny tea and then, a rare pleasure, sit in front of a fire. It is odd to remember now how rural and remote that Surrey countryside seemed in 1914: the farmhouses, their enormous kitchen fire-

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places hung with hams, looked in my eyes then to be out of Thomas Hardy. It was not until late November, after the whole camp had been sinking into mud for weeks, that we were finally washed out of Frensham. I had come to loathe those dripping and steaming bell tents. Some objects are to my mind symbols of that half of England I detest, and one of them, mean and cramping and a miserable idea, is the bell tent.

Aldershot, where we moved into barracks at last, was no Victorian inspiration, a whole town given up to button polishing and saluting, bugle calls and guards turning out; but after Frensham its brick huts were a Ritz. It was from Aldershot some weeks later, toward the end of February, 1915, that we made what I called in my jubilant letter home "the great march," ending for our battalion at Folkestone. We went a roundabout way; only towns of some size could provide the schools and public halls where we slept; we averaged twenty miles a day for several days, and on one day marched over twenty-six miles, not bad going when you remember the weight of full equipment we had to carry then, and that we were moving (I take this out of my letter) in a column a mile and a quarter long. We looked like soldiers now; all four battalions had a band; and all along the route we were waved at and cheered, not foolishly either, for an infantry brigade marching in full equipment with its bands booming and clashing is an impressive spectacle. This was my idea of soldiering — constant movement, unknown destinations, fluttering handkerchiefs and cheers — and I enjoyed it hugely, sore feet and bully beef and kips on hard floors and all.

In France I was hotter than I had ever been in my life before, just as in a few months' time I was to be wetter and colder. Humping along those cobbled roads in full marching order, choked by the dust of military transport, was murderous, and even the rat-infested barns we slept in every night never seemed to have known cool fresh air. Yet, while aware of unpleasant physical sensations, I felt at heart detached from them, moving — as I wrote in my first letter home — almost floating, in a long dream. I suspect that this feeling, that here was no reality, never from this time entirely left me, out at the front or back at home, until the day I was demobilized, nearly four years later.

Unlike some later divisions, who found themselves entangled in German barbed wire and slaughtered by machine-gun fire before they knew where they were, we were lucky, being initiated by degrees. We relieved the long-service regulars of the 8th Division in what was then a quiet sector, Bois Grenier-Laventie-Fleurbaix, where in many places the two front lines were wide apart, so that we had listening posts out in no-man's-land. I spent two or three hours alone in one of these, I think on my second or third night in the line, staring so hard at black nothing that it stopped being black or nothing and began to crawl with grayish shapes; I would then shut my eyes for a few moments, and when I opened them again the shapes had vanished. Youth, hard training, a genuine desire to get *into* the war at some point had turned me temporarily into a brave soldier. I was less and less brave, in that sense, the more and more I saw of this war. Terror arrives first through the ear. Turn off the sound on a television set, when old newsreels of war, later of course than the 1914 War, are on the screen, and the menace goes; we stare unmoved at a shadow play.

Now, the First War, with its massed artillery, was the noisiest of all time; the sound hit you harder and harder as the months passed; some things you got used to — sniping and machine-gun fire if you were not entangled in the open and a sitting duck, hand bombs and rifle grenades if you had sandbags and room to dodge — but as time went on the vast cannonading, drumming hell into your ears, no matter whether it was their guns or yours, began to wear you down, making you feel that flesh and blood had no place in this factory of destruction. So in that war it was not the recruit but the veteran who began to feel he was being hammered into the ground. Every time I went back into the line, especially after being out of it long enough for my ears to be open to civilization again, I felt more and more apprehension. In that listening post I was the gallant Tommy of the home-front legends; but as time wore on I was more and more a chap who wondered what the hell he was doing there and how he could get out of it — a mouse in a giant mincing machine.

On September 25, 1915, when the disastrous Battle of Loos was fought, we were in the front line, wearing full kit and so weighed down with extra cartridges and bombs we could hardly move, waiting to climb the scaling ladders all along the fire trench. Over our heads, where the ladders would take us, invisible express trains seemed to be passing both ways, there was such an unceasing exchange of shells. Once up the ladders and out of the trench, not even a cat would live five minutes. But the luck was in — I had a lucky war — and because the attack on our right had not gained sufficient ground we were never thrown into the assault, stayed where we were, and saw the scaling ladders taken away. In the months that followed, after the rains came, then sleet and snow, there were no more full-scale attacks, only occasional raids. These could be very unpleasant, and I was

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on one when the barbed-wire entanglements, which the artillery said had been cut there, proved to be still intact; and there we were, trapped, no longer in darkness but in the sinister illumination of star shells and pistol lights, asking to be machine-gunned out of this world, as many were. I never knew how many, but I know that another man and I, untouched, somehow contrived to crawl back, half carrying and half dragging between us a third man, badly wounded.

Worse then than the raids, worse than the German heavy batteries that occasionally got our range and dropped Jack Johnsons among us, were the mere conditions of existence in front-line and communication trenches, now with winter upon us, that were mud and water. For days and days on end, wearing six pairs of socks and high gum boots and a sheepskin jacket that was either wet or caked with mud, I slithered around, trying to sleep on the trench fire step or crawling into some hole in the wet clay, filthy and maddeningly lousy, never seeing anything that looked like hot food. Some of the worst nights in that winter were spent carrying heavy coils of barbed wire up communication trenches, knee-deep in water and sometimes under shellfire, continually slipping and then being pinned down by the coils of wire. I saw men, no weaklings but powerful fellows, break down and weep. It was not the danger, which might easily have been worse — though at that I lost every close friend I had in the company that winter — but the conditions in which the lower ranks of the infantry were condemned to exist month after month, worse conditions than the Germans and French ever knew except briefly in battle, that drained away health, energy, spirit, and with them any real confidence in those cavalry captains, back in the château, who saw themselves as generals fit for high command.

Sometimes we were in situations impossible to imagine, far stranger than bad dreams. I wonder how many men still alive remember being in that support trench that ran through a French village cemetery. There we had great crosses and monuments of marble and granite all around us, unbelievable at night when the darkness was split by the white glare of Véry lights and the shadows were gigantically grotesque, though often we had not time to notice them, having to duck down as machine-gun bullets ricocheted off the funeral stones.

After a few more weeks in the line I was wounded in the hand by a rifle grenade — no great matter, not the "blighty" that sent you to England. I was dispatched to a hospital and then a convalescent camp at Le Tréport on the coast. I did not like either of them, especially the convalescent camp, where we never had enough to eat, were always being rounded up for fatigue duties (detested by all front-line soldiers), and, being cut off, had no money, no letters, no parcels, no anything. I was glad to get back to the battalion, a kind of home, however dangerous and uncomfortable. I was not the keen fit warrior I had been months before, but I still felt that if I had to wear a uniform, obey orders, serve in France, then I wanted to be with the battalion wherever it was. By this time I might have had a commission, but I refused to apply; I still wanted to be with the men who had gone up Gibbet Lane, Halifax, when I did, even though one friend after another was vanishing. Later I was sorry I had not applied; it was a rough war for junior officers but an even rougher one for men in the ranks. It is true that in attack the subalterns had to move around more than their men, and so were more likely to get killed or wounded, but they were not so badgered and sworn at, underfed and overworked, and escaped the very worst conditions. They were all right, our own junior officers; my quarrel, which still continues, was with their superiors, especially the red-tabbed kind, who seemed to me then, so far as I could judge in my raw youth and innocence, mostly a lot of jackasses. And now that I am no longer young and have lost all innocence, I see it was a good guess.

In March, 1916, the whole division came out of the line, preparing to move further down, to relieve the 17th French Division on the Carency-Souchez front. It happened that I was one of a tiny advance party. A glance at the map today suggests we made the kind of move that would take about forty minutes in a car. But in this war, in another world, another time, it seemed an immense and complicated journey, like going to Afghanistan now. We might have been explorers creeping into some blank space on the map. I remember how four or five of us in this advance party, now utterly lost (we had a genius for getting lost) and completely out of touch with the British Expeditionary Force, found ourselves in some unknown French town with nobody to report to, no food, no money to buy any food, so that to bring ourselves out of destitution we had to sell — we called it "flog" — all but the most essential parts of our kit and equipment. When finally we reached the French lines we made some discoveries that heightened our prejudice against the British higher command. The poilu, a bloke supposedly so low in morale that he was near mutiny, enjoyed substantial and tasty hot meals when we would have been opening another tin of bully. Unshaven, untidy, and at ease, he sat in deep dugouts passing the wine and talking about women

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when we would have been — and shortly would be — shoved into forward fire trenches, however bad they were, and then ordered on a raid or given some hopeless task just because it was assumed by château types that muck, jeopardy, and misery were good for us.

Spring came suddenly, and between the pounded and bloody chalk of the front lines and the mining area in the rear there would be glimpses, good enough for Pissarro and Sisley, of fields bright with poppies and lanes beginning to smell of honeysuckle. When we were given a few days' rest, we went back to a mining village that had an enormous slag heap. Far away, behind the ridge they held, the Germans had a great naval gun that had the range of this village. The shell it fired was of such a monstrous caliber that you could easily hear it coming, like an aerial express. We would be hanging about, smoking and talking, enjoying the sunshine and the quiet, when suddenly we would hear this monster coming. There was only one safe place, behind the slag heap, and everybody would run for it pell-mell. *Shirrr-brirrr-bumb!* There it went, and we would come from behind the slag heap and see the smoke clearing and another six houses gone. Fortunately, that gun did no night work, and we did not really mind it during the day.

Up in the line, what we did mind, what soon began to get us down, were the *Minenwerfers*, the big trench mortars; and at Souchez we always appeared to have the *Minenwerfer* specialists against us. Often we asked for their attention; not us, the ordinary infantry who had to stay in the front line, but the brigade, the division, the corps, the army. What happened all too often was that our own specialists would rush their Stokes guns up into the support trenches, blast away for a quarter of an hour, and then hurry off with their infernal things to where their transport was waiting. Pampered and heartless fellows — this is how we regarded them — lunatic experts who had to interfere, off they went to some back area, to roofs and beds and *estaminets*, beer and wine, chips and eggs; while we poor devils, left behind in holes in the ground, now had to face the anger of the Boches they had been strafing. The *Minenwerfer* teams got to work on us. Up and then down came those monstrous canisters of high explosive, making hell's own din when they landed, blasting or burying us. If there was any infantryman who was not afraid of these things, who was not made uneasy by any rumors that they would shortly be arriving, I never met him. Perhaps because they were such short-range affairs, perhaps because if you were on the alert, looking and listening hard, you could just dodge them, perhaps because they made such a hellish row, they frightened us more than bullets, bombs, shells of all calibers. And in and around Souchez we crouched below a nest of them.

So one day it had to happen. It was June now, hot again, thirsty weather, a lot of chalk dust about, and we were in the front line on a beautiful morning. The platoon rations had just come up. I sent Private O'Neill down the communication trench to bring up some water — and sixteen years went by before we saw each other again. I helped a young soldier, who had only just joined us out there, to take the rations into a dugout, not a deep dugout but a small one hollowed out of the parapet. In this dugout I began sorting out the bread, meat, tea, sugar, tinned milk, and so on, to give each section its proper share, a tricky little job. I had done it many times before, hardly ever to anybody's complete satisfaction; but on this morning I suspect that it saved my life. After the explosion, when everything had caved in, nobody was certain I was there, but several fellows knew the platoon rations were in there somewhere — that stuff would have to be dug out. There I was, then, deciding on each section's share, when I heard a rushing sound, and I knew what it meant and knew, though everything had gone into slow motion, I had no hope of getting away before the thing arrived. Just as on earlier and later occasions, when I have thought all was up, the first shrinking in terror was followed, as I went into the new slow time, by a sense of detachment. I believe from what I learned long afterward that the *Minenwerfer* landed slap in the trench, two or three yards away. All I knew at the time was that the world blew up.

I do not remember how and by what route I traveled from the front line at Souchez to the military hospital at North Evington, a suburb of Leicester. Any man who was ever around, not as close as I was but, let us say, about three times the distance, when a big German trench mortar went off will agree that I was lucky to be carted away in one piece. Had I been as near as that and out in the trench, I would have been blown to bits. As it was, though I had some minor injuries from the dugout's caving in, was partly deaf, and ran a high temperature that kept me in bed for some weeks, no parts of me were missing, and there was nothing wrong with me that prolonged treatment and rest would not cure. I was lucky in that war and have never ceased to be aware of the fact.

It was in 1918, three years after I had first gone to France, that a little batch of us subalterns were given our orders and crossed again to Boulogne. We sailed by day in a fantastic American ship that might have been fetched from the Mississippi.

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We were the only British aboard among thousands of American troops, new, raw, and hearty, with nothing in their mode of address to distinguish their rank. A vast bunch of Kiwanians or Shriners might have been off on a river picnic. Way up on the top deck — it was a tall narrow sort of ship with a lot of decks — a big band, with more than its share of those gleaming sousaphones, blared and clashed out ragtime. It seemed a hell of a way to sail to a war but not completely ridiculous, not without a suggestion of something more generous and heartwarming, much closer to the democracy we boasted about on our side, than anything we had known before. On that daft but not altogether inglorious troopship, I realized afterward, I was for the first time in America.

Where all those doughboys went I do not know, but our little group had to join what was left of a battalion of dismounted yeomanry. It was somewhere beyond Peronne, and took some finding in the dust and heat, on roads jammed with transport. There were about six of us, I think, mostly going out for the first time; and I never knew what happened to three of them, but the two I knew best, friends I made at Devonport, were killed within a few days. Again, I was lucky, or perhaps by this time unconsciously artful. The battalion, which I never really took in as a unit, was far below strength but still up in front, attacking. We were in a narrow railway cutting one evening — at least the only troops I knew anything about were there — and into it the Germans dropped a lot of gas shells. Gas-masked myself, I ran about to make sure the men were wearing their masks, a thing they hated to do. No doubt some gas seeped through my mask, as the doctors said afterward; but I must add here that later that night, when we crept out of the cutting, ready to move forward just after dawn, I drank a good many tots of rum, which now, unlike 1915 and 1916, was in generous supply.

We went to the attack in the early morning, on a front much too wide for us, and there was one of those very thick mists, dense as fog, common in September. After ten minutes — and you may put it down to gas, rum, or carelessness, just as you please — I had lost the whole battle, which I could hear all around me but could not see. I was wandering about, befogged inside and out, entirely alone. But I must have been more or less advancing, not retreating, for a figure came looming up through the whiteness, and I saw it was a German and waved my revolver at him. After all, he was not to know that I had been on two revolver courses and never could hit anything. He was a lad about sixteen who ought to have been several hundred miles away, putting his school books into a satchel. He raised his arms, poor lad, and made gibbering noises. I tried to look a little less idiotic than I felt, and pointed sternly in what I hoped was the direction of the British and not the German Army, and off he trotted, leaving me alone once more in the mist, wondering where to find the battle. I never did catch up with it. My head going around, too short of breath to move any further, I took a rest in a shell hole, where I was found by a couple of stretcher-bearers. So much for my last glimpse of action in the Great War.

The medical board in Rouen decided I was unfit for active service but fit for something. I was told to report at the other side of the town. There I found a very neat little colonel; the depressing house in which I found him, and its Rouen back street, came straight out of French fiction of the eighties. The colonel was fighting it all, tooth and nail brush; he was a responsible and solemn English gentleman in one of the waste places; he spoke to me gravely about dinner and dress. The Labour Corps Depot, to which I had been sent for duty, was itself a large factory building, swarming with men who never seemed quite real, ghostly perhaps because they were so tired, so bored. Only the sergeants, spick and span, terrific saluters and callers to attention, were familiar figures; they could be found at all depots and bases, keeping the old flag flying, the brass buttons polished; real professional soldiers, waiting for this monstrous amateur affair, this bloodthirsty melodrama of bomber bank clerks and machine-gunner gardeners to blow itself to pieces. This factory had been turned into a lunatic labor exchange. There we had only to receive, in correct triplicate, an indent for any form of labor, and we would supply it.

During dinner, with the little colonel at the head of the table, correct but at ease, we talked a good deal about the war, which was beginning to wobble. A report came of an armistice, and the little colonel bought us all champagne on the strength of it and was furious when the report was denied. And then the genuine Armistice took us by surprise after so many false reports, and we had to hurry to get drunk enough to go shouting and reeling around the town. I can remember trying to work myself up into the right bacchanalian mood, trying to ignore the creeping shadows, the mysterious rising tide of regret and sadness, which I think all but the simplest men suffer from on these occasions.

Two or three mornings later, I was told to report for duty at a prisoner-of-war camp near Calais, and to take a party of men with me. This journey, Rouen to Calais, took us about three days, mostly spent in a motionless and windowless train in some siding, where we used the locomotive's

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boiler for a constant service of tea. During my first evening in the POW camp mess, I decided I had run out of luck, for here was a collection of fellows I disliked on sight. Later, when I had retired to my thin-walled cubicle, I overheard, not being able to help it, two of them discussing me in the next cubicle, making it clear they did not like the look and sound of me either. This did not upset me because I had never considered myself a charmer, and most of these types, who had dug themselves in here long ago, looked to me like artful base wallahs.

The company to which I was attached was commanded by a red-faced major, not himself a regular soldier — he had done some easy job "out East" — but closely related to the red-tabbed Top. From the first he obviously considered me an opinionated young North Country cad, and I thought him a pompous ass who did not even try to do properly the soft job he had been given. And on these terms we were to be associated for the next three and a half months, though fortunately he gave himself a lot of leave.

This big camp supplied prison labor, working in shifts around the clock, for the largest quarries I had ever seen, grayish-white canyons, from which had come the road metal used by the Chinese coolies. I rather enjoyed my turn at the late-night shift in these quarries, where I had little to do but marvel at the eerie effects of the brilliant artificial lighting down there, the dazzling cliffs and battlements, the dead-black shadows, the glimpses of distant groups who looked like ants at work. The German prisoners were not driven hard; their living conditions were not bad; they were fed better than they would have been in their own army, far better than their folks at home, whose parcels, which we had to open and inspect, were pathetic offerings of ersatz sausage and all manner of crumbling muck. Yet just because they *were* prisoners, because the psychological effect of their status was so strong, most of them had the drawn and large-eyed look of men overworked, beaten, and half starved. In point of fact they were far more frightened of their own sergeant-major characters — iron men with Iron Crosses, Kaiser mustaches, terrible rasping words of command — than they were of us, the unmilitary amateur British. Though these iron characters showed me tremendous respect, as if I were a general, I went a little in awe of them myself.

Later, when our company was on its own, far from these quarries, and it was Christmas, I remember how astonished I was, paying an official visit to the German warrant officers' tiny mess, to discover these four military monsters sitting around a very small illuminated Christmas tree, deep in a sentimental reverie before they caught sight of me and jumped quivering to attention, banging their heels. There was all Germany in that little scene.

Long before Christmas, however, our company received orders to move up to the Lille-Roubaix-Tourcoing area, to do salvage work. By chance, the major and the lieutenant senior to me being away, I was in charge of the company when these orders arrived, and I had to be responsible for the move. We had between six and seven hundred prisoners, and about eighty British troops, all men no longer fit for active service. Though the fighting was over, conditions were no easier, perhaps rather more chaotic, so that problems of transport, rationing, supplies, medical services were no joke, especially with such an odd mixture involving seven to eight hundred men.

This was easily the most responsible job that had come my way in the army, and it lasted for a couple of weeks or so, and I enjoyed every moment of it, planning and working hard with several decent and conscientious senior noncoms. I cannot believe there was in me somewhere a master of logistics, a first-class staff officer; I make no claim to any peculiar merit; but I must set on record the fact that I did the job, and for once in my four and a half years of army knockabout, really enjoyed doing it. We had to march the company through Tourcoing, which had had years of German occupation, and its citizens lined the streets to curse and scream at our columns of prisoners, whom we had to guard not against possible escape but lynching. We ended up in the country outside, packed into a few big barns. It was then, after a few days, that I ran into trouble, finally picking a quarrel, a most enjoyable schemozzle, with the Fifth Army: *A four-round contest between Subaltern One, in the blue corner, and Army H.Q., in the red-and-gilt corner.*

After more than forty years it is easy to oversimplify or to exaggerate, but this brief report of the contest is as true as I can make it. Round one: still temporarily in charge of the company, I receive an army order telling me to move it to a given map reference, the chosen site for a camp under canvas. And it is now early December. I go to this place, find it pitted with shell holes and waterlogged, and point out there must have been some mistake, a wrong map reference.

Round two: army informs me in writing that no mistake has been made, that I have had my orders and any further delay will not be tolerated. Counterpunching, I reply in writing that the chosen site is utterly unsuitable even for seven hundred and fifty fit men, that many of our men, British and Germans, are not fit, and that I have on my hands a number of sick prisoners, some of them running temperatures.

Round three: a carload of red tabs and brass

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hats arrives, important chaps with staring eyes and those voices that are the equivalent in sound of hard stares, who ask what the devil I think I am doing, who the devil I think I am, and say that they are giving me one last chance before I find myself facing a court-martial. Covering up and hanging on, in boxing terms, I mutter that the place they have chosen, which I cannot believe they can have seen for themselves, is impossible, that I cannot accept the responsibility of moving these men there, that my war is over, and if the Fifth Army wants to court-martial me, let them get on with it. They stare at me again, climb haughtily into the car, and drive off.

Fourth and last round: I lead with some smart left jabs, for now I have found, not too far from the site they chose, the widespread ruin of a German hut encampment, and promise that if the army will leave us alone, then, without incurring any expense or demanding any help from the engineers, out of this wreck my Germans will build their own camp. To my surprise, I am given a grudging consent, along with a few more warnings. Subaltern wins on points.

Not trusting my halting German on this occasion, I addressed the warrant officers and senior noncoms through the chief interpreter, a redhaired schoolmaster from Bavaria, and explained that their men had a chance to build a decent snug camp for themselves, to house them through the winter, if they worked hard and at full speed. Now, among these hundreds of prisoners we had scores of skilled men, and whatever faults the average German may have, he cannot be accused of a lack of application and diligence; and as I bustled around, entirely out of character for once, I saw with delight a new camp, solid and weatherproof, rise almost magically out of those ruins I had discovered. From the morning I planned the move from Calais until the day this camp was finished, I had lived, most happily too, the sort of life known to men very different in temperament and outlook from me. I had unexpectedly enjoyed glimpses of roads I had never even thought of taking. I had let loose a part of myself I did not even know was there; for a few astonishing and rewarding days I played the man of action, not long before settling down to live by putting words together and passing around the hat.

Finally, I was told I could go home, not because I was already inquiring about an educational grant, but because I had been a casualty three times and came into some category that had a slight priority of release. The day arrived. Our own noncoms, with whom I had worked during that move and camp building afterward, seemed genuinely sorry to see me go. "The only bloody officer we ever had who was any good," I overheard one of the men say, "an' now of course he's off." The Germans, through the redhaired interpreter, made me a solemn speech of thanks and farewell and presented me with two group photographs, which I still have.

As one who served in the British Army, not brilliantly and with a lot of luck but bearing some share of the jeopardy and misery, I should like to add a few observations to the record. Nobody, nothing will shift me from the belief, which I shall take to the grave, that the generation to which I belong, destroyed between 1914 and 1918, was a great generation, marvelous in its promise. This is not self-praise, because those of us who are left know that we are the runts.

The British Army never saw itself as a citizens' army. It behaved as if a small gentlemanly officer class still had to make soldiers out of undergardeners' runaway sons and slum lads known to the police. These fellows had to be kept up to scratch. Let 'em get slack, they'd soon be a rabble again. So where the Germans and French would hold a bad front line with the minimum of men, allowing the majority to get some rest, the British command would pack men into rotten trenches, start something to keep up their morale, pile up casualties, and drive the survivors to despair. This was done not to win a battle, not even to gain a few yards of ground, but simply because it was supposed to be the thing to do. All the armies in that idiot war shoveled divisions into attacks, often as boneheaded as ours were, just as if healthy young men had begun to seem hateful in the sight of Europe, but the British command specialized in throwing men away for nothing. The tradition of an officer class, defying both imagination and common sense, killed most of my friends as surely as if those cavalry generals had come out of the château with polo mallets and beaten their brains out. Call this class prejudice if you like. I went into that war without any such prejudice, free of any class feeling. No doubt I came out of it with a chip on my shoulder; a big heavy chip, probably some friend's thighbone.

One morning in the early spring of 1919 in some town, strangely chosen, in the Midlands — and I have forgotten both the date and the place — I came blinking out at last into civilian daylight. No awards for gallantry had come, or were to come, my way; but I was entitled to certain medals and ribbons. I never applied for them; I was never sent them; I have never had them. Feeling that the giant locusts that had eaten my four and a half years could have them, glad to remember that never again would anybody tell me to carry on, I shrugged the shoulders of a civvy coat that was a bad fit — and carried on.

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THE YOUNG POETS

There is every evidence of an increasing interest in ATLANTIC *poetry. As an incentive for writers yet unestablished, twice a year we set aside a number of pages in the* ATLANTIC *to be devoted to the work of young poets.*

THE MOTORCYCLIST'S SONG

(*In Mexico City*)

BY DEWITT BELL

That blacksnake across the furrows
of America
north, that sweet road,
where the cycle breathes
all the far-off lights,
and the sun glints in the gaunt corn,
Ohio.

That patient necklace North,
where streetlights crowd
the midnight streets,
and the hick-towns bob
like beads,
all on the same black thread.

Guitar-string of a road!
sing me Wurlitzer cafés
fluorescent even at dawn.

(Ah! North, sweet necklace,
spin me soon,
where the lighthouses scribe
the sea —
my love counts the stars
with her green eyes,
and wants no other but me.)

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SAILING TO ITALY

BY MARK STRAND

The old props vanish
  By which we posed
Always, we like to think,
  As ourselves. And the ship,
Bound by a notion of blankness,
  Bears us away.
Aware that to be on deck,
  Above all, means
Desire to heave, or regard
  Without purpose
Porpoises arching themselves,
  We keep our main
Uneasiness below,
  Cramped in the bar,
Where each discovers land
  In common, and tries
Somehow to fabricate
  His missing habits.
We sway this way and that
  In makeshift stances
Until, in rougher water,
  We doubt our sense
Of balance will ever set us
  Straight again.
Finding it hard to stand
  The life on board,
We think ahead, and wonder
  Which will be stranger
When we arrive: ourselves
  Or solid land.

THE WINDOW

BY DEWITT BELL

I have come to Mexico City,
where I know no one,
to be insular
with the sea at my window —
I mean those faces
wet with so many human things.
I have come as the clouds
rolled in, massive and full
and the color of veins over the City.
And now the water pours out of them
and darkly from this room
I see, as if never before,
  the human face,
wet and crossing quickly
under the passing clouds.

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THE STRANGER

BY DONALD FINKEL

I. Time and again he would return to that sleep,
but she draws him back with her body, with her whiteness,
with the confident health of her gestures as she dances.
Naked from the waist she dances, in the afternoon darkness,
in the round flickering room of the afternoon.

His arms about his knees, almost unborn,
he watches out of the darkness her flashing breasts;
then, like a sob, he rises, his arms before him;
he moves from shadow to shadow, toward the world's dancing.

II. The woman is a darkness on which light plays.
Like the moon, like a swimmer at night, she moves through
an element of which she knows herself to be part.
Sweet wisdom; to his watching eyes the light
that darts along her limbs seems self-contained.

Having lost, until death, the natural knowledge of darkness,
adrift among flittering lights, without intending,
the stranger announces himself with a creaking oar.
The bodies flash and fade. Rocking, he sits;
behind his back in the trees the darkness giggles.

THE LONELY TWO

BY AUGUSTUS NAPIER

Having run free in the earth's clear air,
we sleep like learning to drown, to fall among fathoms
loose-limbed, at rest. We are weightless in a great
silence alone. Out of the hazy element
around our alien, weed-lost being begin
to move the changing shapes of surprise and terror.
They are shadowy, quiet images of threat, that leave us
to our own fear. Somehow we learn to swim,
to breathe, to move with the wide-eyed
sensuality of fish; and to bear the feel
of our unheard screams. Drifting on the vast floor
of the sea, there is only the self, the lonely self:
part is a fish, subtle bubble of flesh,
risking its way through untried moments:
part is a man who aches to breathe air
and sit among the laughter of bright eyes and sing
on a spring hill. The nets of necessity
move with a slow and insistent grasp of our being,
bringing the hungry man back to his air,
bringing the delicate fish up unaccustomed
heights to burst and drown on the rude beach.

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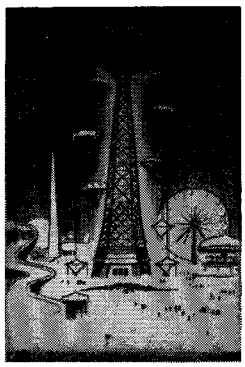
THE PRIDE OF THE MORNING



BY *SUE KAUFMAN*

A graduate of Vassar and the mother of a small son, SUE KAUFMAN *is married to a doctor and lives in New York City. She is the author of two novels,* THE HAPPY SUMMER DAYS *and* GREEN HOLLY, *both published by Scribner's, and is now working on short stories.*

"She isn't coming," Fiona announced from the top step, then came bounding down the other three; opening the door, she squeezed into the coupe, joining Bessie on the back seat.

Fiona's father absorbed this, hands on the wheel, a questioning profile turned toward the white house. It was just past mid-May, but the Vierecks already had put up all their screens. Most windows were pushed up, the front door stood open, and from the dim hall behind the screen came a mirror's mute flash and the rich beesy smell of freshly waxed floors. "Not coming, eh?" said Mr. Viereck at last.

"No," said Fiona, precise, and settled back close to Bessie, waiting for him to start the car. He turned the key in the ignition, the motor turned and coughed. But then, instead of releasing the hand brake, he gave a stagy remembering shake of the head; reaching over to snap open the glove compartment, he began to rummage through the junk inside.

Why, he's just stalling, realized Bessie, startled, as he groped past a flashlight, whisk broom, heap of rags. He's hoping she might still come running out and say she's changed her mind, she'll come. But she won't, because they've been having a fight, which is just what's been happening all this time. Bessie thought this over. It was now twenty minutes to ten. She had come on the dot of nine, as asked, to find Fiona waiting outside.

"Mother may not come," she said by way of greeting, waving to Bessie's father in the Ford; Bessie's father, who had met Fiona just once, neither returned her wave nor smiled. Then, as though she had explained something, which she hadn't, Fiona led the way into the house, going through the living room, where they usually sat, to the glass-enclosed porch at the side of the house. As a room it always disconcerted Bessie, for unlike all the sun parlors and solariums she knew, it had no wicker chairs, straw rugs, or rubbery jungle of potted plants; here the floor was thickly carpeted in green, the chairs and couches had walnut frames, and the only thing blooming was the roses on the slightly faded chintz.

For ten minutes she and Fiona went over, once again, the list of things they wanted most to see at the fair. As they wrangled about the order of their choices, the Vierecks' voices, unwrangling, low, and the restless tread of someone's feet drifted down from the room overhead.

"Is she sick?" Bessie finally ventured, impatient to start and growing annoyed; she'd had to wake her father from his Saturday sleep to get there on the dot of nine.

"Oh, no," said Fiona, very cool, getting up. "She's just been asked to lunch at the club. Come on, let's go and wait outside."

The glass-paned door opened onto the garden, a large old-fashioned garden that Bessie loved,

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with straight turfy paths between the beds, a birdbath, a rose arbor at its far end, and in the center, at the crossing of the paths, a silver ball on a classic stone column which mirrored the world in miniature. On its right side was a netted steel fence over ten feet high, which Bessie had always assumed was there to protect the house and garden from any wild balls winging in from the greens. The Vierecks' house stood uncomfortably close to the fourteenth hole of a private course whose clubhouse topped a distant hill. Neither girl's parents belonged to this club. Fiona's had once, but no longer did, just as Fiona had once gone to a private school three towns away, but no longer did. Though with Bessie's parents it would also have been the money, this had never come up; they had not been and were not ever likely to be asked to join the club.

For ten minutes they wandered about the garden, trying not to muddy their shoes. It was the first sunny day after two weeks of rain. The earth was spongy, the air soft and moist; the flowers seemed to lean up toward the sun. Beyond the fence tiny golfers trailed up and down the rolling greens, thick as carpets, stuck with flags. Maple seedlings floated down from the big tree, looking like pale-green shiny moths. From an upstairs window came the ringing of the phone. Fiona stopped in her tracks, looked up, then wandered away from Bessie, going to an apple tree just in bloom. Perplexed, Bessie watched her break off some fat buds, shred them, fiercely grind them into the sod. Then at last there was the crunch of tires on gravel, a honk from the front of the house; they went around and found Mr. Viereck alone in the little gray coupe. As they came to the car he rolled down his window. "Fiona, will you please run upstairs and see if your mother is off the phone."

Now, clutching a road map, Mr. Viereck slammed the glove compartment shut and, releasing the brakes, let the car roll down the gently graded drive. Both girls looked at the road map he was shaking open with his right hand, and then both looked quickly away: Fiona's father had lived on Long Island all his life. As the car jolted over the muddy ruts of the lane which led to an asphalt boulevard, Fiona rolled down her window and leaned out, sniffing, taking the air like the family spaniel out for a drive. Mr. Viereck began to whistle gaily, but Bessie, like Fiona, was not deceived — he was clearly shaken by her not coming, by their long and secret fight. What she could not accept was their fighting at all, and with such artful softness to boot; when her own parents fought, which was always, doors slammed, choking voices strained and rose. What could be so important about lunch at the club? she pondered, knowing very well Mrs. Viereck went there too often to make this any sort of special event. Or *who* could be so important? Then, inexplicably, she began to sneeze.

"*Sundheit*," said Mr. Viereck up front.

Bessie groped wetly for a handkerchief.

"What's that?" asked Fiona, peering into Bessie's opened purse, seeing very well that it was a crisp new ten-dollar bill.

"Some money," said Bessie casually, but blushing.

"Some money." Fiona laughed, and explained to her father: "It's a ten-dollar bill."

Mr. Viereck caught Bessie's eye in the rearview mirror and winked. "You planning to treat today?"

"Mother thought I ought to have it," she mumbled, for the moment hating both of them, particularly Mr. Viereck, for hitting unerringly on the truth. "You should offer to treat for something," her mother had said, her brow earnestly furrowed. "It's only right after they've been so nice to you all the time." Bessie, knowing very well that it was not right at all, had taken the money rather than hurt her mother's feelings.

"Your mother's quite right," said Mr. Viereck, turning off the asphalt boulevard and entering a freshly paved highway that branched away from the town. "It's a good thing to have. It would come in awfully handy if you were to get lost."

Bessie smiled grudgingly. Fiona said, "Imagine getting lost in a place like that."

Mr. Viereck stuck a cigarette between his lips, then punched the dashboard lighter in. "I gather the trylon and perisphere are first. Then where do we go from there?"

Fiona, perking up, rattled off their list, but to Bessie's surprise, concluded with something they hadn't discussed.

"The parachute jump!" Her father laughed. "What on earth is that?" He patiently listened while Fiona explained, then said, "Oh, I think we can pass that up."

"But why?" Fiona demanded, frowning.

"It just doesn't sound very special to me. Cheap thrills. All that. There are hundreds of better things to see." To show that the subject was closed, but completely, he turned on the car's little radio. A barrage of static, then the coupe was afloat with melting trombones, loud and sweet. Benny Goodman? wondered Bessie, who had just been given a bedside radio; she listened happily, waiting for him to change it, but to her surprise he left it on. Fiona sniffed disdainfully at the music and sulkily slid down on the seat. "Oh, don't let *them* fight now," Bessie prayed. Seeing her lovely

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day slip away, filled with forebodings, she stared out the window on her side, scanning the muddy marshland, too soon, for a reassuring glimpse of sunstruck white towers rising, like some New Atlantis, from Flushing Bay.

He kept several paces ahead of them, hands bunched in pockets, shoulders sloped, never moving his head to look at the wonders freshly unfolding on every side. The air was a singing blue, alive with fountains, flags, birds, musical horns. On the ground, flowers bloomed in brilliant mats, their unfurling petaled heads packed so close they could not stir in the faint warm wind that fanned the beds. People walked the newly paved streets wearing tremulous smiles, blinking in sun; wearing the dizziest smile of all, Bessie walked like someone in a dream.

Suddenly he stopped and waited for them. "You hungry, girls?" he asked when they caught up. Shocked, Bessie could only stare at his face, gone a waxen yellow-white, glistening on the brow and upper lip.

"Not really. Not yet," answered Fiona, thoughtlessly speaking for Bessie, who had had breakfast at seven and who suddenly realized she was starved. To Bessie's further annoyance, Fiona now reached out and, picking up Bessie's arm as though it were some sort of object, pushed back her sleeve to peer at the Mickey Mouse watch she wore on her wrist. "It's only twenty past eleven. Could we wait a little while?"

"Anything you want. It's your day," he said with false heartiness, to Fiona alone, and began to look searchingly about. They had come into a large dazzling square, formed by four white buildings soaring high, aflutter with blue, red, and yellow flags. In its center was a large round fountain, where arcing stone fishes jumped through golden hoops and sent fizzing jets of water, which crisscrossed in rings, from their open mouths. Nestled against one of the large buildings across the square, through polychrome mist, was a small squat structure of glass and brick which Mr. Viereck spied with relief. "I tell you what," he said. "You two go and sit on the edge of the fountain there and wait for me. I'll only be a minute, so don't you dare move or talk to anyone — you hear?"

He glared at Fiona as he spoke, as though trying to force her to drop her eyes, narrowed, piercing, from his own pale face. "Yes, Daddy," she answered sweetly. "Of course." And while he watched she marched, docile, to the basin's rim.

Bessie followed, and in a strange tense silence the two girls sat down. Fiona began to hum to herself, keeping time with her feet, letting her rubber heels bounce with an annoying resilient thump off the stone. In an anguish of indecision, Bessie finally felt she must speak, acknowledge what she had steadily tried to ignore for over an hour. "Fiona, are you mad at me? Is there something I've said or done?"

"Don't be silly," said Fiona lightly, devastating Bessie, who had needed the complete acquittal of, "Mad? Why should I be mad?"

Bessie stared at the couple ambling by, wistfully noting the open pleasure on every face. Determined, she tried another tack, and with grim brightness said, "It's really like another world. Don't you think it looks something like that place in *Lost Horizon?* — I forget its name."

"I wouldn't know," said Fiona, heartless. "I didn't see it. Mother wouldn't let me go."

Bessie, whose mother had all too willingly let her go alone to a Saturday matinee, sat frozen, mute, finally letting herself see what she had sensed Fiona was doing all along. But how hurt she must be to sink to this, Bessie thought, trying to be fair. The miracle of her friendship with Fiona had been that this had never happened before. Up until now she had been spared all corrections that might have been made, the endless differences that might have been pointed out. She couldn't blame me for their fight, thought Bessie. Does she think *she* stayed home because of me? She wouldn't. She likes me, thought Bessie, immediately hating herself for the lie. The truth, which was negative, was simply that Mrs. Viereck did not dislike her actively. She tolerated Bessie as the one new friend Fiona had made at the public school, as she tolerated many other irksome things that Fiona brought home — a mania for reciting "knock, knocks," a craze for collecting playing cards, an insistence on owning a "beer jacket" where she could crayon witty maxims like "Vas You Dere, Charlie?" In her case, Bessie had clearly seen that Mrs. Viereck was surprised — she could have been worse.

Though she fell in love with the Vierecks, Bessie never expected them to love her back; she was at an age where the unrequited crush is a law unto itself. The months she had spent as Fiona's friend, a person privileged to glimpse her home, her parents and their way of life, had kept Bessie happy, but she had always known it would end. She had just not expected it until next fall, when by some mysterious means Fiona would be sent away to boarding school. Seeing the end loom threateningly close, Bessie thought: She is angry with me because for the first time I can see it's not what I thought — and what she needed me to think. It's not at all perfect; there is trouble, real trouble, and probably always was.

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Spray, lifted by gentle winds from the basin, mirrored sunlight, made rainbow mists. Bessie faintly shivered and stood up, announcing, "I'm getting wet."

"What do you care?" asked Fiona flatly, staring off.

"I care. My new suit will get spoiled."

"Oh," said Fiona politely, and looked away from Bessie's suit. It was pale Junket-pink with a dotted swiss blouse whose piping and furry dots were pink too; on her thirteenth birthday Bessie had at last been given permission to help pick out her clothes. Without envy or rancor Bessie stared at Fiona's blue cotton dress and Shetland cardigan; she had long ago seen that neither she nor her mother could ever arrive at the rightness of what Mrs. Viereck chose. But she could not let Fiona do this. She sat back down and, turning half around, peeling off a cotton glove (another mistake), trailed two fingers in the basin. The water was as cold as her heart. "Do you suppose your father's all right?" she asked idly, watching her fingers' miniature wake.

"What do you mean? He only had to go to the john."

"He's taking so long," said Bessie, hating what she was doing, yet unable to stop. "And I did think he looked rather funny when he went in."

"Funny how?"

"Oh, pale. And sickish."

"Oh, that," drawled Fiona, then gave an arch laugh. "Haven't you ever seen anyone with a hangover before? No, I don't suppose you have," she went on, much too rapidly. "They were at a dance at the club. When I woke up at two to get a glass of water, they still weren't home. It's a wonder he got up at all."

Bessie, not listening really — she knew the signs of a hangover well, and Mr. Viereck had none of them — sat fidgeting, then finally rose. "I'm going in there too. You want to come?"

"No. I don't have to. Besides, one of us has to wait. If Daddy found us both gone, he'd have a heart attack."

Five minutes later Bessie came out through the swinging door, blinking at the blinding sun, pulling her gloves back on over hands that reeked of liquid soap.

"There you are!" cried Mr. Viereck, pouncing on her breathlessly. "You thoughtless girls — didn't you know you might give me a terrible scare?"

Behind him Bessie saw the fountain, fizzing spray; on the rim where she had left Fiona sat two fat women massaging their feet.

"I'm really surprised at Fiona," he went on, looking past her, still watching the opening and shutting door. "She's really so considerate —" He trailed off, taking Bessie in. Wheeling about, he stared at the fountain, then wheeled back on her furiously. "Where did you leave her?"

"Sitting on the fountain rim. She wouldn't come just because she didn't want you to be upset." Remembering precisely what Fiona had said, she wondered if he had trouble with his heart.

For a moment they both stared, rather dully, at the fountain basin, ruffled by wind, where the bright blue water was clearly not more than four feet deep.

"Are you sure she didn't follow you?"

"Well, no. I'm not quite positive. She may have decided she had to after all," said Bessie, and confusedly blushed. "She could have been in the other room while I was washing my hands."

"Would you please go back and have a look," he said through his teeth.

For five minutes Bessie stood in the center of the room, deafened by rushing water, gabbling women, slamming doors, turning like a top to scan the basins, mirrors, scales, towel machines in turn. Afraid of the man outside, she went back out reluctantly, but found, to her relief, he had already decided she would come back alone. "Though it isn't like her, she's probably gone into one of these buildings to have a peep. This place has really bowled her over; she can't seem to bear to miss a thing. No sense in trying to guess which one she's in — we'll just sit down here and wait for her." With this he went to the fountain and sat down on the rim exactly where Fiona had been; the two women had put on their shoes and tottered away. Bessie threw a longing look at a dry blue and orange bench, but followed him. As she sat down he lit a cigarette, and from her careful three feet away, she could feel his dislike and blame fuming at her like the smoke he exhaled through his nose. The unfairness of his blaming her for leaving Fiona, self-possessed, cool Fiona, all alone filled her mouth with a bitter taste like tinfoil. He smoked in nervous jerky puffs, the way his mind, Bessie thought, would be jouncing from one explanation to another of where Fiona might really have gone.

"Did you two talk to anyone?" he asked at last, reaching around in back to douse the cigarette in the water of the pool.

"No, we didn't, Mr. Viereck."

"Did you notice anyone hanging about?"

"No, Mr. Viereck. No one at all. Fiona and I both know about that."

"Fiona knows about what?"

"Strangers that try to talk to little girls."

With a look of utter repugnance he took her in,

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all eighty-five beginning-to-change pounds of her. "You're thirteen. Fiona's only twelve and a half. Fiona knows nothing about the things you claim to know about."

Seeing how he already hated her, Bessie saw no point in contradicting him. Clearly he did not know that other Fiona, the one who could tell without a blush or giggle or smirk about the man on the bus, the man in the shoestore, the old Russian dancing master who had taught her ballet. He's nothing but a bully, she thought, maddeningly close to tears, beginning to hate him reciprocally. She was now so hungry she had faint cramps, and not at all ashamed to have an appetite under the circumstances; wherever she was, Fiona was quite all right — she was certain of it.

"I don't see any sense in going to the police," he was muttering, reasoning with himself. "It's only been about twenty minutes. No sense in making a fuss. She'll be along any second now. And when she does, I'll give her a thrashing she'll never forget."

No you won't, thought Bessie wearily, and watched him light another cigarette. Where was the face, the fine, composed face she had once thought so remarkable for anyone's father to own? The cheeks suddenly looked too full, pallid, and puffy, the broad mouth never stopped working as he licked his lips or chewed on the cigarette, the smooth brown hair was raked into tufts by his hand. How weak he is, she thought, astonished. He is weak, and she — she is cold and proud and cruel, as Fiona is going to be. With sudden strange longing she thought of her own mother, dowdy with tears and rage as she cried, "I called there. You weren't there. Think of something better this time!" But what they do is worse, Bessie thought, ashamed of her own shame in the past, her intricate schemes for keeping Fiona from her house.

Feeling almost giddy, she got up and stood in front of him. Unwillingly he looked at her. "I think I know where Fiona might have gone."

He said nothing, waited with narrowed eyes.

"I think she might be at the parachute jump. It isn't far. You could see it in the sky as we came into the square."

Though he deeply flushed, she saw that he knew this was precisely where Fiona could be, and would never forgive Bessie for being the one to think of it. "She wouldn't do that," he said, but knowing better than Bessie that she would, rose and for a moment squinted helplessly about. She watched him consider what would happen if their paths crossed, if Fiona came back to find them gone, and finally offered, "I could wait here while you went."

"You will come along with *me*."

Fiona stood with her back to them, fingers curled through the loops of wire fence that separated idle spectators from those who wished to jump. She was a little to the right of the ticket turnstile, her head thrown back as she looked up, up at the moving wires, taking a new load of adventurers to the top. A few already regretted their daring; tentative shrieks and moans floated down from the blue. Mr. Viereck's voice carried above them; Fiona started, slowly turned.

Unblinking, blank-faced, she took them in, barely glancing at Bessie, watching the man coming at her, fast. From over the shoulder that came down to her level, held her pinioned, immobilized, she stared at Bessie with cold and vacant eyes. Hit her, Bessie silently urged, seeing Fiona desired it with all her heart. Hit her hard — it's your only chance. But he finally stood up and brushed at his eyes with the back of his hand and, breathing hard, said, "Do you know what a fright you gave us? Do you have any idea of what you've done?"

"I'm sorry," said Fiona, simply, offering nothing else.

"Sorry?" he repeated, his voice now cracking. "I ought to give you the whipping of your life!"

Patiently standing, Fiona nodded.

"Why did you do it?" he went on, damning himself forever.

As Fiona shrugged, her beige Shetland cardigan boxily jerked up and down. Bessie saw that she had removed her arms from the sleeves and now wore it as her mother always wore hers, jauntily thrown about the shoulders, one fastened top button holding it in place. "I don't know," Fiona said irritably. "I just felt I had to. You said we couldn't. It's not at all cheap. It's loads of fun."

"Just felt you had to." Mr. Viereck's laugh was as bad as Bessie feared. "Just wait until your mother hears that explanation of —" He stared at the two estranged girls. "But she won't. She'd never forgive you, Fiona, you know." You mean you, thought Bessie, listening because she was there but feeling as remote as the jumpers silently dangling overhead. "No. There's no sense in making a fuss. We simply won't tell her about it, that's all. It never happened, the whole foolish thing — you *hear?*" He glared at Bessie, his last words drowned in the screams of the jumpers, dropping like stones until the silken blooming of their chutes.

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Must We Hate?

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

Poet and dramatist who for more than a decade exerted a powerful influence at Harvard in his course on composition, ARCHIBALD MACLEISH *has retired from teaching to devote time to a new play. On a recent visit to Knox College, he called to mind a new image of America, originating in the South, deeply troubling to us all.*

Most things, public things, happen and go by and you forget about them, but not the Mississippi riots. Not for me, anyway, and I don't suppose I'm alone. There must be other Americans who find those faces in their minds as I do — flickering, twisted faces on last September's television screens and still there, still staring. You wonder why.

Not, I'm pretty sure, for the usual reason, the reason we've decided to give ourselves: not because we were shocked by the open defiance of the law. Southern segregationists, including Southern segregationist lawyers, including Southern segregationist lawyers who have actually read law, have been shouting defiance of the law for years, declaring that the Congress is the sole lawmaking body under the Constitution, that what the Congress means by its laws is for every citizen to decide for himself according to his locality and his inclination, and that the interpretations of the laws by the federal courts in general, and by the Supreme Court in particular, are irrelevant, impertinent, and immaterial, *Marbury v. Madison* and its innumerable successors to the contrary notwithstanding.

I am not suggesting that anyone outside the foggier bayous of Alabama or Louisiana or South Carolina or Mississippi has taken these contentions seriously. I am merely noting that we had heard them before the Oxford riots as we had heard, too, that the doctrine of nullification is still sound doctrine, that John C. Calhoun is the father and fountain of pure constitutional thought, and that the Civil War has been repealed. What was said in Jackson, in other words, and shouted at Oxford was not new and could scarcely have astonished us. Most of it, indeed, went back a hundred years or more. An anonymous professor at the University of Mississippi told the New York *Times* that "sources of information on the thinking of the rest of the nation were shut off" in 1830, at which time "the state's leaders ceased to react to public issues in terms of established fact but were governed instead by the orthodox view," and, in brief, "stopped thinking."

The date may surprise us. It is difficult — or is it? — to think of Faulkner, who spent his life in Mississippi, writing out of a deepfreeze a century old. But the argument itself sounds plausible. A state in which a decision of the highest American court can seriously be called a "Communist conspiracy" must necessarily be a state which has been out of touch with history for a rather long time. And a local mentality which can actually read, to say nothing of write, pronouncements like those which appeared in the *Clarion Leader and Jackson Daily News* at the time of the riots is obviously a mentality which only the Boston fudge manufacturer who invented the John Birch Society could regard as in any sense contemporaneous.

The same thing may be said of the violence which pronouncements such as these excited. That, too, should have been foreseen. Elsewhere in the Republic one might be surprised to find a governor who approved the lawlessness he was

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sworn to suppress, but not in Mississippi, where there were two kinds of law. And elsewhere one might be shocked by state police officers who deserted federal officials in a situation of obvious and increasing danger, but not in Mississippi, where federal officials and state policemen are on opposite sides. Once an entire state has seceded from history — which is, in a sense, to secede from reason — almost anything can happen. Even Ross Barnett. Even the sudden and inexplicable timidity of Ross Barnett's state police.

But if the governor of Mississippi was foreseeable in the light of his history or lack of it, and if the defiance was familiar, what was it that astonished us in Oxford? Why were we shocked into silence by that Sunday's news? Why did we spend the days and nights that followed fiddling with our television sets, watching the faces of little crowds of students on the university campus, following the slight, grave figure of the man who was the center of it all as he moved in and out of doors and corridors with federal marshals at his side and jeers and spitting catcalls in his ears? Why is it that those scenes come back and back and the heart sinks and a heavy apprehension haunts our minds, an apprehension which was not there before — was never, as long as I can remember, there before?

I think, for myself, what shocked me, sickened me was the black pit of public hatred into which I looked. I had known, of course, that racial hatred existed in this country as it exists elsewhere. I could hardly have helped but know it after the events of my own lifetime. But, whether because of the kind of life I have lived or because of some failure of my own understanding, I had always thought of this hatred as something exceptional, something transient, something which would disappear with the illiteracy and poverty and ignorance out of which it came.

I knew, of course, that there were presumably educated and visibly well-to-do men and women in the South and elsewhere who looked down on Negroes, because I had met such men and women. I knew there were college graduates with enough intelligence to write books who believed, or said they believed, that all Negroes are biologically inferior to all whites. I realized there were people who called themselves Christians who *knew* that God intended the black man to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water to the white man, any white man of any qualifications or none — particularly none. But I also believed these people to be what they so obviously were — waifs and strays from the great process of history who needed to find somebody or other to look down on in order to look up to themselves. And I never doubted that in an actual test between these petulant opinions on the one side and the Republic on the other the opinions would wither away in shame and disappear. But what happened in Oxford was that they did not wither away. They stared back at you out of young men's faces ugly with spite. They spat back at you out of the faces of middle-aged men whose words would have been incredible if you had not heard them. And it was the Republic which gave ground. In spite of the decisiveness of the President and the courage of the marshals, it was the Republic which gave ground.

For the real confrontation in Mississippi was not a confrontation between federal marshals and a mob. It was not a confrontation between the President of the United States and the local governor. It was not even a confrontation between the Constitution and the doctrine of nullification. It was a confrontation between the Republic itself, the great idea on which the Republic is founded, and the one idea which may, someday, destroy it.

"All politics," as Valéry once said, "presuppose an idea of man." But only the United States, among the nations of history, was brought into being by an explicit and reasoned idea of man to which it was dedicated and on which it was to stand. It is not the second of July, 1776, when the thirteen colonies declared themselves absolved of all allegiance to the British crown, which we celebrate as our national anniversary. It is the fourth day of July. And it is the fourth day of July because America, as the delegates to the Continental Congress well understood, did not begin with the repudiation of British rule. It began with the assertion of the American idea. And it was on the fourth that the American idea was spelled out. At the beginning of the Revolution and down through the first bloodshed at Lexington and Concord there had been no talk of independence and no desire for it. What the Colonists wanted was *British* liberty in America. Only when the Tory ministers made it clear that there would be no British liberty in America, that liberty, if the Colonists were to have it, must be American liberty, did independence become a national objective, and even then independence was a means rather than an end. Liberty was still the prime concern, and until American liberty was defined — a new liberty for a new people in a new world — America had not begun.

It was for no sentimental or idealistic reason, in other words, that the old fathers celebrated the American festival not on the anniversary of American independence but on the anniversary of the declaration of the American idea. For the American idea, quite literally and realistically, *is* America. If we had not held these truths to be self-evident, if we had not believed that all men are created equal, if we had not believed that

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they are endowed, all of them, with certain unalienable rights, we would never have become America, whatever else we might have become.

But if this is what America is, then it is less difficult perhaps to understand why Oxford shocked us, for what looked out of those flickering faces was the antithesis of America — the passionate repudiation of the American proposition, and thus the implicit rejection of America itself. What we saw in those faces, heard in those words, was not hatred of James Meredith. Not a single student in the University of Mississippi had ever seen James Meredith to know him as a human being before that night. Not a single member of the mob could have told you what he looked like. He was a Negro, and that was enough. But to hate a man because he is a Negro is to hate an abstraction. And to hate an abstraction is to hate an idea. And to hate the particular idea the mob at Oxford hated is to deny America. For the idea those young men and those old men hated was precisely and literally the idea on which this Republic was founded, the idea that any man may claim his equal manhood in this country, his unalienable right. What the mob at Oxford hated was the intolerable idea that this different human being should claim a manhood equal to their own.

Insurrection, a congressman called the Oxford riots. And insurrection they were in the strict legal sense of that term — a revolt against lawful authority. But to those who still love this republic they were far worse than insurrection; they were subversion. And not subversion in the current witch-hunting sense, which sniffs with terror at every dissenting view, but subversion in the honest meaning of that word — subversion of the country itself. For America cannot survive if the American idea is repudiated. Nations are not made by territory, or the greatness of nations by extent of land. Nations are made by commitments of mind and loyalties of heart, and the nobler the commitment of the mind, the higher the loyalty of the heart, the greater the nation. If the American proposition is no longer the proposition to which the American heart and mind were committed at our beginning, then America is finished, and the only question left is when America will fall.

Not soon, you will say. We survived for the first three generations of our history with slaves and masters, and thereafter we survived for a century with segregation and lynchings and all the rest of it, and as for the American idea, it is not our treatment of Negroes alone which has menaced it. Millions of Americans whose forebears came to the United States in the last century and the beginning of this came from countries where the American idea was strange and outlandish and where even the basic conception of self-government was unknown, with the result that there are pockets of opinion in the country even now in which the right of a citizen to exercise his American privilege — to make up his own mind for himself and say what he thinks — is deprecated; where censorship flourishes. All this, of course, is true. The American idea has had to struggle for survival for close to two hundred years, and not always against lynch mobs and White Citizens Committees.

But there is a great difference, notwithstanding, between ignorance of the American idea or misconception of it or even indifference to it on the one side, and denial, denunciation of it on the other. The woman who tries to expurgate her local library of books she does not like and to tell her fellow citizens what they may believe or learn regards herself as a good American — usually as a better American than anyone else. But the man who attempts to deprive other men of the equality of manhood to which the American idea entitles them has no illusions about himself or his relation to the American proposition. Hatred comes first with him, and everything else comes after — including his country's laws, his country's order, and his country itself.

No, it was not the openness of the defiance of the law that shocked me. It was the openness of the hatred, the open recklessness as to the effect of the hatred on anything or everything — United States marshals, United States troops, and the fundamental moral and human belief in which and by which the United States exists. Like a tragedy in which the clown prepares the scene, the great American drama of belief in man moved toward collision with the contempt for man which is its opposite. And before the night was over the people of the United States and of the world — but most immediately the people of the United States — had learned that a considerable body of Americans reject, violently reject, the American idea.

It was a sobering realization and one that should continue to be sobering for a long time to come. Before the Oxford riots we had been aware that our actions as a people did not always chime with our words. Our words described us as an open society, a free world, a bulwark of liberty. Our actions sometimes confessed that there were many Americans to whom our society was not open, many Americans to whom our world was not altogether free, many Americans whose liberty had fences around it. But our distress in these contradictions was more embarrassment than anything else. They lost us propaganda battles, and occasionally they made us feel like fools, but we were sure of ourselves notwithstanding — sure of our own integrity and sure, above all, that our hypocrisy was nothing compared with the hypocrisy of

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the Russians and the Chinese, to whom peace means war, conquest is called liberation, and democracy is the state police. Oxford changed all that. Oxford was not a mere propaganda victory for our enemies. Oxford was a defeat for ourselves.

THE question which haunts us now is how it came about. Was it an aberration, a local flaw in the fabric of the Republic, a defect in the Mississippians attributable to their peculiarly parochial history? Or was it a larger fault, a graver fault, in some sense the fault of all of us? This is a question every man must answer for himself, but nevertheless must answer. To me, it seems the fault of all of us, for all of us seem to me guilty, in one degree or another, of the neglect out of which it came. I mean our neglect as a nation, as a people, of our own purpose, our own concern, in our obsession with the purpose, the concerns, of other nations, other peoples. For fifteen years, almost twenty, we have allowed the purposes, the plans, the maneuvers of the Communist countries to dominate our attention to such a point that we have all but forgotten what we mean for ourselves, what we propose for ourselves, what we intend. Where once the test of loyalty in an American was his love for his own cause, the test has now become what we call his "anti-Communism" — meaning his hatred of the Russian cause, that iron religion which the Russians would like to impose on the world.

That we should detest Communism is natural and inevitable. But that we should make the detestation of Communism the test of our own loyalty to our own intentions is neither natural nor inevitable nor even intelligent. A nation which defines itself in terms of what it is *not* inevitably begins to forget what it is. And a nation which forgets what it is is a dying nation. What "anti-Communism," as the great American slogan, produces is not the triumph of America. What it produces is organizations like the John Birch Society and people like the California fanatics who were recently intent on rewriting the California constitution in the image of the late Senator McCarthy.

What it produces is the Oxford mob. For Oxford would have been impossible if the students in that mob who shouted "Communist" at the United States marshals had been brought up in a generation which believed not in anti-Communism but in America; a generation which understood that the American idea is not a rhetorical proposition but a realizable cause, the greatest and most powerful of all political causes, a cause which has no need to express itself in hatred for something else but only in affirmation of itself.

There is a moment and there are words in our history which prove that statement. The moment was the darkest our people have ever known, the great division which brought about civil war. The words are words spoken by Mr. Lincoln at Independence Hall in Philadelphia as he traveled to Washington for his inauguration as President of a divided land. It was at Independence Hall that the Union which was now about to fall had been created. But how, he asked, had it been created? What was it that had made the Union? What had held those different states so long together? Mr. Lincoln had often inquired of himself, he said, what "great principle or idea it was." And here in Philadelphia he thought he found the answer. "It was not the mere matter of the separation of the colonies from the motherland; but something in the Declaration giving liberty, not alone to the people of this country but hope to the world for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights should be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all men should have an equal chance."

What had created the Republic, in other words, was an idea, a principle. And it was that idea, that principle which alone could save it now. Many of those who listened to him then, like many of those who hear his words today, may well have thought that an idea, a principle was a poor defense in the dreadful struggle which lay ahead. But Lincoln, having found his answer, never doubted it. Two years later, when the war was all but lost, when the determination of the North had been weakened by defeat after defeat and Great Britain was on the point of recognizing the South, he put his faith to the test of action. He emancipated the slaves, changed the Northern cause overnight from a political and constitutional cause to the cause affirmed in the Declaration of Independence, ended once and for all the danger of British recognition of the slaveholding South, and saved the Union.

What we might perhaps be asking ourselves as we look back on Oxford, Mississippi, today and out over the Gulf toward Cuba and on toward the infinite dangers and difficulties which lie ahead is whether we have been wise to put our trust not in our love but in our fear, whether we should not listen even now to the man who knew this country better than any other ever has and find our future and our safety where he found it.

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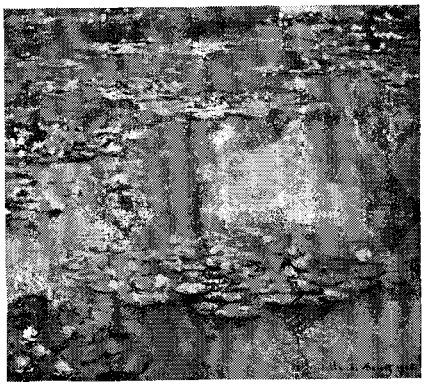
MONET: "Les Nymphéas"



BY W. D. SNODGRASS

The eyelids glowing, some chill morning.
O world half-known through opening, twilit lids
Before the vague face clenches into light;
O universal waters like a cloud,
Like those first clouds of half-created matter;
O all things rising, rising like the fumes
From waters falling, O forever falling;
Infinite, the skeletal shells that fall, relinquished,
The snowsoft sift of the diatoms, like selves
Downdrifting age upon age through milky oceans;
O slow downdrifting of the atoms;
O island nebulae and O the nebulous islands
Wandering these mists like falsefires, which are true,
Bobbing like milkweed, like warm lanterns bobbing
Through the snowfilled windless air, blinking and passing
As we pass into the memory of women
Who are passing. Within those depths
What ravening? What devouring rage?
How shall our living know its ends of yielding?
These things have taken me as the mouth an orange —
That acrid sweet juice entering every cell;
And I am shared out. I become these things:
These lilies, if these things *are* water lilies
Which are dancers growing dim across no floor;
These mayflies; whirled dust orbiting in the sun;
This blossoming diffused as rushlights; galactic vapors;
Fluorescence into which we pass and penetrate;
O soft as the thighs of women;
O radiance, into which I go on dying. . . .

"Water Lilies at Giverny," by Claude Monet. Courtesy of Deems Taylor.

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WILLIAM PEEPLES

The last few miles of unspoiled Indiana dunes are threatened by two large steel companies which hope to build a deepwater port with federal aid if Congress fails to declare the dunes a national park. The little-known story behind this conservation struggle is here told by WILLIAM PEEPLES *of the Louisville* COURIER-JOURNAL'S *editorial board.*

The Indiana Dunes and Pressure Politics

AFTER making a quick change into walking shorts, Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois joined the other dignitaries before the cameras and reporters in the hot, crowded room in the superintendent's house at Indiana Dunes State Park. The senator spoke briefly and to the point. He would not falter, he said, in his fight to save what is left of the Indiana dunes on the shore of Lake Michigan from destruction, for they are a priceless natural and recreational asset, serving an area of some seven and a half million people, and serving also as a magnet for natural scientists from the nation as a whole. His sympathetic audience cheered. They knew he meant it, knew that for three years he had stood against the efforts of Indiana officials, both Democratic and Republican, to build a deepwater harbor in the midst of the very finest dunes, primarily for the benefit of two steel companies — or three, if you count Inland's holdings some distance from the proposed port site.

Douglas was no longer fighting alone. Joining him in the tour of the dunes that day were Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall; Mayor Daly of Chicago and the mayors of Gary, Whiting, East Chicago, and Hammond, Indiana; U.S. Representative Ray Madden, the only congressman from Indiana working to save the dunes; as well as some uncommitted congressmen from other states open to persuasion. It was an impressive display of political muscle. With Douglas and Udall, both enthusiastic hikers, leading the way, the assorted officials and their respective entourages walked the shining beach, climbed the sand hills, saw firsthand the remarkable natural phenomenon of the Indiana dunes, all to the astonishment and delight of vacationing constituents. This was July, 1961.

Subsequently, the Department of the Interior endorsed the Douglas bill to make the dunes area in dispute a national preserve. In his conservation message to Congress, President Kennedy also called for congressional approval of "a national lakeshore area in northern Indiana." Other congressmen, representing states in every section of the country, have said they will fight down the line to save the dunes.

Yet this incomparable area, with its excellent beaches, is still in imminent danger of being ravished, and behind this threat lies a tangled tale of land speculation, of the cozy relationship between certain business interests and public officials, of big names in the Democratic and Republican parties working for a common objective, of wheels spinning within wheels — a classic illustration of why, even more than a half century after

Drawing by George Joseph.

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Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot, it is so difficult to reserve in the public interest our dwindling natural resources.

At one time the Indiana dunes marched in dazzling array for twenty-five miles along Lake Michigan between East Chicago and Michigan City. Today only about seven miles of lakefront dunes remain unspoiled — two and one half miles of them in the Indiana Dunes State Park (whose beaches, according to the National Park Service, would probably be polluted if any industrial-port complex were built nearby), and four-odd miles in the Burns Ditch area just to the west of the park. The remaining stretch of Indiana dunesland is prized not only by vacationers but by biologists, botanists, ecologists, geologists, zoologists, and ornithologists. Wildlife and more than one thousand species of plants and trees, including twenty-six members of the orchid family, thrive there.

"There are few places on our continent where so many species of plants are found in so small a compass," wrote the late Professor Henry C. Cowles of the University of Chicago, a pioneer ecologist. "Here one may even find the prickly pear cactus of the Southwestern desert hobnobbing with the barberry of the Arctic."

WHY is such a widely recognized natural asset threatened with destruction? The story begins in 1929, when Midwest Steel purchased 750 acres astride Burns Ditch, which drains the Little Calumet River into Lake Michigan. From that day to this, Midwest Steel has been a driving force behind the attempt to build a deepwater port near Burns Ditch in the heart of the finest dunesland left on the shore.

In 1931, the Army Corps of Engineers made a "preliminary examination" of the practicality of a proposal that the federal government build breakwaters for the harbor sought by Midwest Steel. The report was a disappointment to the company. The engineers pointed out that the benefits from such a port would be limited to Midwest Steel, and therefore they would not recommend its construction with tax money. The steel firm tried again in 1935, but once more the Army Engineers refused to endorse the proposal. In 1937, Congress authorized a preliminary examination of the entire Indiana shoreline to pick the best harbor site. However, without waiting for the results of the examination, the Indiana State Planning Board rushed in and singled out the Burns Ditch area as "the only desirable and available location." It was not until 1944 that the Army Engineers reported on the study authorized by Congress in 1937, and they recommended against exploring the matter further because, they concluded, existing harbor facilities at Chicago, Calumet, and Michigan City were adequate for the area.

In 1949, the Army Engineers' district office in Chicago came up with a preliminary report favorable to the Burns Ditch harbor. Though the way was now clear for a survey in depth of the site, this was delayed by the Korean War. Finally, in 1960, Colonel J. A. Smedile, the army district engineer, announced that a port at Burns Ditch could be justified economically, and later issued a detailed report to support this conclusion. Still, the report made no judgment on whether the Burns Ditch project was more in the public interest than the preservation of the dunes, or whether another site might also be suitable. Seizing upon the report, backers of the Burns Ditch site implied that it ruled out any other location and settled the issue once and for all. Gordon Englehart, the Indiana capital correspondent for the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, asked Colonel Smedile if the Army Engineers had ever studied alternative sites for a deepwater port in Indiana. "The Burns waterway area," the colonel replied, "is the only site on the Indiana shore of Lake Michigan sponsored by a public [Indiana] agency as suitable for a public harbor development. Studies of alternative sites by other agencies have not been brought to the attention of this office."

Small wonder, considering this sequence of events.

Shortly after he took office in 1953, Republican Governor George Craig threw his political influence behind the Burns Ditch project. That year, at Craig's request, the Legislative Advisory Commission recommended that the legislature appropriate $3.5 million to buy 1500 acres for a harbor near Burns Ditch. A bill incorporating this request was introduced at the 1955 legislative session, but it died after critics attacked the speculative nature of the proposal. Stymied in his move for public funds, Craig turned to private sources to underwrite the construction of the port. Perhaps coincidentally, this move came at the same time a favorable engineering report was issued by a private firm. This private report was financed jointly by Midwest Steel's parent company, National Steel, whose boss is George Humphrey, Secretary of the Treasury in the Eisenhower Administration; the New York Central Railroad, whose main New York–Chicago line borders the disputed dunes area; and the Murchison family of Texas, who owned lakefront land just east of Midwest Steel's holdings.

The Murchisons are an integral part of the story. In 1954, Clint W. Murchison, the Dallas multimillionaire, controlled the Consumers Company of Chicago, which was sand-mining land it

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owned in the Burns Ditch area. About this time the firm became interested in real estate, and especially dunes real estate.

In order to sell land in Indiana, a company must be incorporated in the state. Thus, on September 23, 1954, Consumers Company officials duly incorporated the Consumers Dunes Corporation in Indianapolis with the stated purpose of speculating in dunes land. This was two months before Indiana's Legislative Advisory Commission and Governor Craig started beating the drums for the Burns Ditch harbor appropriation.

Now the wheels began spinning faster. The Consumers Company traded 1100 acres of its land near Burns Ditch to Consumers Dunes in exchange for 31,000 shares of Consumers Dunes common stock with a par value of $10 a share. Consumers Company stockholders got one share of Consumers Dunes stock for each Consumers Company share they held. Consumers Dunes also borrowed $77,500 from a bank and bought another 100 acres of dunesland. To repay the loan it issued 7750 more shares at $10 par and offered them to Consumers Company stockholders. It is interesting to note who was handling these series of financial transactions between the Consumers Company and its newly incorporated subsidiary, Consumers Dunes. The C. T. Corporation was acting as a financial agent for Consumers Dunes, and the C. T. Corporation was located in the office of Governor Craig's former law firm of White, Raub, Craig & Forrey. Craig had resigned from the firm when he became governor.

Governor Craig's efforts to get private financing for the Burns Ditch project also were frustrated, and soon afterward Consumers Dunes moved to sell its dunesland, by approaching the Lake Shore Development Corporation of Indianapolis. Lake Shore had been incorporated May 6, 1956, as a land-buying agency for Bethlehem Steel. Thus, another steel company entered the dunes picture, and before long Bethlehem owned 4000 acres of dunesland, including tracts between the Midwest Steel acreage and the state park to the east. On June 3, 1956, Consumers Dunes sold its 1200 acres, valued on its books at about $300 an acre, to Lake Shore (Bethlehem) for $3,326,500, or about $2770 an acre. Its job now done, Consumers Dunes was liquidated on June 21, 1957. Holders of its $10 par shares reaped the tidy profit of $85 a share.

At this point, the financial threads branch off in several directions, but they all are tied, directly and indirectly, to the Burns Ditch project.

In Indiana, the largest holder of Consumer Dunes shares was Thomas W. Moses, executive vice president of Consumers Dunes and president of the Indianapolis Water Company; his 1000 shares brought him $85,000. In 1956, Clint W. Murchison, Jr., and John D. Murchison owned 336,448 of the 556,490 shares of the Water Company's stock. As for Moses, he wore yet another hat. He also was a director of the American Fletcher National Bank of Indianapolis. The bank's board chairman is Frank McKinney, former national chairman of the Democratic Party and patron of Indiana's present governor, Matthew Welsh, who has worked as hard as his Republican predecessors for the Burns Ditch project. McKinney, furthermore, is associated with the Murchisons. He was a Murchison lieutenant in that family's successful campaign to capture control of the Alleghany Corporation, a mammoth holding company whose assets included the New York Central Railroad. The New York Central has tracks skirting the Burns Ditch area and is interested in leasing warehouses within the proposed port complex. McKinney was named a director of the New York Central. His bank also acted as transfer agent for the St. Lawrence Seaway Corporation. This firm, headed by former Indiana Senator William Jenner, was incorporated in Indianapolis in 1959 to speculate in real estate "in areas influenced by the completion of the St. Lawrence Seaway." The new corporation's prospectus referred to the proposed Burns Ditch port, "which is almost certain to be built."

In August of 1959, two months after the Seaway Corporation got approval for its stock sale from the state, the Republican governor, Harold Handley, named Seaway's stock dealer, Durward E. McDonald, to a newly formed Northern Indiana Lakefront Study Committee. For chairman, Handley picked John Van Ness, who had been appointed assistant to the president of Midwest Steel several months earlier. As a former state senator, Van Ness had worked assiduously in the General Assembly in behalf of the Burns Ditch project. He did yeoman service for the cause in 1957, the year that Bethlehem gave Indiana an option to buy about 260 acres it owned at $2062 an acre. Together with 68 acres to be purchased from Midwest and 110 acres from other landowners, this would comprise the harbor site. Van Ness was instrumental in getting a $2 million appropriation through the legislature that year for land purchases. There was one string attached — the Army Engineers must give final approval to the project. This stipulation could be viewed as evidence of a proper concern for protecting the public interest; but there also was an element of self-interest, for the port combine knew that the approval of the Army Engineers was a vital first step toward acquiring federal funds.

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The year 1959 was, all in all, a banner one for the port promoters. Midwest began building a $103,000,000 plant to process semifinished steel into finished products alongside the proposed harbor site; and the St. Lawrence Seaway opened, prompting port backers to wax eloquent about a great industrial and commercial explosion at Burns Ditch, where the port would serve as a terminal for ocean vessels.

All the stops were pulled out. Indiana would issue revenue bonds to pay for its share of the $70 million port project, and Congress would appropriate at least $25 million in federal funds. Nothing, it seemed, could now save the dunes. For the conservationists, the prospect was gloomy, but they took some heart in 1960 when Democrat Welsh won the governorship. He had straddled the issue in the campaign, promising to defer a decision on the location of the port until a thorough study could be made of the entire shoreline. Any hopes entertained by the conservationists were quickly dashed. After Welsh became governor, no thorough study was made. Instead, he promptly began pressing for action on the Burns Ditch project. First he created an Indiana Port Commission, whose stated objective was to build the port at Burns Ditch. Its function was threefold: to issue revenue bonds, to acquire land for the port, and to lobby for federal funds. It also tried to persuade Midwest and Bethlehem to make firm commitments about future plans and to agree to foot some of the cost of building a public harbor. The steel firms, however, could not be pinned down to definite pledges.

While all this was going on, those who wanted to save the dunes were not idle. In 1952, the Save-the-Dunes Council, a citizens' group, was organized. It in turn encouraged the support of the Izaak Walton League and other conservation forces. Even so, by 1958 their cause seemed hopeless, and they appealed in desperation to Senator Douglas to intercede in their behalf.

The senator was familiar with the dunes, having vacationed there frequently. In short order he introduced legislation that would take 5000 acres, including the proposed port site and the flanking Midwest and Bethlehem tracts, for a national preserve. This countervailing pressure had its effect. The drive for the Burns Ditch port lost some of its momentum, and gradually the conflict came to a stalemate. At each session of Congress, the port backers pushed for approval of their project and their opponents countered with the Douglas bill.

For his pains, Senator Douglas has been pilloried by Indiana officials and their allies in the port combine. He has been accused of meddling in the affairs of another state and of trying to block the Burns Ditch harbor to protect Chicago port interests. The first charge has a hollow ring in view of the fact that the Burns Ditch backers are seeking federal funds. The other charge glosses over the repeated assertions of Senator Douglas and others working for preservation of the dunes that they are not opposed to a deepwater harbor for Indiana. It is question of where, not whether. Douglas has said he would favor a port in already industrialized Gary or Michigan City, or anywhere else along the Indiana shore that is suitable. Nevertheless, the Burns Ditch forces still proclaim publicly that those opposed to their plan are either "bird-watchers" or enemies of Indiana's economic development.

Governor Welsh is so committed to the Burns Ditch site that he rejects out of hand any suggestion that alternative sites be considered, and he is extremely sensitive to references to land speculation and ties between public officials and industrial interests working for the Burns Ditch port.

Despite the governor's demurrers, certain facts are devastatingly clear. No real studies of other sites have ever been made, although port backers imply they have been. What they cite are "preliminary surveys," to use the language of the Army Corps of Engineers, or cursory inspections of the Indiana shoreline. The Senate Interior Subcommittee, which held hearings on Senator Douglas' bill in 1962, asked backers of the Burns Ditch project to produce detailed surveys of alternate sites. They were not forthcoming.

Now, at long last, we may get one. An appropriation passed the House last year, with the support of Representative Ray Madden, to finance a detailed study of the Lake County area as a possible site for a deepwater port. This area is away from the dunes and has been industrialized for years. The move, however, may be coming too late. For it seems that if the combine cannot have the port at Burns Ditch, it is willing to destroy the dunes out of sheer spite. Take the case of the Northwestern University landfill.

Last spring, Clinton Green, the secretary-treasurer of the Indiana Port Commission, announced that Bethlehem Steel had contracted for the removal of 2,500,000 cubic yards of sand from the dunes area in dispute. A dredging company was to take the sand from Bethlehem's holdings near Burns Ditch across the tip of Lake Michigan to Evanston, Illinois, where it would be used as fill in Northwestern's campus expansion. Senator Douglas charged that Northwestern was conspiring with Bethlehem to destroy the dunes. Northwestern officials replied that the Douglas charge was directed at the wrong target, that his fight was with Bethlehem instead. Douglas insisted that Northwestern could not escape moral responsibil-

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ity for the deed. University spokesmen then said they had looked into the possibility of getting out of the contract but were held to it by the dredging company.

Indiana politicians quickly sprang to the defense of the contract. Representative Charles Halleck, in whose district Burns Ditch lies, declared: "If we get a harbor there, the sand has to be dredged up anyway." Halleck and Green of the Port Commission took the line that the dredging would save the state money. What they did not say was that it is by no means settled that the port will be built at Burns Ditch. Senator Douglas was convinced that the transaction was a thinly disguised pressure play to influence Congress to kill his legislation setting aside the dunes as a national preserve, and to push through federal approval of the port project. If this was the intent, it failed at the last session of Congress. This will be the year of decision.

Governor Welsh and Indiana's Senator Vance Hartke have been using the same sort of technique in insisting that no matter what Congress does, a port will be built at Burns Ditch. The only choice, they say, is between a public and private port. They claim that Midwest Steel will build its own port in any event. However, neither Midwest nor Bethlehem has made any firm commitments to do so. After all, railroad facilities now serve Midwest's finishing plant and can serve the similar plant Bethlehem may construct. The need for a deepwater port would not be pressing unless these plants are expanded and converted to fully integrated (basic) steel-producing operations. Both are vague about when they plan to do this. Of course, if the taxpayers will build a deepwater port for them, that would be something else again.

Furthermore, the governor's assertion that a port will be built at Burns Ditch under any circumstances ignores the fact that if the dunes area were made a national preserve, it would be impossible to build a deepwater port at Burns Ditch.

ANYONE who has seen the nearly seven miles of beach front, with the dunes ridges fading inland behind it, knows that this area is well worth preserving. The greatest pity is that this is all that is left to preserve. The recreational and scientific value of the Indiana dunes has been long recognized. In 1916, Stephen Mather, the first director of the National Park Service, recommended their preservation as a national park which would have taken in the entire twenty-five-mile shoreline from East Chicago to Michigan City at an estimated cost of $3 million for the land.

No other coastline in the country boasts dunes so remarkable. They are migrating dunes, kneaded like gigantic piles of dough by the prevailing westerlies that blow off the lake, and they shift as much as sixty feet in a year. Dunes on other shores are often mere hills of earth covered with a veneer of sand, but the Indiana dunes are all sand. They are the creation of the lake's currents and waves, which erode shores far to the north, then grind the residue into sand, and in time deposit it on the Indiana shore, making a low ridge, or storm beach, along the water's edge. The wind's action carries on the construction by swirling sand from the storm beach inland. Some of this flying sand is snared by the vegetation just beyond the beach, and foredunes are formed. These give wind protection to the older pine dunes behind them. On the pine dunes, decaying plants fertilize the accumulated soil, and jack pines and other plants thrive. Next come the older oak dunes, with more soil, plants, and trees. At the inland extremity of the dunes, about a mile and a half from the lake, the beech-maple belt stands. This is the richest of all, heavily forested with trees and vegetation that may be as much as 10,000 years old. Between the dune ridges, water has been trapped, forming ponds, lakes, and bogs where plants, trees, and a variety of wildlife abound.

From spring through fall the dunesland is a prism of beauty. The naturalist Donald Culross Peattie described the magic the seasons work on these dunes in loving fashion: "There spring, stepping tardily and shyly, brings hepaticas, anemones, violets, lupine, and phlox; after them troop buttercups, Jack-in-the-pulpit and blue flag . . . Crab-apple and dogwood flower, and with the coming of early summer an abundance of wild roses bloom, and the strangely beautiful dune cactus appears. Autumn is a triumph of foxglove, of more than a dozen kinds of sunflower, of the stately purple blazing star, of the wild asters that some call 'farewell summer.' "

This gift of nature is within an hour's drive of the homes of seven and a half million city dwellers. Last year the Outdoor Recreation Review Commission of the Rockefeller Foundation reported to Congress on the nation's recreational resources and needs. In its report, the commission declared: "Highest priority should be given to acquisition of areas located closest to major population centers and other areas that are immediately threatened. The need is critical — opportunity to place these areas in public ownership is fading each year as other uses encroach."

No area in the country fits this description more precisely than the Indiana dunes.

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A TUNE ON A BASS DRUM

BY GEORGE H. FREITAG

GEORGE H. FREITAG *is a sign painter by profession whose sensitive stories have appeared in our pages from time to time. He is now teaching an evening course in writing at Pasadena City College.*

WHENEVER it was Saturday my father sometimes said to me, "Well, it is time to go uptown among the buildings and listen to the Salvation Army play the band."

So my mother dressed me in my new suit, just as if she were sitting there waiting for my father to speak, and told me to be a good boy and told my father, who was good anyhow, to be a good boy and together we left, going down the dark rough alley to the street and up the street to the first light and across the railroad tracks and past the icehouse and on.

Once in a while my father stopped to relight his cigar. Very often, on the way, he stopped to talk to a man who might just then have come out of a house to knock the ashes out of his pipe or see what kind of weather it was going to be tomorrow or hide for a while from an avalanche of words, being married and all. Sometimes my father stopped to examine a broken picket on a fence and say to me as we afterwards walked on: "It is always wise to fix the first picket that goes bad; otherwise one picket after the other goes bad and finally you just have a bad fence."

But I never said anything back because he did not seem to mean that I should have an answer. In fact he had his own answers.

It was very dark in the streets, dark and sinister and very quiet, and my father took my hand because I guess he was afraid, too, and when we got to where the light was again it was just as if we were at a festival of some kind because everyone was in the streets and there was a jubilance everywhere; at the fact, I guess, that we had made the trip safely. When we came to where the full lights were, in the center of town, my father moved back a little and held me with him because for a brief time the lights were too bright for him and he was frightened. It seemed that we had come out onto a stage in that moment and that the lights and the music were too much for my father to bear. Finally my father would see several of his good friends, and they had themselves come out of their own special kind of darkness just as we had come out of ours, and now they were in their own light and we were in ours, and we all met there, Jim Peterson and Langley Price and Jerry Miller and Mr. Glasglow, all close, all intimate friends of my father's, men who worked at my father's shop doing difficult things like my father and growing old like my father and looking tired like my father, even on Saturday night. They all greeted one another as if they hadn't seen each other for a year, which was not true at all because they had just seen each other the day before in the shop, and yet on the street in those days and with the cars hurrying by and all kinds of people and horses with fancy trimmings on them and buggies with fringes, these men were so happy to see each other and so jubilant that they danced around and around.

They hugged each other and patted each other on the back and did all sorts of things that we kids, when we played together, never thought of doing. Men, in fact, are pretty mixed up sometimes. Then my father and I walked on until we came to the Salvation Army band on the corner of two large streets. As soon as we got there it commenced to snow because it had turned cold now, and my father got down on his knees and took off his gloves and blew on his fingers for a while and fastened my coat collar directly under my chin, and there we were, two small men, a father and his child, a father and his son ready to listen to the Salvation Army band play a tune.

While we were waiting we saw a brilliant red flame in the sky and my father pointed to it and said that it was like the one he made himself with the furnaces at the steel mill. He looked at it a long time and the wind sang high in the sky and the trees sighed and snow fell down all around us. Then he said, "I guess that is old Kingsley working on the furnaces tonight; he has a crippled foot; see how the fire is heavier on the one side than the other." And I looked, comparing the fire of poor, crippled Mr. Kingsley with the one I remembered of my father's. There was just no comparison, my father's was the brightest of all.

Afterward there was a horse that ran away, a white horse with a white mane, that went up one street and down another and I thought, seeing the wildness in the horse's eyes, of my wonderful Uncle Jade, a night watchman in a toy store, whose wife was a dancer in a cabaret in another town, and I remembered one time after he had

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got fired from his job how he came to sit with my parents in their house and played "Silver Threads Among the Gold" on our piano and sang so loud that the neighbors complained. "And do you know why I was fired?" my Uncle Jade asked my father. "I was fired because they caught me riding around on the toys. There was no one in the store and it was past midnight and I got lonely thinking of Esther dancing in that damned old cabaret while I night-watched a bunch of toys that hardly anybody could afford, so I just got on some of them and rode around."

I don't know why the horse as it ran away reminded me of my wonderful Uncle Jade, except that my Uncle Jade had the same kind of look in his eyes when he was talking to my father and waving his hands back and forth and telling about the cabaret and the loneliness and of leaving home forever.

"The horse will run now until it drops over dead," my father said into the wind of that Saturday night, and we stood huddled together in the midst of joy and in the midst of wonder and I held my father's hand.

Finally there was an intense quiet that came down. Those who had been talking suddenly stopped saying anything, stopped moving their feet on the bricks and stopped blinking their eyes at the snow, and if there were any dogs running around without homes, they ceased to be hungry or bark and the sky grew close and the darkness with it and the Salvation Army band began to play. The music came up out of the narrow streets and went from one building to another, hitting first the flat parts, then the corners, then the windows. People came to the windows of the buildings, just the faces of people, not their shoulders or their arms or their bodies but just the sad white faces of the people, and they looked down on us and the snow fell all around us and we became timid little frettings like the people my father made to stand under the Christmas trees of my life.

And my father looked up toward the darkened sky and saw the faces looking down and said, "I wonder how we look to the faces that are perched there, to the white, drawn, round, and anxious faces looking down. I wonder how we look!" And when he held onto my hand I cried a little because it hurt.

In a while and after the tune, which was very slow and very sad, someone in the middle of the crowd began to play a pattern of rhythm on the drum and a strange graceful silence was made to occur. During the rhythmed silence of the tune my father reached into his pockets and pulled out nickels and dimes and quarters, more money than the whole world had, and he handed me a handful and gave himself one and we commenced to throw the money on the drum, and the drum made a thump, thump, thumping sound as the money came upon it, and the money was like a strange parade of marching sounds that fell and fell again upon the skin, and a lovely girl who had hair like my mother's came out with a tambourine and made it jingle and walked around and around in the center of the group and sang a soft song.

"What is the name of the song?" I asked my father. "What is the woman singing?"

But my father did not move. He stood staring into her face and listened to whatever it was she sang and finally when I looked again his shoulders were white with snow and his hat was white and he looked too old in his grayness ever to move again. And the sound of the money grew faint until it took on the aspect of an old man using a crutch going across a dry dusty road, and I thought for a little while of my Uncle Frank's beautiful farm where I spent my summers with my mother and I thought of unripened apples and the stomachache and the sound of a litter of pigs eating their dinner.

Finally the wind blew again and the town clock at the square struck nine or ten, I cannot tell you which, and the throwing of the money onto the drum was over and the Salvation Army band formed a line and marched out of the circle of us and into a darkness of their own again. My father and I followed for a while, running across streets and up over high curbstones, and then we allowed ourselves to melt into an altogether new kind of dark, my father's dark and mine, for we both had one, you see, and we knew which one of the darknesses was ours. We moved out across the deepening snow, back toward the edges of a city, back down the rough and lonely alley toward the wonderful light at the window of our house.

But somehow, going back, I wanted to hold my father from hurrying because in the hurrying I was emptying myself of this strange hour forever. I held onto my father's hand, holding and holding him, but he went on just the same and into the area of light that came out of the window, and in no time at all the door was flung open and there stood my mother. She was in her nightgown and her lovely black hair was in a tight braid that went a short way down her back. She held the door open wide and my father walked toward her and there was nothing I could do to stop him.

"Do you want to see what I built at the side of the house?" I asked him. "Do you want to see what Paul and I built with store boxes and burlap?"

But do you want to know something? My father never heard a single word I said.

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LAMPEDUSA IN SICILY

The Lair of the Leopard

BY ARCHIBALD COLQUHOUN

Giuseppe di Lampedusa wrote only one novel, THE LEOPARD, *and a few short pieces before his death five years ago, but ever since, his reputation has been growing with readers around the world. The rich background — social, literary, and family — of his work is here discussed by* ARCHIBALD COLQUHOUN, *general editor of the Oxford Library of Italian Classics and the translator of Lampedusa's work. A short version of this essay appeared in Lampedusa's* TWO STORIES AND A MEMORY, *published by Pantheon.*

THE town of Palma di Montechiaro in southern Sicily seems an unlikely place to find on the main coast road. The motorist may go straight down its main street and never give its dusty length more than a glance. He would certainly not think of turning off just before the road leaves the town and winds on over bare hills toward Agrigento. Here is to be found a little square, timeless and sun-scorched, on one side of which rise the ramps and arches of the local Convent of the Holy Ghost. It is worth a visit, for this is not only redolent of old Sicily but closely connected with the feudal lords of the town, the Tomasi di Lampedusa.

In the convent church, beneath the tomb of a Tomasi forebear, Venerable Suor Maria Crocifissa, is a stone flung at her by the devil during an argument, and nearby a letter which he wrote her on that occasion. Next door in the convent parlor can be acquired those almond cakes so enjoyed by Don Fabrizio and his family in *The Leopard* and still made by the nuns "on an ancient recipe." But the convent is strictly enclosed, and a male visitor not highly privileged will never be allowed through a massive door into the freshness of the cloister and the murmur of assembled nuns which greeted the Salina family in the novel; though an exception was once made in favor of a film director, the only men permitted entry are the King of the Two Sicilies and the chief of the founder's family "together with two gentlemen of his suite if the Abbess so permits." This privilege, those cakes, the remote tinkle of a silver bell, a sprig of jasmine presented on a salver before departure all tugged at the heart of Giuseppe di Lampedusa, the last male of the founder's family, when he called there on a drive one autumn afternoon in 1955. On the only other visit he ever paid to Palma, a Te Deum was improvised in the main church, and every bell in town rang a festive welcome. Even so he never once spent the night there.

But those fleeting visits had some deep impact, for according to his adopted son, Gioacchino Lanza, who now perpetuates the name as Duke of Palma and who accompanied him that time inside the convent as a "gentleman of his suite," the episode was a seminal influence on the novel which, after twenty-five years of talking about it, he had begun that August. So the impulse to creation, dormant for half a lifetime, came to Lampedusa just two years before he died, and from a place where the spirit of his saintly forebear still actively presides.

The Venerable Suor Maria Crocifissa, born Tomasi di Lampedusa, lived in the middle of the seventeenth century and is still deeply venerated

Photograph of Archibald Colquhoun by Islay Lyons.

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in the area, where her votive cards are in every prayer book. An ecstatic in the Spanish style of the day, she figures in *The Leopard* as the Blessed Corbera. Both she and her brother, the Blessed Giuseppe Maria Cardinal Tomasi, are at the moment (and have been for the last two hundred years or so) under process for sanctification.

Nowadays, apart from an occasional leopard rampant clambering legless above a doorway, local memories of the Tomasi family are mainly confined to these two and to their father, the Saint-Duke, founder and builder of the town. Civic offices now occupy the gaunt palace under whose coffered ceilings he, in his descendant's description, "scourged himself alone, in sight of God and his estates, when it must have seemed to him that the drops of his own blood were about to rain down on the land and redeem it."

Suffering is in the air at Palma di Montechiaro, which is one of the horror spots of the Mediterranean. No one would guess from its nondescript main street what is the state of the rest of the town, though the sullen apathy with which inhabitants peer at any stranger might make him wonder. Everything induces him to press on, unless he is inveigled by glimpses of decaying baroque cupolas and terraces, ramps and balustrades. In 1637, when the town was built, its layout was one of the wonders of the Spanish Empire; all has remained untouched except by the hand of time. Now the town is a byword for indigence, disease, and crime; its carefully planned streets become open sewers where trachoma-ridden children play with human excrement. Twelve percent trachoma, two percent tuberculosis — such is the state of Palma that it was chosen by the reformer Danilo Dolci as the setting for his congress on depressed areas in the spring of 1960. No tourist guide to Sicily dwells on the town of the Saint-Duke, remarkable as it is architecturally, and when the place is mentioned the foreigner finds himself warned off.

Many reasons could be suggested why this area is one of the most depressed on the island: age-old deforestation (Sicily has a quarter fewer trees than the Italian mainland), chalky soil, changes in the grain trade, even the effects, still lasting, of economic shifts due to the Spanish conquest of South America. This province of Agrigento is also a main stronghold of that blight the Mafia — l'Onorata Società — no inducement for any landlord to live in the area.

But the main reason for the decay of Palma is much simpler. The Saint-Duke and his children on their deaths left nearly all the local family lands and properties to the Church; Palma for three centuries was a flourishing center of ecclesiastical life, with six convents and monasteries living on income. The place was well maintained, and seven notaries were kept busy in the town. The expropriation of ecclesiastical properties in 1862 meant the collapse of the local economy. Locals were left with nothing but a few strips of chalky soil. Now the families of those busy notaries have transferred to Palermo, and in the whole town of Palma there are not more than seven people who have taken any sort of university degree.

It is, anyway, oversimplifying the malaise of western Sicily to blame all on the ex-feudatories, the *baroni*, hopeless landlords though most of these have been, particularly since they were caught in the collapse of a system whose reform was centuries overdue.

To these causes of decay the author of *The Leopard*, participator and observer in the decline of his own class, would have added something older, linking criminal exploitation, economic upsets, foreign invasions, and climatic extremes — fatalism, a state of mind prevalent over western Sicily and probably of Arab origin. This concept of a Sicily incapable of change or improvement, put by a writer who was a member of a class described by himself as "old and uselessly wise," is particularly objectionable to the new literary establishment which has dominated Italian letters since the war. Alberto Moravia deplores *The Leopard's* success as inflated ("a goodish minor novel"); Carlo Levi sees this success as another sign of modern Italian decadence and cites the more robust qualities of his own *Christ Stopped at Eboli*, the last book to have an equivalent public appeal. Lampedusa might have objected that, though he had no remedies to propose, he was writing with an actively involved conscience, and that the glimpses he gives of southern misery, though few, have a ring of authentic horror more deeply felt, more part of his own inner fabric than Levi's.

To the dogmatic materialist who is also a professional literary man, the Lampedusa literary phenomenon, *il caso Lampedusa*, has become a bogey, parallel in its effect to the Montesi case among politicians. Mario Soldati has been the only one of that generation of Italian writers to face the motivation of their distress: "He's done it and we haven't." A prince (and a Sicilian prince, what is more, a species about whom we catch a whiff of contempt even from Henry James) born in 1896, who had never appeared in print before, was found after his death to have produced not only what is more and more being acknowledged as a minor masterpiece, but also a major break-

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through of modern Italian writing internationally. Yet its style, elaborate, allusive, has no equivalent in modern Italian and for us recalls Proust's (though the author's widow says his choice of words is closest to Tolstoy's in the original Russian); it totally ignores the new stripped style of Italian writing since the war.

As for attacks on *The Leopard* for its fatalism, this seems no more a literary sin than the "alienation" which is now the rage; a parallel might be found a hundred and thirty years ago in Luigi Settembrini's strictures on Manzoni's Christian acceptance in the first Italian novel, *The Betrothed.* Lampedusa's fatalism was Muslim. Neither novel led to direct action, but Manzoni's novel turned out to be a major influence in the Risorgimento, as *The Leopard* may be in a foreigner's understanding of Sicily. Such criticisms only serve to show how rash is any attempt to chart "that tangle of the human heart," as Manzoni called it, and its relation to creative vitality. They do little to explain the carrying power of a book potent enough to catch at hearts from America to Japan, and by now, Russia (the young Soviet translator was touring Sicily recently, amazing all by his knowledge of island lore).

To most of *The Leopard's* readers, Sicily must be little more than an evocative word, and very few could distinguish one Bourbon king from another. A reason for its universal appeal may be that its theme, like Proust's, is change. It crystallizes, in a moment of Sicilian history, the sense of social metamorphosis felt in recent years by a vaster proportion of the world's inhabitants than ever before. This may partly explain the favorable reaction of France's major Communist poet, Louis Aragon, which threw into confusion Italian Party-liners and sympathizers who had been attacking the novel on orthodox Marxist lines. "One of the great books of this century, one of the great books of all time," runs Aragon's judgment in a streamer across the French edition.

This bare sociological view of a work of art should be offset by two remarks by E. M. Forster: "It has certainly enlarged my life — an unusual experience for a life which is well on into its eighties"; and, ruminatively: "It is one of the great *lonely* books."

Aloneness is an impression any inquirer after the Prince of Lampedusa in Palermo today is bound to bring away; the closer one thinks to approach, the more one feels him to have been a very private person, successfully putting up barriers around a life that was mysterious only because it looked so ordinary. Certainly there is no lack of information about the head of one of the island's leading families, who kept to the same routine for decades and left traces of his literary sources scattered over Sicily for all to find. Friends are most willing to talk about him, and being, most of them, highly sophisticated people, can evoke subtly his personality; his widow is a gracious and judicious fount of information; everyone in Palermo, even waiters at cafés, remembers the compact, withdrawn figure. But a sense of detachment about him persists.

One would expect to find some clue to this either in his circumstances or perhaps in his immediate ancestry. In his great-grandfather, the original Leopard, "There fomented," he tells us, "strains particularly disturbing to a Sicilian aristocrat in 1860" which showed in a "rosy hue and honey-coloured skin" from a Bavarian mother. Perhaps the pride and intellectuality of Don Fabrizio's mother, contrasted in the novel with the sensuality and irresponsibility of his father, have some parallel in the author's parentage. His own mother was a Filangeri di Cutò, granddaughter of a viceroy of Sicily who had been faithful to the Bourbons and followed them into exile. She was one of five brilliant daughters of the Princess of Cutò, who had been brought up in France under a strong Voltairean tradition, reflected in the author's description of the Cutò library at Santa Margherita Belice in an early autobiographical fragment, "Places of My Infancy," which was a precursor to the novel.

This mother was an adored figure in his life, while he was partially estranged from his father. Gay and social in her youth, with a wit not devoid of malice, one of the major lights in the Palermo of her day, the Duchess of Palma must at one time have had a great influence on her son. (The author's widow refuses to accept this: "She never influenced anybody.") It is permissible to surmise this influence in his attitude toward the Church, common enough among the established classes of southern Europe, by which She is merely a useful part of the fabric of society to which it is bad taste not to adhere, and it is near cant to consider Her anything else. In spite of Lampedusa's views on religious matters — and, unlike his hero, he died before a priest could be called — the novel is impregnated with the spiritual yearning, at times barely transmuted, of a particular kind of artist who is also a nonpracticing Catholic.

Lampedusa's father was an elegant man of the world, whose equipages dazzled at the races at La Favorita around the turn of the century and who for years financed singers at the Teatro Massimo. One might wonder if the sense of apartness of the son, which seems at first sight to have cut him off from the life of his peers, could

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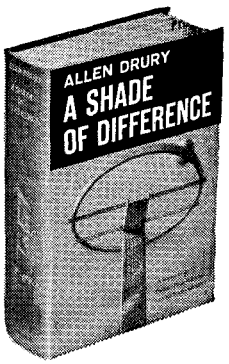

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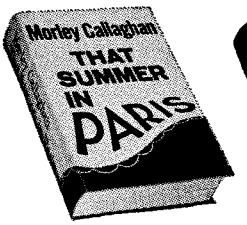

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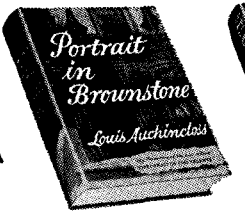

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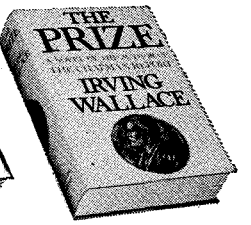

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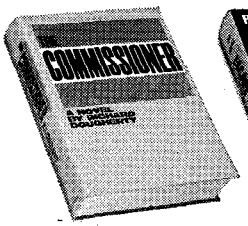

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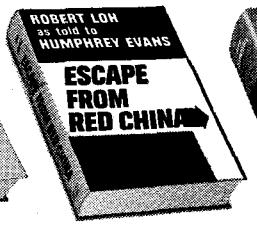

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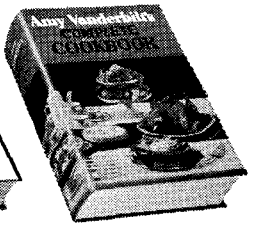

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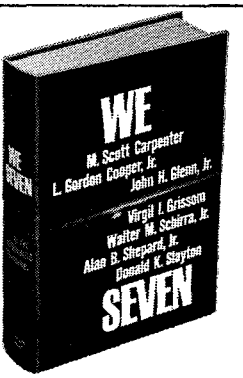

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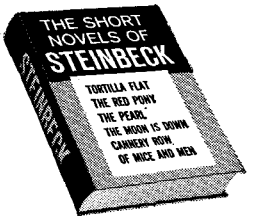

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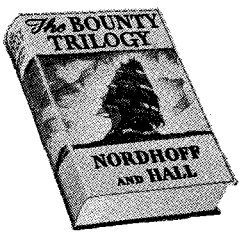

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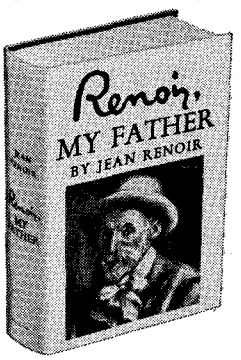

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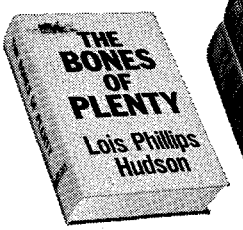

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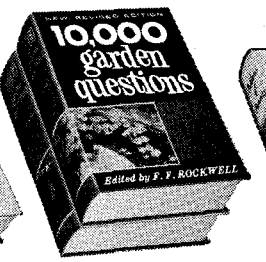

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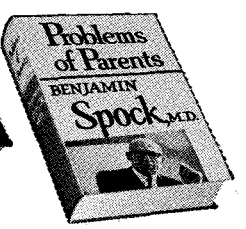

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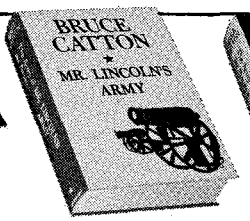

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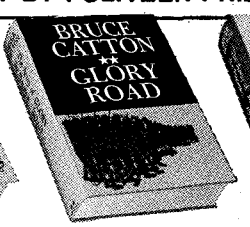

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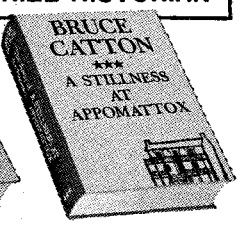

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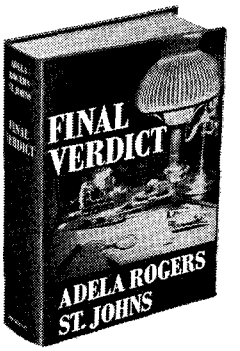

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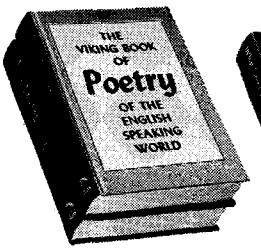

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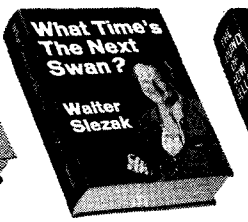

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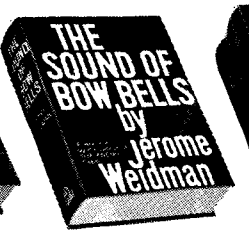

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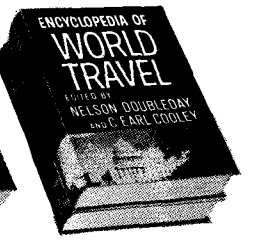

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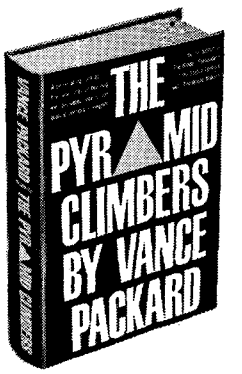

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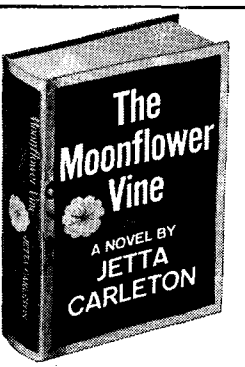

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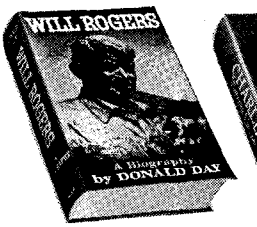

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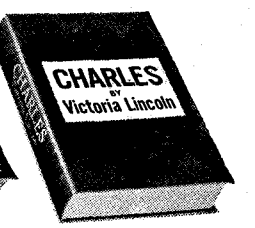

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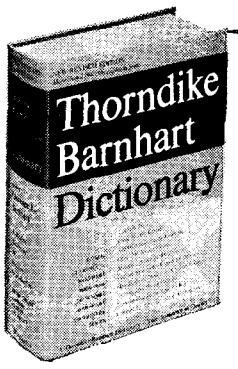

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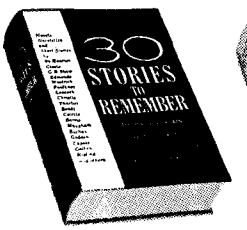

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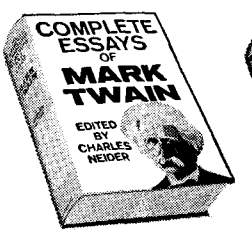

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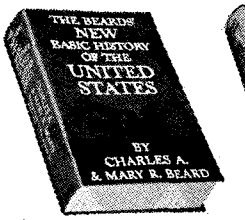

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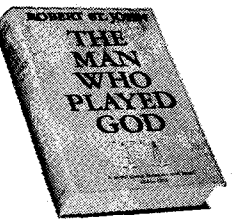

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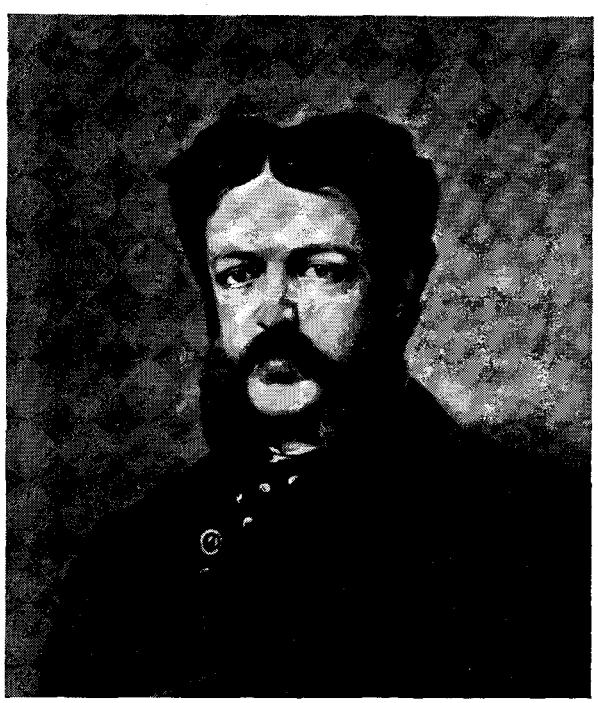
have been due to financial encumbrances. Or maybe the author simply spent his money differently, on travel, old pictures, and books. The family finances were certainly not the same as in the time of his great-grandfather. But though the old Leopard had left no will on his sudden death in Florence (there is a rumor that it was destroyed by the Princess Maria Stella, who has the same name in the book), this was actually a "dispensation of Providence" according to a member of the family. Instead of the inheritance's being divided equally among the old man's nine children, according to the succession laws which have broken up the great Sicilian estates since the abrogation of primogeniture in 1812, it was largely under official administration until some ten years ago. Nearly half the family fortune seems to have been given away by the inadvertence of Lampedusa's paternal great-aunts, and he was for some time left with little but his palace. When this was destroyed during the war, and at the same time the administrator escaped to Rome with what money there was, the author and his wife went through a very bad patch. Finances arranged themselves enough by the early 1950s for them to buy back half of the old Leopard's house on the sea and furnish it with its present elegance.

Between the wars, the great Lampedusa palace in Palermo, with an interior of subdued splendor that is said to have been full of charm (it was partly the scene of certain interiors described, as at Donnafugata and the Ponteleone's ball, in the novel), was never the scene of any large-scale entertaining. Even people who went everywhere at the time have no memory of it. For years, between the wars, young Lampedusa and his mother moved from one large hotel to another throughout Italy and Europe; winters at the Quirinale Hotel in Rome, stays in Turin, then Paris, and sometimes London.



Don Giulio Maria Fabrizio Tomasi, Prince of Lampedusa, the author's great-grandfather and the original of the Leopard.
Courtesy of Scafidi, Palermo.

Such absences from Sicily were prolonged far longer than any need for a change of air. Their reason lay partly in a famous scandal which overwhelmed the whole family in 1911. This was the murder in a low hotel in Rome, the Albergo Rebecchini, of the author's aunt on his mother's side, Princess Trigona di Sant' Elia, by her lover, a cavalry officer called Paternò. This crime is still well known in Italy, where only recently I have heard it described in all its bloody detail, for it was committed with a large kitchen knife. Paternò had become jealous, she had decided to throw him off, and one of those terrible Sicilian reflexes connected with primeval honor seems to have come into play with him. She was lady-in-waiting to Queen Elena of Italy at the time and a favorite of the royal family.

The scandal ricocheted particularly among the Sicilian aristocracy, whose love affairs the Italian press, unscrupulous even in those days, did not hesitate to hint at. Even in England today, the scandals of the Edwardian era have a way of affecting the children and grandchildren of those involved. In Sicily, with its time lag of fifty or a hundred years, such miseries are closer. Princess Trigona's murder caused her sister to avoid her native island for over a quarter of a century, and on the rare occasions when she was there, to see only her intimates. The episode, with its nagging repercussions, would not be evoked here did it not go some way toward explaining the psychology of the author's youth, and so toward understanding his sensibility as an artist.

The family of Tomasi di Lampedusa have figured among the major grandees of the island for over three centuries. Their names appear and reappear, holding the great offices of state that were shuffled among a half dozen families with ringing names. They had been settled in Sicily since the end of the sixteenth century, after young Mario Tomasi, in Capua, attracted the notice of the viceroy of Sicily, Marcantonio Colonna. Throughout their long history, the Tomasi cadets had a way with heiresses. This young man now married the last of the De Caro family, Catalans whose lands near Agrigento had been granted them when the former owners, the powerful Chiaramonte family, fell into disgrace with the Spanish crown.

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Then, on a new site near the old fortress of Montechiaro (an inversion of Chiaramonte, a name anathema to royal ears) was built the town of Palma.

At the same time, the Tomasi became grandees of Spain and princes of another Caro property, Lampedusa (in Roman times, Lopadosa), a little island some two hundred kilometers to the south, bulwark against the Saracens. After the cession of Malta to Britain during the Napoleonic Wars, when Lampedusa had been tentatively offered instead and withdrawn after the Prince of Lampedusa of the day said he needed it for shooting, the smaller island was expropriated by the Bourbon crown as a strongpoint. The money from this was used to buy three houses in and around Palermo, two of them mentioned in the novel, one the palace in Via Butera which is now the main family home; "though of course," added the Princess of Lampedusa, to whom I owe this information, "the title was confirmed." Anyway, no member of the family had even been known to visit the island of Lampedusa, and the "island of the twin mountains" mentioned in *The Leopard* is actually the islet of Salina in the Lipari group off the northern coast.

In Sicily, where pedigrees count by millennia and time's envelope is particularly thin, ancestor worship seems almost justifiable. The Tomasi, though not boasting a descent from the sun-god like their peers, the Alliata, could trace their line back to a decently imperial source, Tiberius I, Emperor of Byzantium from 578 to 582. His daughter Irene married the founder of the gens Thomasa-Leopardi — Tomaso Leopardi, whose daughter Eudoxia married the Emperor Heracles I, while his twin sons became the first Tomasi; the leopard or panther motif has been thought to have some esoteric significance, traceable, some say, back to Osiris and connected with the mysterious cat cults which flourished in the eastern Mediterranean during the early Christian era. Certainly the armorial shield with the prancing leopard can be found far and wide.

The clan has the honor of including among its septs one of Italy's greatest poets, Giacomo Leopardi, the representative of whose family once wrote to Lampedusa, himself quite uninterested in heraldry, to acknowledge their kinship. After a palace revolution in Constantinople during which Irene's nephew, the Emperor Constantine III, was murdered, the family moved from Byzantium to the west. In medieval Italy another fortunate alliance with the sister of Pope Alexander III consolidated their prestige; and it is from that period in Tuscany that the Tomasi papers exist, though the entry in the Almanach de Gotha begins only with the family's arrival in Sicily.

Toward the end of the eighteenth century, when Sicilian princes were at the height of their power and prestige, one Don Giuseppe Maria Tomasi-Colonna, Prince of Lampedusa, Duke of Palma, Baron of Montechiaro, of La Torretta with Falconeri, of Rafforoso, Racalzarat, and Monte Colombino (place names reverberating with Arab and Spanish undertones), married as his second wife a Bavarian, Carolina von Wochinger. This lady, "whose haughtiness," we are told by her descendant in his novel, "had frozen the easygoing Court of the Two Sicilies," to which she was lady-in-waiting in the days of King Ferdinand I and Queen Maria Carolina, was the mother of the next Prince of Lampedusa, Don Giulio Maria Fabrizio, distinguished mathematician and astronomer, discoverer of two asteroids to which he gave the names of Palma and Lampedusa, and recipient of a prize at the Sorbonne. He married the Marchesina Maria Stella Guccia, sat in the Sicilian chamber of peers in 1848, and died of typhus in Florence during an epidemic in 1885. His body, instead of lying with the grinning mummies of his forebears in the vaults of the Capucin friary outside Palermo, is to be found above the vaults, near the present grave of his great-grandson, Don Giuseppe Maria Fabrizio, the last Prince of Lampedusa, author of *The Leobard*, who used him as the original, insofar as an artist's concept has any original outside the land of poetry, for his hero, Don Fabrizio.

THE author Lampedusa's early manhood was spent as a regular officer of artillery, with service during the First World War on the Austrian front, near Bolzano. He had an adventurous war. One night he was sent to an isolated observation post, which was attacked; he shot one Austrian before being knocked out, and when he came to, found himself a prisoner in a forest. For over a year no news was heard, and he was announced as presumed dead. Then his father learned that in a prisoner-of-war camp at Szombathely in Hungary there was an officer called Tomasi who read all day long. This description made his father reopen the search and get him traced through the Vatican.

Later he would often tell stories about life in this camp, and his wife even suggested, after he had written *The Leopard*, that this should be the subject of his next book ("but he never accepted any suggestions, so it was quite unnecessary to make them"). From this camp he made two attempts to escape, the second time successfully. He crossed Europe alone, in disguise and on foot. He did not leave regular service until 1921, and

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when he did, it was with a very good military record.

About this time there seems to have been a nervous breakdown, a mysterious crisis which made him give up the idea of trying to get into the Italian diplomatic service. The time between the two wars was spent largely abroad, first with his mother in her peregrinations, then, after he married in 1932, every summer and sometimes longer at his wife's romantic castle of Stormersee in Latvia. The happiest years of his life, he would say, were the early 1920s, spent in central and northern Italy; in Modena, Turin, and Genoa he had a number of close friends made in the prisoner-of-war camp, particularly Professor Revel, son of a Waldensian pastor, with whom he often stayed at Torrepelice in Piedmont. During a stay in Genoa he even made an attempt at starting a literary career, possibly writing two or three articles in a local review on modern French literature.

An additional reason that kept his mother and him away from Sicily was the sale of the Cutò house at Santa Margherita Belice, a remote paradise of his youth, so movingly described in his autobiographical fragment "Places of My Infancy" and part original of that house in the land of poetry, the Donnafugata of the novel. The properties at Santa Margherita Belice were precipitately sold in 1921 by his uncle, the last Prince of Cutò in the Filangeri line. The news of the sale of this uncle's portion of the family estates, which included part of the house and made the rest of it uninhabitable, was given to the family as they were at table. The shock of that moment was still with Lampedusa years later.

He did not marry until he was in his mid-thirties, late for a Sicilian. The first meeting with his future wife has been described by the Princess of Lampedusa herself. It was at the Italian embassy in Grosvenor Square in London, where his uncle, Marchese Tomasi della Torretta, was ambassador in the mid-twenties. Strangely enough, the ambassador had married a widow who was the mother of Lampedusa's future wife. The young Baroness Alessandra von Wolff-Stormersee was of Baltic origin (her own father had been Grand Chamberlain at the Court of St. Petersburg). Her silent young relative from Palermo reached the embassy doors at the very moment when her mother and his uncle were off to a Court at Buckingham Palace, and she was told to entertain him. So, she remembers, they discovered a mutual passion, Shakespeare, as they walked to Whitechapel.

Now the Princess of Lampedusa is a leading Freudian analyst in Italy, one of the very few from that country on the international list, and past president of the Italian Psychoanalysts' Association. She is also a highly cultivated woman. For years she and her husband read aloud to each other in the evenings from their favorite authors in five languages, and it was she who first encouraged him to write, originally as a palliative for his nostalgia for the lost house, and who listened to *The Leopard* as he brought each section home from the café. "We think together," he used to tell her. She insisted on sending the manuscript to publishers, comforted his disappointment when it was turned down, collaborated with the publisher who eventually took it after his death, and faced the considerable bothers of partisan interpretation which have not ceased in Palermo even today. She has corrected misapprehensions, been interviewed by journalists, advised literary critics, and discoursed to the unknowing on the mysteries of Sicilian life. Her throaty, considered tones, as she presides over brandy and liqueur chocolates, her cigarette half hidden by furs, have become part of the fabric of *il caso Lambedusa*.

I was first put in touch with her by Miss Freya Stark, who has a summer villa near the Princess' sister at La Mortola on the French-Italian frontier. We met, so that she might see my translation in draft for the first time, in Rome at the apartment of her stepfather, the now very aged Marchese Tomasi della Torretta, only surviving grandson of the original Leopard. Buildings in that quarter of the city are in a flamboyant but flaking neo-baroque style known as Umbertino, roughly equivalent to the British Edwardian. A heavy door was opened and a servitor bowed with age showed me into a drawing room so dark that at first I could make out nothing but dim hangings and a faint gleam on silver frames of royal photographs signed in flowing hand, "To our Cousin of the Collar of the Annunziata," and another, "Eloise de France."

In the darkness I was at first unaware of the appearance in the room of a very tall and imposing lady in coal-black — furs, toque, and all. Curtains were parted into an inner room, she sank onto a sofa and waved me to a chair, murmuring in perfect but emphatic English, "And now, Mr. Colquhoun, I want you to read me the death of the Prince — in *your* translation." Since I was put on trial and passed the test, her help has been unstinting. Certainly no more impressive and charmingly dogged custodian could be imagined for the shrine of a one-book man.

All over western Sicily there is a strange tension, so strong that at times one can imagine it as almost tangible, or audible, like a twang; its corollary is a muted sadness and Oriental languor. Hereabouts organized violence is in the air, as

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can be seen in the local newspapers devoted to the daily crop of murders committed with that favorite Mafia weapon, a shotgun loaded *alla lupara* — with cartridges containing ball bearings. It is wiser for a local not to move far out of town after depositing a large sum in a Palermo bank; and cases have been known of guests who left an elegant party at the local bathing resort and found themselves kidnapped in the street. Pathetic attempts are sometimes made to camouflage this as a tourist attraction, an attitude preferable to that of some foreign writers who come for a short period to describe the ills of western Sicily, compared with their native lands, with profitable zest and relish.

Unlike the Greek parts of Sicily, which bore all the main writers from Archimedes to Pirandello, Palermo has no tradition of literary attainment, only long-forgotten Arab-Norman songsters and an eighteenth-century dialect poet. It must have been a stunning surprise for Lampedusa's little group when the friend whom they remembered for years holding his *tertulla* at a café, like any man of leisure throughout the southern Mediterranean, suddenly turned, posthumously and almost overnight, into a national celebrity. "We *none* of us thought Giuseppe had it in him," said the Princess of Spadaforo, a friend of his mother's, with a shake of her pearl choker.

For a visitor, the old world of Palermo still preserves cohesion and allure. Though splendid equipages no longer move at a slow trot by the baroque Quattro Canti as they did at the time of Bernard Berenson's first visit in 1888, the local time lag imparts an indefinable atmosphere of the turn of the century to the more prosperous parts of town. "Your Excellency" is still heard as a form of address. Those creatures of fable, the *baroni*, still droop, night after night, like warriors deprived of their armor, over the bar of the Hotel des Palmes. The double box of the Nobles Club, the Bellini, hung with English sporting prints, still dominates the opera house on an opening night. A ballroom at that most improbable of grand hotels, the Villa Igiea, is a perfect example of *art nouveau* or *stile Liberty*, redolent of afternoons when ladies in tea gowns wondered if someone could be *uno di quelli*. At a party in one of the remaining great houses one can catch a glimpse down half a dozen drawing rooms of ladies in flowered hats, craned in gossip like flamingos, amid a haze of filtered light, tortoiseshell furniture, and Trapani corals that would have delighted Ronald Firbank. One conservatory, where Wagner and Paul Bourget often sat, contains, amid rare ferns, a gilt rococo Russian sled.

In this world the last Prince of Lampedusa only put in an occasional and dutiful appearance, the occasions being remembered chiefly for his silence; but he used to attend his wife's "Sundays," making sometimes a disconcerting comment from behind a distant chair. Among intimates, though, he gave the impression of chirruping like a bird; certain brilliant little dinners at a restaurant in Palermo with his wife and friends when talk and malice flowed free were, for instance, watched with fascination by a local journalist with a regular table nearby, who (such are the stratifications of the Sicilian class system) did not then know who they were.

We can picture him on his daily routine, setting off from the house by the sea in Via Butera in the early morning and leaving his wife to her patients. These he once described as "floating spectrally around the palace courtyard and stairs" to the Venetian writer Guido Piovene, who added, when recounting this, that he took the remark to be a typically Sicilian joke. Lampedusa is a quietly dressed, rather thickset figure holding a bulky briefcase, his general appearance that of a retired senior officer, which in fact he was. He threads his way among hanging laundry, screaming children, and street vendors, for the monumental Via Butera, badly bombed during the war, is on the way to becoming a slum unless the municipal plan for its redemption gets under way soon.

The building next door, now reduced to a tenement, has a plaque on it to say that Garibaldi stayed there before the Aspromonte adventure in 1862, for this was once the Hotel Trinacria, the most elegant in town; here Lampedusa set the superb death scene of the Prince, who from its windows watched "blinding light reflected from the nearby sea" and in his last moments heard a barrel organ playing Bellini's "You who opened your wings to God." On he moves under the hulk of Palazzo Butera and by the baroque arms of Porta Felice, the state entry into Palermo in viceregal and Bourbon days, once opening out onto one of the most splendid marine parades in Europe, now ruined by debris from bombing dumped in the last war.

All this old patrician part of Palermo has so recently fallen into decay that one can still people it with open carriages, lace sunshades, and English governesses taking children for a walk in Villa Giulia and the Botanical Gardens. Then the quarter even included a tearoom, presided over by a retired governess of the Trabìa family, where homemade sweets and gossip about former charges were dispensed. Now in Via Butera the great coats of arms look down on poverty-stricken vitality spilling over from the old Arab quarter, the Kalsa, nearby. Through these and other teeming alleys lies the shortest way to the center of town;

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but a carriage, when bearing a local lady of rank, will still be driven on a long detour around the main streets, lest her eye be offended by some of the most squalid, if picturesque, slums in Europe. Whole areas of central Palermo have never recovered from the so-called carpet bombing. Nothing much has been done to improve things since, and life amid the rubble and the *bassi*, where a dozen people often sleep in one room together with the family carts and motorcycles, has to be seen to be believed; Danilo Dolci has given some idea of the horrors that can go on inside.

One can imagine the bitter twist to Lampedusa's lips (it shows on most of his later photographs) as he reached this quarter in which he spent his youth. One goes into the ancient streets behind San Domenico, where Arab-Norman windows and late Renaissance arches molder amid refuse and boys playing football in rubble, up the slope where the Salina carriage stopped on the way to the ball and Don Fabrizio knelt on the pavement as the viaticum passed, through the peeling baroque grandeur of the square of the Knights of Malta, and down Via di Lampedusa, where nothing but a long wall remains of the family palace. Here is the "livid dust" on which, at the end of *The Leopard*, is flung the dog Bendicò, mysterious symbol of continuity and life, Osiris of the family mythology.

From this point on, his daily routine, the very café tables he used, the waiters who served him, even the cakes he ate, had an invariable pattern: breakfast at the Pasticceria del Massimo in Via Maqueda; a call at Flaccovio's, the imaginative bookseller and publisher whose shop is a kind of literary club and who was one of the first to encourage his writing; by eleven in the morning he would be settled in his personal version of an ivory tower, the back room of the Café Mazzara, under the only skyscraper in town.

The briefcase was opened. Among, maybe, a few cakes from the last café (like all Sicilians, he loved cakes), it contained books — the addictions, the secret loves which made him an object of suspicion to his fellow grandees, as had been his great-grandfather with his telescope and comet finder. These books might vary but were all in their original languages: Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, Racine, Flaubert, and Proust, Thomas Mann, Dickens, and, later, Virginia Woolf and E. M. Forster. Also included might have been some work by the German military tactician Clausewitz, on whom he was an expert ("I *begged* him not to read Clausewitz aloud to me," says his widow). Certainly always, somewhere in briefcase or pocket, was a volume from one of his many editions of Shakespeare, for whom he had an admiration reminiscent of Manzoni's for "*il mio* Shakespeare."

That concentrated reading throughout the morning at a café table was in a way creative in itself, though during the last two years it was often abandoned for a mysterious scribbling, the copying out of *The Leopard* chapter by chapter, after writing the first draft, mostly in the afternoons, at home or at Capo d'Orlando. His cousin and intimate friend, the poet Lucio Piccolo di Calanovella, whose mother was another of those brilliant Cutò sisters, can remember his spending an entire summer reading the novels of Samuel Richardson and journeying out to the Piccolo home at Capo d'Orlando to discuss *Clarissa Harlowe*.

This might seem improbable to anyone who has not spent an afternoon or evening conversing with Piccolo himself, a charming fey person who once corresponded with Yeats on the subject of fairies (letters which cannot be got at, he says, as for years some spell has been on the lock of that particular cupboard). His conversation is sparkling and elusive, interspersed with sudden zestful little laughs, with a range of reference and quotation from Ariosto to himself, from Crawshaw to Hopkins, vast and at the same time oddly personal — "very Cutò." No wonder the discerning flock to hear him when he leaves his orange groves, his savage dogs, splendid vases, and the necromantic studies in which he and his brother Casimiro spend their nights and visits Palermo to attend *Pelléas et Mélisande*, or to read and explain his *Canti Barocchi* in public.

When Lucio Piccolo talks of his cousin, one catches a glimpse of their subtle, private world. "You are immersed in the lowest superstitions," would tease Giuseppe, would-be Voltairean, at his cousin's spiritualistic interests. "I have an ear tuned to whispers from the shades," murmurs Piccolo. Their talk, like what remains of their correspondence, was full of private jokes, of laughter and their own kind of nonchalant fun, a lifetime of exchange between cousins who had suddenly found themselves, in middle age, to be dedicated artists.

"For years we were both in the same position," Piccolo recently told Camilla Cederna. "We were not writing, we wanted to write, and we could not make up our minds to begin, both of us having a very Sicilian aversion to action." Once, after each had destroyed many an effort for fear of the other's sarcasm, they decided to write a piece together. "Something between Proust and Saint-Simon about a club in Palermo, in which we said appalling things about stupid prominent people, monsters in their cloaks of ignorance." But, alas, this was destroyed too.

Of his cousin's humor, Piccolo remembers a

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gadfly quality which must have been not unlike his own. "He could distill the bitterest essence from things, transform a dramatic episode into a witty remark." Piccolo himself was often a victim of his cousin's jokes; every now and again "to humiliate my ignorance," Lampedusa would read out some passage from a famous author and pass it off as his own, and only occasionally did the other get even by catching Giuseppe out making a reference to some book he had never read. One little story of Piccolo's also illustrates a strong trait in Lampedusa's character, his pride. Once the two cousins were asked to write something of their own in a hostess' album. Piccolo copied out a lyric of his own and signed it, but Lampedusa only scribbled four words in English: "Too proud to compete."

"Culturally," says Piccolo, generously, "I owe him everything," though in fact his own culture is far more impregnated with Greece and Rome than was his cousin's. Lampedusa's sarcasms and persiflage ceased on first hearing *Canti Barocchi;* he encouraged Piccolo to find a publisher and even wrote out himself the accompanying letter to the poet Eugenio Montale. Though he called Piccolo's readings on spiritualism "*ces balivernes,*" he respected the state of "raptus" in which all these poems were written and which suddenly made Lucio Piccolo into one of the major poets in Italy when he was well into middle age.

Five years or so before Lampedusa died, those conversations in the Palermo café about literature turned into some kind of lessons or lectures for which he wrote out elaborate notes; those on French literature ("An Invitation to Read French Letters," he called them) have been preserved. They range from Rabelais to Lesage, Pascal, and Racine, from whom, according to his widow, "he learned interpersonal relations," and a long separate essay on Stendhal, full of passages of subtlety and intuition. His knowledge of the Elizabethans also is said to have been extraordinary.

At times, when Palermo and, even more, the rest of Sicily appear to be in the grip of some ill-coordinated time machine gone into reverse, this little group meeting day after day in a public place to discuss literature seems to be repeating scenes in a coffeehouse in eighteenth-century London. Mazzara's is now a characterless place, lively and cheerful, with no resemblance to the spectral café in Turin where the ghosts of retired judges and generals play draughts at the opening of Lampedusa's story "The Professor and the Mermaid." But Mazzara's has a long-standing reputation for those splendidly flavored and decorated ices which, like Sicilian cakes and sweets, are quite unlike anything in the rest of Italy and date back to Arab times. Even now, at the parade or ice cream hour, *l'ora del gelato,* open carriages can be seen pausing outside while waiters hurry out with trays whose contents are eaten then and there.

In an inner room at Mazzara's, at a table in the corner, screened off if there was a particularly noisy party, for it is a family sort of place, Lampedusa would be joined by one or two select friends, a couple of noble literati, Baron Fratta della Fatta, an expert on Saint-Simon, more at home in Paris than in Rome, or the late Baron Lo Monaco, exquisite musicologist. Here, as morning wound into the dead hour of early southern afternoons, and later maybe to the library in the palace at Via Butera, would come what the Princess of Lampedusa calls "my husband's pupils." These were a handful of young men, of whom the most regular, for whom the "lessons" were mainly intended, were the brilliant young Francesco Orlando, grandson of Italy's Prime Minister in the First World War, now professor of French literature at Pisa University; young Agnello, dedicated now to organizing musical life in Sicily and famous also for being kidnapped by the Mafia; his adopted son, Gioacchino Lanza di Mazzarino, now Duke of Palma; and more occasionally one or two others.

But though no local university professor was ever seen in the group, there is no doubt about the seriousness of these lessons on literature, and how deep an impression they made on Lampedusa's pupils. Observations of a lifetime condensed and distilled from so deep and broad a love of literature must have been almost overwhelming when expressed in talk. Subdued though his personality may have been, he seems to have given out a kind of effulgent smolder. Sometimes one catches a hint almost of domination, and there is a suggestion that Orlando may

Gioacchino Lanza, Lampedusa's adopted son and the model of Tancredi; Barone Lucio Piccolo; Prince Giuseppe di Lampedusa.
Courtesy of Illustrazione Italiana, Milan.

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have escaped to the mainland. Wit can be very caustic when linked to unused talents and powers.

It seems extraordinary that a man who had in many ways so penetratingly broken through the prejudices of his class did not broaden his group to include experts or enthusiasts who were bourgeois. If his pride needed any protection, his screen of refined irony must have been far more opaque than any the café could provide. But "*Les privilèges de la naissance*," Manzoni once scribbled somberly in the margin of a book, "*sont des privilèges contre la naissance.*"

SICILIANS are fond of saying that their homeland, like England, is an island off the coast of Europe. Those of them who could afford to travel have always been more international than their equivalents on the Italian mainland. If in former eras their capital was Constantinople or Madrid, during the last hundred years it has been Paris or London; criteria of material delights have been the Pré Catalan or the Rue Daru. Anglophilia in men's clothes and accouterments has, of course, long been general in Europe, but it was surely taken to extremes by the Sicilian valet who ran into his master's bedroom on their first morning in London to report that he was "the only man dressed like an Englishman in London!" Atkinson's *lemmo-liscio*, that mysterious hair lotion which is mentioned in *The Leopard* as arriving in crates for Don Fabrizio, turns out after investigation to be a "long discontinued line," so the firm says, exported in Edwardian days to southern Europe and called "lemon and glycerine."

Germany was high in favor for education, and the influence of German philosophy can be traced particularly on Pirandello, and also on Lampedusa himself. Maybe only rarely did the civilizing mission of France penetrate very deep. When it did, via, for instance, the three Cutò sisters to Piccolo and Lampedusa, it produced a distillation both potent and rare.

In Italy itself, Lampedusa traveled extensively only in the twenties, seldom after. He was not a club man and never a member of the Caccia in Rome, though there is his sort of choreographic charm about its gambling rooms, where fortunes are staked and lost beneath green-shaded lights and the indifferent gaze of Proustian footmen in knee breeches. Certainly he did not frequent literary salons, though there is a rumor of his having been seen once at the late Alberto Savinio's *conversazione* in Rome. However, the one literary group he is known to have visited on the mainland did give him a decisive impulse toward writing his long-talked-of novel. In the summer of 1954 he accompanied Lucio Piccolo to a literary congress at the watering place of San Pellegrino Terme, where his cousin was to receive a prize for his poems *Canti Barocchi*.

The assembled Italian literati thought they were granting an accolade to an unknown adolescent; but instead of "the youth in blue jeans everyone was expecting," according to an account of the episode in *Paris Match*, to the rostrum advanced a grave Sicilian gentleman in clothes of antique cut. With him, to complete the general bewilderment, were a silent man of military aspect introduced as the Prince of Lampedusa and a sun-blackened chauffeur who accompanied Piccolo everywhere and whose attendance had been insisted on by the poet's sister. The novelist Giorgio Bassani, subsequently the first to recognize the merit of the anonymous manuscript of *The Leopard* and as editor largely responsible for its present form, remembers Piccolo's cousin as bowing gravely at anything said.

The established writers present, who regarded the pair as odd provincial survivals ("though of excellent family, of course," added Piccolo slyly when telling me this tale), would have been surprised had they seen or heard the pair of cousins when settled into the train home. "We imitated all the conventional pomposities we had heard. Lampedusa excelled himself at catching the puppet element, even in people to be taken seriously. We wrote imaginary articles about ourselves as they might have been done by the various critics and journalists there." Here Piccolo broke into one of his contagious little laughs.

It was after this writers' congress that Lampedusa was finally galvanized into starting to write the book which he had been talking about for years. "It was the pin that brought the scent out of the bottle," said Piccolo. "Heavens" — he caught himself up. "What a phrase! To think I've been struggling against D'Annunzio for years!"

Contacts could have been different on journeys farther afield. But his friends in London, when he first visited there, were "people around the Embassy." Either he was too proud or merely too lazy to try to meet anyone on a level with his own standards of taste and knowledge. On one journey to Paris and London made with Piccolo in 1932, Lampedusa decided to play the part of an ironical old mentor to a young provincial who had never traveled before (they were almost exactly the same age). It was a delightfully relaxed journey. "Once over the frontier, Lampedusa, who was quite heavily built, seemed to get light as a feather. I still remember the flutter of his raincoat as he skipped up to the top of a London bus." Much of this visit was spent at bookstalls in the Charing Cross Road. It seems odd that for all the

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two cousins' admiration for the Sitwells, of whom they were in some ways private Sicilian equivalents, neither of them ever seems to have thought of trying to arrange a meeting.

Certainly Lampedusa traveled into the English countryside, for Piccolo tells of his cousin's visiting Capo d'Orlando after one such trip and his saying with tears in his eyes: "The castles! The parks! The deer!" He had been staying at Powis Castle on the Welsh border. A story that may also originate from the same visit shows that he could be taken for an Englishman. Wandering around some remote country churchyard, he struck up a conversation with the vicar, who asked, "Do you belong to the High Church or the Low?" To which Lampedusa replied, "I belong to the Highest Church," and was delighted by his own answer.

THE Second World War put an end to these journeys abroad and to the summers spent in Latvia at his wife's castle of Stormersee. About this house he would reminisce nostalgically with another Balt, Baron de Boltho, now living in Palermo, who remembers descriptions of white birches, dark pines, and pale-blue sky, all mirrored in a lake — symbolic selections by memory.

When, in 1943, during the carpet bombing of Palermo that preceded the American landing, "a bomb manufactured in Pittsburgh, Penn" totally destroyed the great family house in Via di Lampedusa, the owner was a refugee in the hills. He had escaped with the family Bellini, a big portrait of Catherine II of Russia, and his wife's sable furs, all loaded on a bicycle; she gives a graphic description of him dragging this load through the orange groves and says: "he was so *tired*." On his return he found that even his old photographs, like those of the Greek statues mentioned in the last bitter lines of "The Professor and the Mermaid," had been used as torches by looters.

The total loss of his home came to weigh more and more on his spirits, and even the later repurchase of the old house by the sea in Via Butera, where the original Leopard had spent his summers, did not assuage his nostalgic gloom.

In the early summer of 1955, persuaded by his wife that the best therapy would be to write a description of his lost home, Lampedusa sat down and produced the beautiful fragment called "Places of My Infancy." This was never intended for publication, and he never revised it. But as past memories welled up in him, the suppressed artist took over, and the descriptions of the palace at Palermo and of the Cutò house at Santa Margherita Belice became the first inspiration of the house at Donnafugata in the novel.

Dear Donnafugata! Never-never home of protective coziness, of tinkling fountains, of relaxed ease, and yet of mystery! All the homes of his youth were lost paradises in which he wandered like a fairy prince. In the great house at Donnafugata they were fused into a single whole, like a piece of music. From the Palazzo Lampedusa, tucked away deep in teeming old Palermo, came the sense of a great house rising from slums like a lily from mud, its vastness, the enfilade of drawing rooms dappled with sunbeams on red carpets and gilt furniture, the warren of passages, such as those in which Tancredi and Angelica wandered. One memory from that lost house was transplanted to the new home in Via Butera, where it can be heard today — a system of handbells rung in the entrance courtyard to warn servants upstairs of a visitor; at Via Butera now a bent crone rings a handbell twice for a man, once for a woman, and one and a half times for a priest. Then wide shallow stairs await, hung with dark portraits of powerful-looking grandees; double doors are already open on a little rococo salon leading into the main drawing room, then to a library and terrace overlooking the sea.

All that is left now of the old Palazzo Lampedusa is a low wall running along most of Via di Lampedusa and a neighboring alley. It scarcely reaches the height of the row of first-floor balconies. Perhaps it was better that these were not left, for gaping baroque windows opening onto the sky give an aching sense of loss to many a Palermo street and make the war still seem very close there. It was to Palazzo Lampedusa, so the author's widow insists, that her husband's thoughts turned consciously when he described the interior of Donnafugata and also the ballroom at Palazzo Ponteleone, where Don Fabrizio and Angelica danced amid varied shades of gold like hues of Sicilian corn.

Luckily, the house of Santa Margherita Belice is still in good enough repair, even if the descriptions in "Places of My Infancy" did not prove it, to show how close that country house was to the one in the novel. Its scale is smaller, though the present owners have counted 110 rooms, and the description of it in the memoir as a "little Vatican" refers more to its self-containment than its size. Childhood memories may also have played their usual tricks of aggrandizement, though the author is known to have visited the place as recently as the last war, when he was stationed for a short time at Poggioreale.

There one can still see the three courtyards and the main facade, dated 1751, as well as the row of library-ballroom windows overlooking the square; this is not quite as Don Fabrizio saw it when he peered out at Tancredi going courting,

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for the ground level has been raised, playing havoc with the front view of the house. The courtyards open out of each other, and in the last is a great open flight of steps leading to the main door where Tancredi and Cavriaghi are described as making a dripping appearance. The air of poetic gaiety which once enveloped the house can still be sensed. Even the magic of the garden is not entirely lost, though the fountain of Amphitrite is sadly despoiled and there are no monkeys now in the rusticated cage which ends the vista.

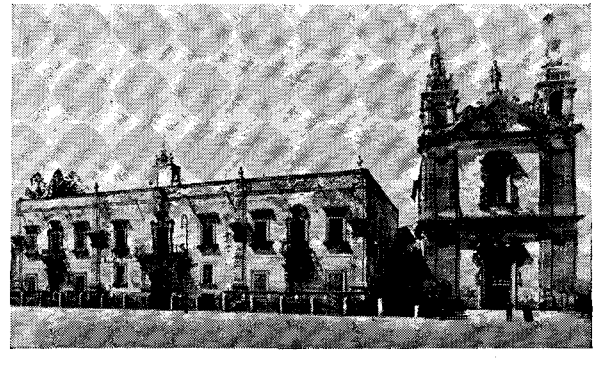
Many of the minor characters in *The Leopard* have retained their original local names; the same initials of the family agent can still be seen entwined above a doorway; Zzu Menico lu Chiatti, who kept the tavern, only died in 1936, while the wife of a keeper mentioned by his real name, Saverio, is actually still alive. Near the house is the Circolo Civile, where the story of a member's being shot every year by the local Mafia as he dozed in his chair outside could have happened anywhere in western Sicily except for Palma di Montechiaro, too rough for a club of any kind.

MEMORIES of yearly visits to the great house at Santa Margherita gave Lampedusa the idea of Sicilian *vie de château*, a form of life almost totally unknown to the island in 1860 and little appreciated even now. It was imported from France by the Filangeri family, together with a private theater, which is still there, with a coquettish flight of rococo steps on one side of the facade. Within only the last five years the remains of the velvet Louis Seize boxes and stalls have been stripped away; the husk of the place, its form still clearly discernible, is now a cinema; backstage is the warren of passages described in "Places of My Infancy," which has an achingly moving picture of this house in its heyday, "an eighteenth century Pompeii," all miraculously preserved intact as it had been two hundred years before.

That essay mentions a story attached to this house which may partly explain the author's choice of the name Donnafugata in the novel, which belongs to a totally different castle, a mock-Gothic *plaisance* near Ragusa, though there are at least five houses or places with that name in Sicily. The word "Donnafugata," probably of Arab origin, meaning "enclosed fountain," may simply have appealed from the sound. But in Italian it can also mean "woman fled," and this may have referred to the fact that in the winter of 1813–1814 the Cutò house at Santa Margherita was the last refuge in Sicily, when the island was under British occupation, of Queen Maria Carolina of Naples, the sister of Marie Antoinette, before she set off, at the nearby port of Mazzara, on that final journey to her death in Vienna so brilliantly described by Harold Acton in *The Bourbons of Naples*. From that visit date the ironically triumphal arch of the town gates and the remains of a splendid avenue of statues and pines leading up to the nearby hunting lodge of La Venarìa, perched on a rock overlooking most of central Sicily and the objective of family jaunts described in "Places of My Infancy." The British High Commissioner Bentinck in 1813 had to post British troops to the town as the queen's jailers, and artillery was set up facing the palace in the main square. A memento of that distant British occupation may still be seen in the public gardens donated by Filangeri munificence to the townsfolk about that time. There is a small colonnaded temple in Adam style, described only as a kiosk in the memoir, still known locally by the mysterious syllables *il coffee-hoùse*.

Locals can still remember Lampedusa as a boy riding out through the public gardens, a sturdy figure followed by a cockaded groom. Nor have they forgotten those autumn arrivals of the family, as Lampedusa had not when he described one. In the memory of a returned emigrant it was 1913, the year he came back from the States, and the family that alighted at the town gates from gilded coaches to the strains of "*Noi siamo zingarelle*" were all dressed in white. The coaches must in reality have been traveling landaus, but maybe the passengers were in white piqué, or they were white with dust and the scene transmuted by memory, a charming reversal of symbols of the ineffable, between the *Americano's* angelic vision linked to his own homecoming and Lampedusa's dream of a lost land of innocence.

Of Palma di Montechiaro there is no more than a mention in the autobiographical essay "Places of My Infancy," and then only that the family never went there. Nothing could be less suitable for children than the dank palace of the Saint-



Santa Margherita Belice: the facade of the palace and church. Courtesy of Alterocca, Terni.

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Duke, though its coffered seventeenth-century ceilings are still resplendent above the grimy whitewash on the walls. The castle of Montechiaro, which stands romantically on the height outside the town, was also listed among the family's houses, but had never been inhabited since Renaissance times. There is a photograph of its owner standing in its ruined gateway, and according to local accounts he visited his dilapidated feudal domains twice or more after the war and once, at least, spent a week under those coffered ceilings; but the latter story seems to be a confusion of him with an uncle who had actually stayed there before the war, a fact so rare as to stick in the family memory. Anyway, those visits, including the one to the Convent of the Holy Ghost, must have made Lampedusa well acquainted with the town. This is undoubtedly the inspiration for the town surrounding the house of Donnafugata, "apparently despairing" in its misery and disease, the place which the new Piedmontese administrator in 1860, Chevalley, promised himself would change entirely and has, if anything, worsened since. There, as in the novel, is also the church with its great flight of steps and the squat columns of its nave, as well as all the detailed memories of family saints.

For the last three years there had been a polemic going on between Santa Margherita Belice and Palma di Montechiaro as to where the novel was set. Now there has even been discovered a group of more or less parallel saints, including a kind of duplicate Saint-Duke, all members of the Corbera family, who once lived at Santa Margherita and whose last heiress married a Filangeri. Certainly not only is that family name used in the novel, but many of the local place names there are mentioned. Even hills where Don Fabrizio went shooting have been identified as a locality called La Dragonara, where the view toward the sea and Misilbesi and even the aromatic scents that Don Fabrizio breathed have been traced by local enthusiasts; they have also found a grandfather of Lampedusa's on his mother's side, Don Lucio Mastrogiovanni Tasca, who used to go out shooting there with the organist of the mother church, just as in the book.

Santa Margherita Belice, on its uplands in the remote interior, rebuilt by the now extinct Corbera on an ancient Arab site, is poor according to our standards, but clean and open, scoured by winds. It is an isolated spot; its two approaches from Palermo, described both in the novel and the memoir, and the roads to it, "the famous Sicilian roads which lost the Vice-royalty of Sicily to the Prince of Satriano" (as Lampedusa tells us), are still appalling. This is an ageless world. In the little bare white rooms of the local hostelry, where the word "traveler" means only a salesman, one wakes to the clop-clop of donkeys as the inhabitants jog out on their daily commuting to distant fields. This is a place to remain in a poet's mind.

At this stage, what looks like a rough diagram of *The Leopard's* sources can be drawn up, and it is tempting to trace some sort of pattern in the inspiration of what is in no sense a *roman à clef*. Thus, not only are the various members of the Lampedusa family of a hundred years ago mentioned in the novel by their real Christian names, including the old Leopard himself, his mother, wife, sons, and daughters, the three sisters of the last chapter; but their former chaplain for twenty years, the young priest censured by the ecclesiastical authorities for accepting so many false relics, is now to be found, a grave monsignor loaded with years and honors, expert on Sicilian dynastic history, saying his mass a few hundred yards from the Hotel des Palmes or at the Capella Palatina. "Yes, I was Father Titta," he will say, then murmur if pressed, "Far too much was made of those false relics." But even the most minor characters, the most glancingly mentioned places, seem transferred from the existing originals.

What emerges more and more clearly from such investigations is that the reproduction of true detail in the book heightens the contrasting imaginative treatment of its major characters and themes. These seem partly to have acquired their extraordinary sense of actuality, of the reader's being right there, by a process of double perspective, a kind of stereoscopic view of two or more originals fused into one. Thus, the arrival of the Garibaldini in 1860 is merged with personal memories of the Allies in 1943; a cousin, Prince Niscèmi, himself a rare example of the genus "Sicilian prince" in full flower, remembers a conversation about a possible last chapter to be based on the actual arrival of the American troops. This might have been fascinatingly ironic ("If we want things to stay as they are, things will have to change"), for the liberation of Palermo was rich with anticlimax, the cowed terror of most inhabitants soon turning to Te Deums and kinship hunts, while princes worked their potent magic on Allied officers, Sicilian separatists intrigued, and the leaders of the American Mafia returned in triumph as advisers to Allied military governments. Lampedusa's distaste for his compatriots' behavior at the time was projected back onto the period of Garibaldi's landing and the end of the Bourbons, infused with a fastidious sense of principle and a tugging love-hate for his native island.

A similar pattern of double focus was used for

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the main characters, taken partly from parallel originals a hundred years ago and partly from recent ones. The original Leopard, for instance, did have a dog called Bendicò (a name shortened from *bene-di-cuore*, or "good of heart," which was considered too sentimental). This was a brindled Great Dane, later stuffed and kept for years by the old Lampedusa sisters. The actual behavior of the Bendicò of the book was based on the author's observation of his own dogs, cocker spaniels called Crab (after a character in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*), Poppy, and Pansy.

By this method is the hero, Don Fabrizio, thrown into prismatic relief. He is not wholly historical portrait or autobiographical projection or wish-fulfillment or the result of an interior monologue, and yet is something of them all. The real Leopard, old Don Giulio Fabrizio, seems to have been a far more bullying character who ruled with a rod of iron and followed his every whim, however absurd. Once, just before Christmas, swept by the dismay that is apt to come over those in a position of responsibility at the approach of the festive season, he announced that Christmas that year for the family had been transposed to February, an order faithfully followed by his cowed household, who treated Christmas like any other day. However, there is no doubt that this old terror was the original of the book's hero, as Lampedusa had made clear for years when he talked to his cousin Piccolo about the novel based on his great-grandfather that he one day proposed to write.

Some such parallel pattern can be found for Tancredi, though here we are on shiftier ground. Originally the author had thought of making Tancredi into Don Fabrizio's younger and favorite son, to be called Ruggiero, preferred to the duller heir, Paolo (the name, but not the character, being taken from his own grandfather). But, as he told his wife "the situation of younger sons has been too often written about in literature," so he made him a nephew and ward.

Since Lampedusa himself, childless and without heirs, adopted a young man who has now perpetuated the family name as Gioacchino Lanza Tomasi, Duke of Palma, there is clearly more than mere coincidence here. "He chose him because he is the last person who believes in the *mot d'esprit*," says Piccolo, reminding one of the aging Neapolitan duchess of the novel who had insisted on having Tancredi with her all the time "because no one else knows how to tell *les petits riens* like him."

Tancredi is obviously a composite figure infused with personal emotion and treated with poetic license; for instance, though he is often described as witty, not a single amusing remark is attributed to him throughout the book. But as there has been some measure of disagreement about the originals of Tancredi (Piccolo does not consider that the adopted son came into it), the Princess has now produced a copy of an unpublished letter written by her husband when he was working on the novel to his old friend of the POW cage, the late Professor Revel. "The protagonist, Don Fabrizio, completely expresses my own ideas, and Tancredi, his nephew, is a portrait of Giò as to appearance and mannerisms, though as regards morals Giò is, luckily, far better than him." Certainly Gioacchino Lanza's charm — even, apparently, some of his pet phrases — are set down in the novel in detail. This young man, a younger son of the Lanza Trabia di Mazzarino, one of the oldest families on the island and one of the few which have kept their money and palaces intact, is now married to a delightful wife and has a son to perpetuate his adopted name. He is a serious musicologist and writer on music as well as being a very considerable expert on Sicilian art and manners; but he seems unlikely to emulate the later career of Tancredi as ambassador and minister of state "up the slippery rungs of the new society."

On the origins of Angelica it is unnecessary to dwell, though there has been much gossip about this in Palermo. The author is said to have thought of her appearance and behavior as like those of the morganatic wife of King Victor Emmanuel II of Italy, called the Contessa Mirafiore. Of her literary sources, it might be worth mentioning Verga's Duchessa di Leyra in the greatest of Sicilian novels, *Mastro Don Gesualdo*. Lampedusa, in a discussion with his wife, once wondered whether he had not made two mistakes with Angelica: one, that her father could not have become so rich so quickly before 1860; the other, that a marriage to the daughter of such a man would have been unlikely quite so early in the century. The fact is that the 1860 Niscèmi did marry the daughter of a self-made man called Favara. The daughters of the new class, enriched by land transfers and expropriations after the unification, held the position in Sicily that American heiresses held in Europe at much the same period, so there is plenty of material for support.

LAMPEDUSA was too humane, as well as too well-mannered a man, to have wanted to stir up the hornet's nest his book undoubtedly has in certain sections of Palermo society. Though quite uninterested in what his fellow citizens thought, when he told his wife in English, "If they don't like it, they can lump it," he was probably referring to some of the more controversial attitudes of his own Don Fabrizio toward his native island, par-

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ticularly to the plebiscite of 1860. What gives his novel its power is not the actual and undoubted correspondence of incident and character to reality, but its mysterious fused vitality as a work of art, its potency as a poetic statement about the human condition.

This is easy enough to say now, but it was not so obvious to competent literary folk when the anonymous manuscript from Palermo was making the rounds of publishers' offices. "It's a pity, but at least he has read it attentively," was all the author murmured on his deathbed when a letter arrived from Elio Vittorini, literary adviser to the publisher Einaudi, to say he considered it "*troppo saggistico*" ("too essaylike") for publication. And, as Giorgio Bassani wrote in the preface to the first edition, when another copy of the manuscript reached Signora Elena Craveri Croce, literary light and daughter of Benedetto Croce, she glanced at it, judged it to be some family chronicle by an old spinster of the Sicilian aristocracy, and put it away in her drawer for a year.

Is *The Leopard* the peaks, in more or less continuous range, of a vast submerged novel that never got written? If so, it is possibly better that it never did, for many are those who have set out to write their own *War and Peace* and overreached themselves. Here each episode stands almost by itself. The first chapter was written and rewritten in the spring and summer of 1955; at this stage there was no plan, according to Lampedusa's adopted son, so this may have been as far as he originally thought of going in describing a day in the life of his great-grandfather. Then he wrote another chapter, that of the arrival at Donnafugata; then the death scene; then the last chapter, about the relics. These four chapters were typed and sent off to a publisher, Mondadori. Meanwhile, he had written the description of his childhood homes, "Places of My Infancy"; his memory and imagination stirred by this and by the visit to Palma di Montechiaro, he expanded the Donnafugata chapter into three, adding the bits about saints, shooting, and the conversation with Chevalley. On the manuscript's return from its first journey to a publisher in the summer of 1956, he left it untouched for three months on Piccolo's piano at Capo d'Orlando, then eventually had it retyped with his additions. In the autumn of 1956 he wrote "The Professor and the Mermaid" and another very short story, "La Gioia e La Legge," in the manner of Maupassant. That winter he drafted and read to friends the chapter on Father Pirrone at home; in the spring of 1957 he wrote the ball scene, which was a kind of afterthought, though it is now the climax of the film version. He also wrote out the final copy of the whole manuscript, together with an index used as subtitles for each chapter in the American and French editions. This manuscript is now in the possession of the Duke of Palma. Also, in the first months of 1957 he wrote the first chapter of what was to be a new novel entitled *The Blind Kittens*. He had just finished his hand-copying when, at the end of May, 1957, he heard from a specialist in Rome that he had cancer. He never returned to Palermo. In the clinic, and then at his sister-in-law's, where he died, he corrected the short stories and discussed whether to change the names in the Pirrone chapter and make that into a short story too. Sometime before he left Palermo he also wrote six pages of an otherwise unfinished chapter, giving a glimpse of Don Fabrizio's sudden passion for Angelica. As told to his adopted son, this chapter would have been set in a place of assignation where Angelica was to meet a lover. Don Fabrizio hears of this and substitutes himself. There are also two short poems, and an anagram beginning "Angelica mia."

One of the last photographs of Lampedusa, 1955.
Courtesy of Feltrinelli Editore.

The concept of a fitting death, based partly on his great-grandfather's in Florence, became its own reality some eighteen months after it was written. The announcement of cancer came as a particular shock to one who was so healthy that he had not visited a doctor for years and joked about keeping a pile of old doctors' recipes in a drawer which he dipped into now and again. All June in Rome he was in a very bad state; three weeks at the Clinica Sanatrix, then under cobalt bomb treatment at another clinic, and finally he begged

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to go at least to his sister-in-law's home at Piazza dell'Indipendenza near the railway station in Rome. In his last days he longed to get back to Sicily, particularly Capo d'Orlando. The letter from Elio Vittorini rejecting *The Leopard* arrived and was read to him by his adopted son, who had joined him in Rome on Saturday, July 22. On Sunday he was very bad. Late on Monday afternoon he was given oxygen. The family left him for the night, alone with the doctor. At about midnight he awoke and began chatting coherently with the doctor about Norman-Arab art in Sicily, Cefalù, and a certain baroque archway in Palermo destroyed during the war. Then he stopped, went to sleep, and seems to have died instantly from an internal hemorrhage. He was already dead when a priest and nuns were called to impart the last rites.

ART has two constant unending preoccupations; it is always meditating upon death and it is always creating life." That description of an imaginary death helped to remove the stoppages to creative writing of a lifetime. If the memoir "Places of My Infancy" was a forerunner to his one complete novel, the single chapter of *The Blind Kittens* was the beginning of a sequel, and the story "The Professor and The Mermaid" was an attempt in some unresolved way at summing up.

The plot of the new novel, as described to his wife and his adopted son, was to be about the descendants of the new rich of 1860, the Sedàras of the novel here transposed to the area of Agrigento and renamed Ibba. The novel was to trace how for the hundred years since 1860 these Ibbas had been trying to get themselves accepted by the noble world of Sicily; and when they finally succeeded by a marriage due to war, they were just in time to join the old landowners in having their riches swept away from them by the land reforms of the late 1950s. According to the author's widow, this first chapter was meant as an introduction into the ambience of the hero; he was to be a son of Ibba's, a fascist, and the "blind kittens" were to be the Sicilian landed bourgeoisie and profiteers who stumbled into fascism and later into the agrarian reforms. The theme of the book would have been quite different from that of *The Leopard*. The rather macabre title referred to creatures "born into a world," as E. M. Forster writes of this story, "to which they are blind and in which they will perish." Death wish apart, this theme of social aspiration is perennial in all literatures, but in Sicily feudalism and its effects on social life lasted longer than anywhere else in Western Europe. The theme of social change, its impact on a noble family, the arrival of new men and their destruction by the Furies has been a theme of every major Sicilian novelist, notably Verga, de Roberto, and even Pirandello. The influence of 1860 in one way or another can be traced in nearly all later Sicilian writers from Brancati to Sciascia. That date is a kind of obsessive touchstone in Sicily; and here, in this only chapter of *The Blind Kittens*, we have a potent whiff of its aftermath. The opening is set in a country place near Agrigento, probably not far from Palma di Montechiaro, for some of the former Tomasi properties thereabouts are mentioned by name. The Ibbas' story and the comic yet touching scene of nobles on the wane discussing it at what is presumably the Bellini Club in Palermo are powerful enough to stand as writing on their own. They also have a more direct quality than anything else he wrote and might have foreshadowed his future development. They give us a last glimpse of what a novelist was lost by Lampedusa's death.

More autobiographical, for all its apparent fantasy, is the last and most elaborate tale, "The Professor and the Mermaid," written for a bet, according to the author's widow, and "after he had reread Wells' 'The Sea Lady.' 'I will rewrite it differently,' he told me then. This explains the slightly bookish choice of theme." It opens with the familiar scene of an aged litterateur, Professor La Ciura, talking in a café to a young Sicilian who turns out to be the last Corbera of Salina, and so the modern descendant of Don Fabrizio. A recording exists of the author reading this story; it has only been heard once, so far as is known, and is now somewhere in the great warren of Palazzo Mazzarino. This must be fascinating to listen to, for the famous and world-weary old classical scholar is clearly another partial projection of the author himself, another facet of Don Fabrizio, a composite of all the Don Maria Fabrizios watching their own ruin. The siren Lighea in the story is another expression of their *soif de l'absolu*, like the star Venus waiting for Don Fabrizio after the ball or the young woman in the brown traveling dress who came to him at the moment of death. Lighea's solemn chant about herself as the ultimate mediatrix, those caverns of hers beneath the sea, reminiscent though they are of D'Annunzio's aesthetic or the Mona Lisa whom Pater saw as "older than the rocks among which she sits," surely draw their power from a spiritual reality described in the Book of Wisdom: "From the beginning, and before the world, was I created and unto the world to come I shall not cease to be, and in the holy dwelling place I have ministered before him."

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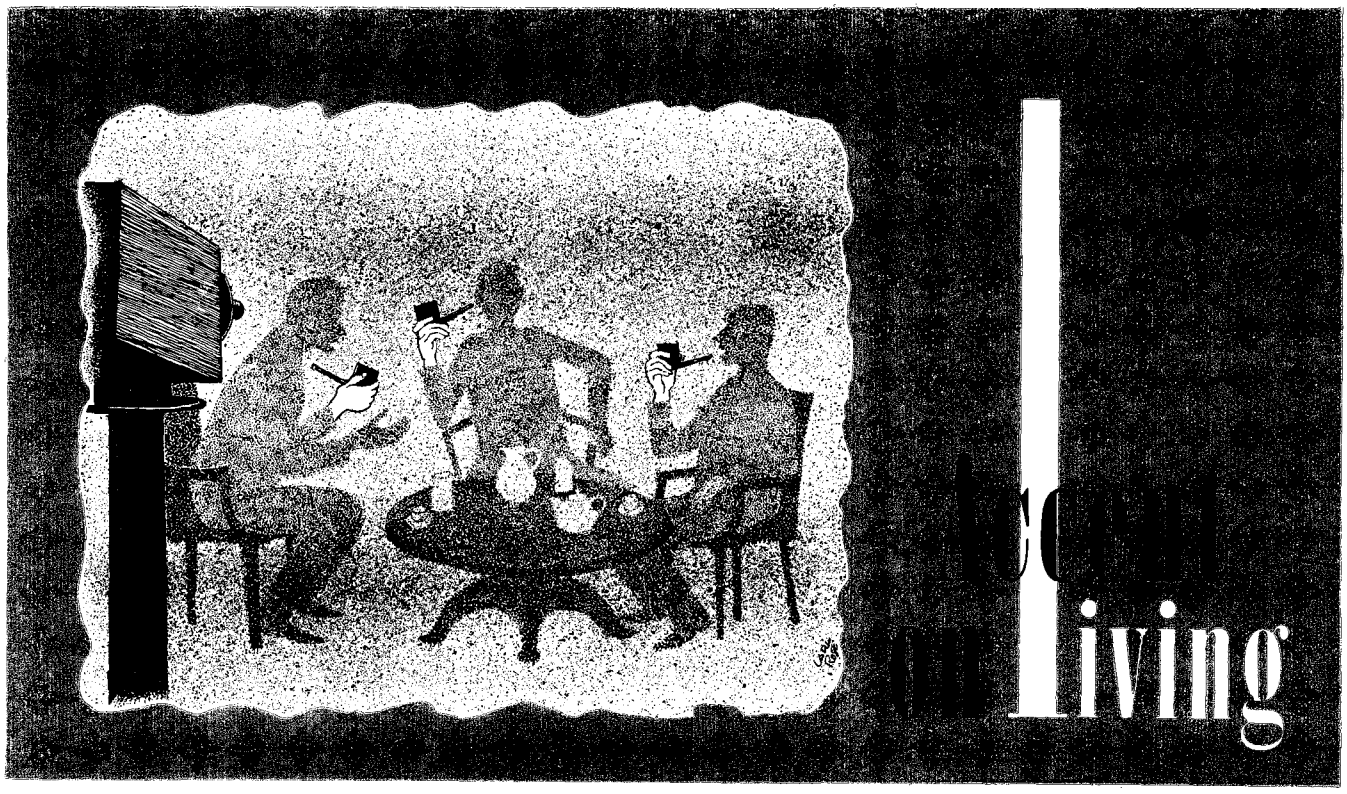

WATCH THEIR SMOKE

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

The four members of the discussion panel have been duly presented to the television audience. They relax in their leather armchairs. A clublike atmosphere, or what TV producers imagine to be a clublike atmosphere, is being attempted; there are side tables with ashtrays and tall glasses. Water? Whiskey? Cold tea? Even a painting, of impressive dimensions — a genuine Gimbel, no doubt — is dimly visible in the background.

The moderator is a veritable Grand Old Man of panel shows, but he is all humility as he takes up the business at hand. The humility bit makes everyone regard the panel members as much bigger shots than they really are. "Let me kick off the discussion," he begins — the opening or beginning of anything today is a kickoff and not an opening or beginning — "let me kick off the discussion by asking Professor Doakes to tell us why he is *against* compulsory seat belts."

Even such an old classroom hand as Professor Doakes is too flustered at his kickoff role to make a direct reply. He takes refuge in the words which have staved off many a gulp and stammer for panel discussants: "What I want to say is this —"

Now, the listener may wish to hear, reasonably enough, what it is that Professor Doakes wants to say, although he may wonder why in the world Doakes doesn't go ahead and say it instead of first affirming his desire to do so. But just as Doakes, on whom the camera has focused hopefully, is about to say it, he vanishes altogether from our view in a billow of smoke.

The smoke cloud, exaggerated perhaps by the peculiarities of studio lighting, is so dense that the viewer's first thought is of calamity. It would not be surprising if a heavy curtain marked "Asbestos" were lowered or alarm gongs and sirens were touched off. Fire!

These impressions tend to distract us from what Professor Doakes had said he wanted to say and is now saying, so it is with astonishment and relief that we see, when the camera shifts to the next chair, that the source of the conflagration is no more than panel member Merlin Zigler in the act of lighting his cigar. "What I would like to say (puff-puff) in reply to Professor Doakes," says panelist Zigler (puff-puff-puff), "is simply this —"

Meanwhile, the rest of the panel is getting into the spirit of the debate. Number Three extends a mannerly light to Panelist Four before disappearing behind a smoke screen of his own. Professor Doakes, caught napping at the kickoff, now breaks out a massive curved-stem pipe which he charges and fires up. From here on, the evening belongs to Doakes.

Doakes, as it happens, is a round-faced, young-looking chap; in fact, "baby-faced" is the first term that comes to mind when he reappears from behind his smoke cloud. Like all pipes, his quickly goes out, but he continues to fondle it and hold it up and look at it and wave it about. So great is the incongruity between his appearance of immaturity and his outsize pipe that even the studio engineers are fascinated; they keep the camera on him even while someone else is doing the talking. We see Doakes, who obviously regards his pipe as a powerful totem, staring at it as if finding some mysterious guidance in its nearness.

There has been an attempt of late to revive, in TV commercials, a once famous pipe tobacco. It was an uphill pull, for all the valuable words — richer, milder, smoother, finer, fresher, cleaner — are already just about exhausted by the cigarette trade. What the pipe tobacco crowd needs is a dedicated fetishist or totemist like Doakes and more panel discussion shows.

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The Irish Pub

BY WILLIAM BITTNER

WILLIAM BITTNER, *who now lives in Dublin, is the author of the recently published* POE: A BIOGRAPHY. *He has contributed to the* ATLANTIC *and other magazines.*

The Englishman's pub is his club, but the Irishman's pub is much more than that. It can be his office, his mailing address, his social headquarters, so much his place of resort that the house on which he pays rent or taxes and where he occasionally calls on his wife and children can be called his home away from the pub. Indeed, it was only after I had left Dublin for the first time that it dawned on me that I did not know the address of any of my Irish friends. Some I met almost daily, but on parting, it was always, "I'll be at the Horse at half eight," a statement which can be translated literally, "I shall be at the White Horse Inn, on George's Quay, at eight thirty in the evening," but which really means that some time after nine o'clock my friend could be found sitting in the corner of the upstairs lounge, between the picture of the hurling match and the one of the dog race, a whiskey in front of him, a crowd around him, singing or telling stories. That is, unless he decided in the meantime to go to Glenties or the Aran Islands. Time does not mean much in Ireland.

There are pubs and pubs and pubs. Some, like Davy Byrne's on Duke Street, a favorite haunt of Michael Collins when he was forming the Free State government in 1920 and immortalized by the visit and consumption of one Gorgonzola sandwich and a glass of Burgundy on June 16, 1904, by one Leopold Bloom, as described in James Joyce's *Ulysses*, have become glossy cocktail bars hardly distinguishable from those one might find in New York. Why, some no longer have a pump for the stout, but sell Guinness only in the bottle! But they never serve it with the ill will one might encounter when asking for a beer in a Madison Avenue cocktail lounge, and the price will be the same as in any other pub. Furthermore, tipping at the bar is rarely customary, although if a man does hand a few coins to the bartender (never to the proprietor) he will be tolerated as a "quare one" and accepted as "some kind of foreigner." If he leaves change at the bar, he will be called back for it.

The Dubliners themselves have trouble classifying the pubs of their city. Some are especially referred to as "singing pubs," in contrast to those prominently displaying signs, "No Singing Allowed." But last St. Patrick's Day the Canadian Broadcasting Company offered a program of pub stories and songs, some of which were recorded right under the sign forbidding them — I know because I joined in the chorus — and a few nights later in the same room I watched a prominent literary figure dance a four-handed reel with a lady from an adjoining table. Another system of classification is to divide the pubs on the line of the River Liffey, which bisects Dublin. North Dublin pubs are supposed to be more — well, I cannot say humble, for they are proud enough to scold Brendan Behan for spending too much time in south Dublin. Nor can I say cheap, for the prices are, give or take a penny, the same all over Ireland, and moans of anguish

still fill the air over the new budget that last May put stout up a penny in the pint and the small whiskey up tuppence. But there is a more casual, a greater elbow-rubbing quality in the pubs of north Dublin.

What the visitor need beware is taking too much account of external appearances. Dublin is an old, coal-burning city, and anyone who shies away from a public house because it looks as dirty as a waterfront dive had better drink in the cocktail lounges of the Shelbourne or Gresham, wait for the Hilton to be built, or simply stay at home. American-type bars are for drinking, but the Dublin pubs are for talk and song. They are places in which to listen.

A man can start out at seven thirty in the morning, when the market and dock pubs open, and with the exception of the "holy hour" — half two to half three — keep at it until eleven thirty at night, his head reeling with wit, his mind muddled with wondering how much he heard was true, drunk with talk and staggered with song; and never a headache will he have next morning. Oh, drink is sold in the pubs, all right: stout made from the pure water of the upper Liffey (by the time the river gets past the Guinness works it is nearly the color of their finished product, but I understand it has a different taste), unadulterated malt whiskey, Cork gin, very nearly whatever a man wants; but how much he consumes is his own business.

Two things seem to confuse visitors to Ireland and Great Britain more than anything else in regard to the public houses: the licensed hours, and division of the house into two or three rooms. Licensed hours are a fairly recent thing; they resulted from the Defence of the Realm Act of World War I. From my experience in England, if you want a drink the pubs have either just closed or are not open yet. In Ireland the hours are constantly being liberalized; but except for the early-opening pubs, as in market regions, where the workers' hours differ from those of most people, pubs are open weekdays from ten thirty in the morning until two thirty in the afternoon and from three thirty to eleven thirty, and on Sundays from twelve thirty to two and from four to ten. Hours are a bit shorter in the winter. The typical Dublin pub has three rooms: the public bar, the "snug," and the lounge. Except for rubbing elbows with the earthy — but very polite — dockers or market women in the public bar of an early-opening house, the visitor will find most fascinating the lounge, which is often up one flight and entered by a side door.

There are so many pubs in Dublin that no one could know them all, but I have never been in an uninteresting one, nor have I been in one, however rough-looking, where I did not receive the courtesy I offered, and a bit to boot. Indeed, a snub will call forth wit rather than curses. A very straitlaced schoolboy looking for a change entered a lounge bar one day while I was being enter-

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tained by a storyteller who not only was an enthusiastic speaker of Gaelic, but who had also had a bit more than was enough. With a slight wobble he started addressing the boy in Gaelic, and when sentence after sentence got no response, even though the boy surely understood

him — everyone under thirty has had to study the language in school — my rocky-looking friend began talking about the boy in Gaelic as if he did not understand, and that was so good a joke even the boy, sporting his Pioneers (temperance) badge, joined in the laughter. I was the only one left out; I do not speak the Irish language.

If the visitor walks west from Nelson's Pillar on O'Connell Street, the widest in Dublin, he will come to Moore Street, where every morning large, blowsy women, the sharpest tongued of whom is the Queen of Moore Street Market, roll their barrows along the curb to sell vegetables, fruit, and any number of other things. Halfway up the street, on the left-hand side, is Jerry O'Dwyer's, a pub built on one level. There is but one door, so you have to pass through the public bar, where the market women come in for their morning pint, to get back through the snug to the lounge. In the morning there is not likely to be much going on back there, so it is best to return to the public bar and listen to the women. It takes a while to get used to the Dublin accent, but it is worth it; one "Bloomsday" two literary heavyweights following the routes of Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom became so fascinated by the talk of some Dublin harpies that they dropped out of the pilgrimage altogether.

But in the evening, I prefer to cross the Liffey at O'Connell Bridge, turn left, and work my way up Burgh Quay. Mingled with "Wimpy" stands and "Fun Palaces," plus the editorial and printing offices of the *Irish Press* (pubs close to newspaper offices are the best hunting ground for literati), are three of Dublin's most traditional pubs. True, the oldest one in Dublin is the Brazen Head, a singing pub on Lower Bridge Street, opposite the law courts, but it reminds me a bit too much of a Greenwich Village poetry and jazz cellar. Stop in, instead, at the Crystal Bar, lounge entrance down a passage, where, if asked, they will show a visitor Daniel O'Connell's favorite whiskey glass. I am afraid my response to the cup of the "Uncrowned King of Ireland" was a bit flippant. "Served larger drinks in those days, didn't they?" was all I could think of to say. There are no relics to speak of at the Scotch House next door, but there are more bars and sub-bars, linked by an intricate system of serving windows and side doors, than I have ever been able to explore.

To finish the evening, however, there is but one place for me, the White Horse Inn. The lounge entrance is around the side, on Corn Exchange Place; it is difficult to see the faded sign, "Visit Our Luxurious Lounge." Luxurious it is not, but homey it certainly is. A long-gone itinerant painter decorated the walls years ago with murals that slyly satirize the press, whose members form the basic clientele of the place. Along the right wall is a history of journalism, from Stone Age carving through the Egyptians to the invention of the printing press. Around the far wall are portrayed a hurling match, a dog race, a horse race, and a football match, all complete with photographers and reporters. At the hurling, two photographers are recording a player giving another a bloody nose, while the reporters sit at a table, one upright (obviously a Pioneer), one slumping, and another passed out entirely. Over the fireplace is the O'Connell coat of arms, and opposite, the proprietor, Michael O'Connell, is shown being interviewed at the dedication of the Limerick Monument.

These pictures, primitive as they seem when one first sets eyes on them, grow in effect; and the clientele of the White Horse fascinates from the first moment. Why go up to the Abbey to see a play when it is possible to experience the delightful charm Brendan Behan has exercised on everyone I have seen him encounter at the Horse. The "No Singing Allowed" sign is over the fireplace, but no one objects if Benedict Kiely softly intones the song from which he took the title of his latest novel, *The Captain With the Whiskers*. I suppose I like this pub best because it is the one I know best. There is no place where one can find all the literary, theatrical, musical, or just plain amusing characters of Dublin, nor do any of them go just to one pub. But if, while eschewing none that catches his eye, the visitor can concentrate on one, even for a few days or a week, he will, like the

THE *NEW YORKER* TALE

BY ERNEST EARNEST

I fled it down drab nights and endless days;
  I fled it down the archness of the ads;
I fled it down the labyrinthine ways
  Of urban mind, and in the midst of fads
I shrank from it, and under running patter
    Of little feet I sped
    From childhood recollections,
Adown Drambuie glooms of glamoured haze,
  From the patched eye that headed chatter,
    But with unhurrying pace
    Between froufrou and lace
  Deliberate sneer, majestic trivialness
    It beat — and did repeat,
    Mid pictured cognac neat,
  All things are futile, why read me?

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Irish, have found a place that is his.

There are more subtle peculiarities to understand than licensed hours and choosing which door to go in, as the visitor to Dublin will find after a while. Most of these are due, however, to the everyday habits of the Irish, and the stranger may vary them as he pleases and be just as welcome. Very few Irish couples go to pubs together. There is no taboo against taking one's wife to the pub, but Irish wives, as a rule, stay at home with the children while their husbands live relatively independent lives. The conflict between this custom and American togetherness is what inspired the comic strip "Maggie and Jiggs." When you enter a pub, as when you leave it, it is proper to greet anyone you have seen before, especially the bartender. Speak to anyone you please. You will find that the Irish will call you by your first name quicker — and with more sincerity — than an insurance agent. If you sit or stand at the bar with someone you have so much as had a friendly conversation with before, he will ask, "What are you drinking?", and you should not refuse — but next round *you* are expected to buy. This can lead to a dangerous accumulation of alcohol, but you can stop any time the score is even or by announcing at the beginning, "I'll just have one." It is a great deal more polite to accept and not reciprocate than to refuse and then buy one for yourself, but all things are possible with a polite explanation.

The Irish have — unjustly, I think — been referred to as a drunken race. But near the top of O'Connell Street — named after him of the famous glass — stands a monument to Father Mathew, apostle of Irish temperance; and although there are alcoholics, they are much less in evidence than in New York. True, the prevalence of pubs makes Third Avenue seem an arid region by comparison, but the pub serves a multitude of purposes that only a few "Irish bars" in New York even attempt. If I am looking for someone in Dublin, I know I can find him in his pub, eventually. But I know from frequent experience he cannot always be found in his pub. He may be in Sligo, or perhaps even (the heavens protect him) up in Belfast. He may even be at home, wherever that is. But if I visit the pub, *someone* will be there. What more can I ask?

The Telltale Art

BY MARGARET BENNETT

For some time now I've been wandering through modern art galleries trying to appreciate what our contemporary painters are doing. I have gazed upon room after room full of

and and

I have stood respectfully before canvases described by informed critics as "the thrust of a jagged knife into the flab of our society" or as "an allegorical exemplification of freedom transcending the restrictions of humanity."

I have searched for what I was supposed to see with the earnestness of a school girl in the Uffizi. When I have failed to see it, I have assumed a humble attitude.

Recently, however, I've learned by word of mouth, and in occasional newspaper items, that many of these paintings, which look as if they could have been painted by chimpanzees, five-year-old children, or extremely untalented adults, actually *were* painted by chimpanzees, five-year-old children, and extremely untalented adults. Experts and laymen alike have been taken in by these hoaxes.

Knowing this, upon entering an art gallery I am now overcome by a feeling of disquietude. I hardly know how to behave. If I appreciate and comment favorably, I may be made a laughingstock when the truth is out. If I scorn, I may be insulting the masterpiece of the artistic genius of the century.

After putting much thought to the problem, I have evolved a practical plan for the protection of the amateur viewer.

As I understand it, practitioners of abstract art have selected this mode of painting because it enables them to convey complex expressions of truth, freedom, and perfection. Some of them have, in fact, mastered representational art, found it lacking, rejected it, and gone on to a higher plane. Fine. I accept that. I am willing to appreciate their work with every fiber of my being. First, however, I want proof that the rest of them have gone through this period of mastery and rejection.

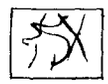
My idea, then, is this: at every exhibit of an abstract artist, there should appear three compulsory representational canvases.

The first should be a human figure with all of its fingers and toes. I would here allow the artist the latitude of the choice of sex and state of undress, but I would insist upon the fingers and toes. I understand that they are quite difficult to draw.

Next, there should be a still life consisting of a wine bottle, a scarf, and a bowl filled with the artist's preference in fruit. A fly or bee on one of the pieces of fruit would be a welcome addition, though not mandatory.

The third canvas should be a cow standing under an apple tree in full blossom. Of course, a sheep or some other pastoral animal would be an acceptable substitute for the cow.

A quick glance at these three paintings would allow the viewer to assess the artist's mastery of his medium. He could then go on to enjoy the

 , , or

in a relaxed frame of mind.

These required pictures would have the additional benefit of helping the visitor to an exhibit adjust his appreciation to the proper level. If the artist draws a damned fine toe or banana or cow, it stands to reason that his

will also be well executed.

Then, too, people who don't like abstract art and have no intention of playing the game could have something to look at when friends drag them to exhibits.

I cannot see any possible objection to this plan from a serious, talented artist. After all, he needs only to paint these pictures once. After that he can use them with any of his exhibitions. And, I can assure him that under this plan he will have more chances for exhibits, since galleries will have to give up showing the works of chimpanzees, five-year-olds, and untalented adults.

MARGARET BENNETT *is a writer of light articles who lives in North Hollywood, California. This marks her second appearance in Accent on Living.*

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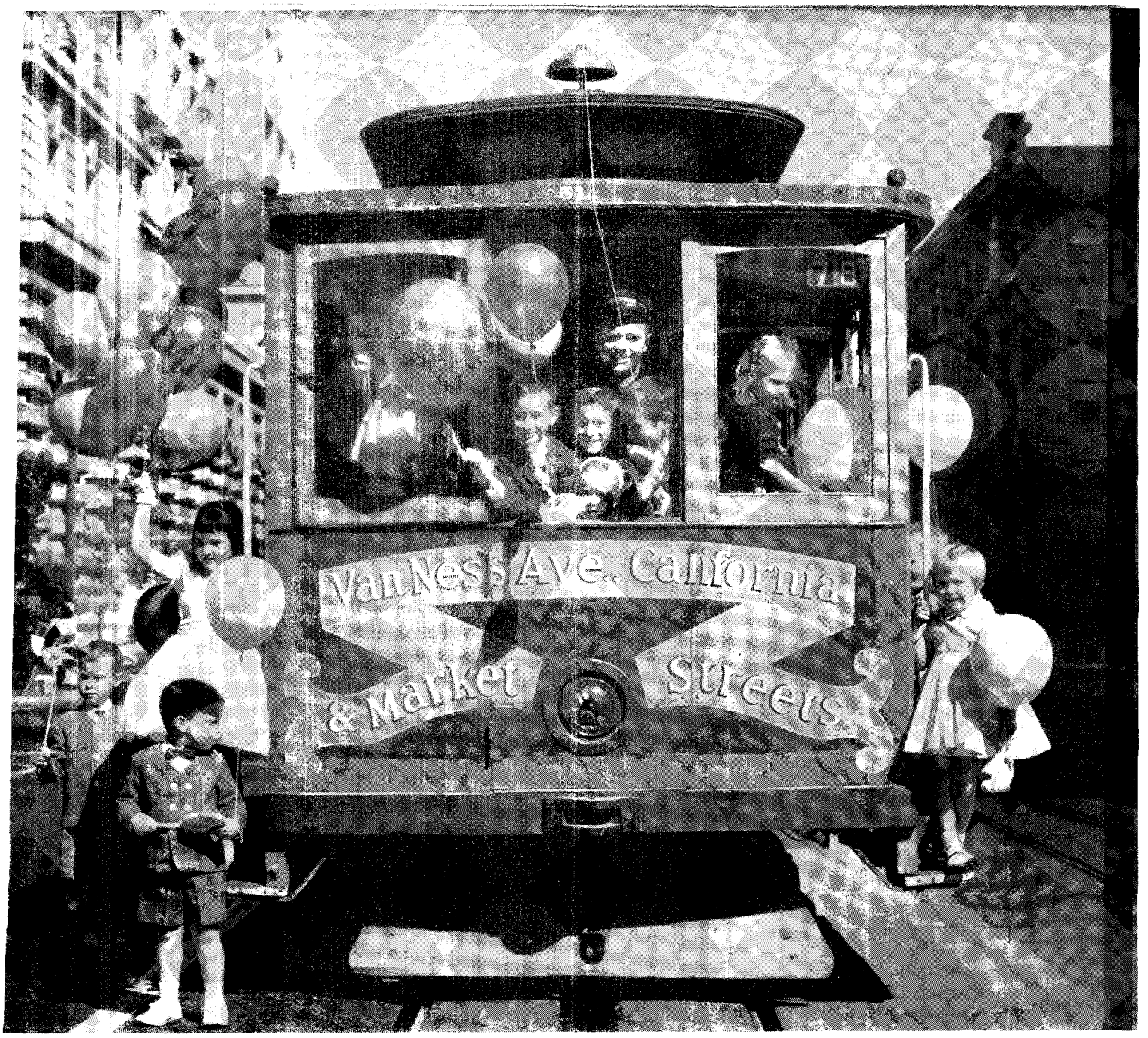

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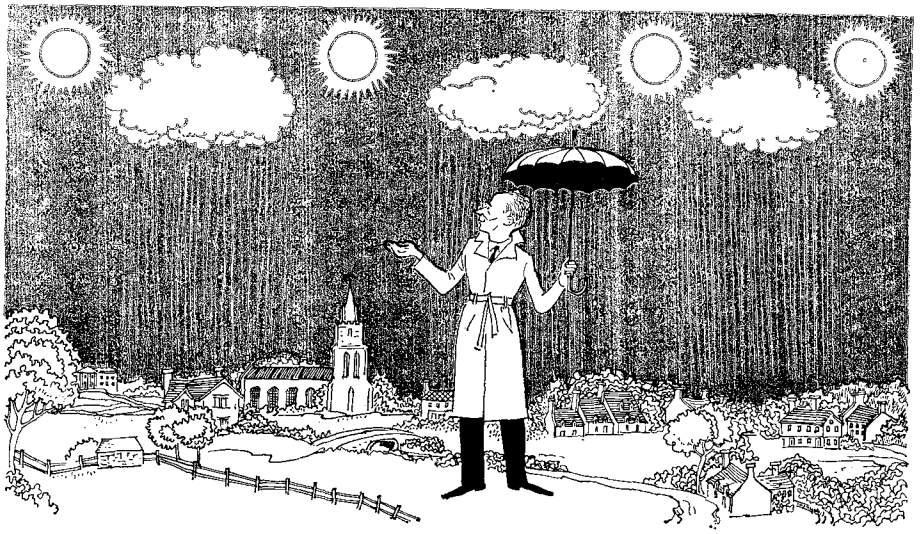
pleasures *and* places



ENGLAND

BY KEN W. PURDY

I moved to England a year ago armed with a good resolution. I was determined not to become a ninety-day expert. I would spurn the opportunity to pose as an authority on British attitudes, morals, intellectual trends, and intentions concerning the Common Market. I have held to this resolution. Regretfully I declined the use of the title suggested by a New York publisher: *My Romance With England — In Letter and in Verse.*

However, I *have* remarked a few aspects of life in Britain so notably at variance with common American beliefs that they may be worth setting down. I shall state some of these beliefs and follow them with pertinent experiences.

ITEM: The British are slow and inefficient, and you can't get anything done.

My wife and my daughter and I staggered down the *Queen Mary's* gangplank at Southampton officially custodians of twenty-six pieces of luggage, evidence not of affluence but of departure too hasty to allow proper packing. Nine were wooden crates of some size. A young pink-faced porter took us in charge. He was diligent, efficient, pleasant. We had to wait perhaps ten minutes for the attention of a customs officer. He looked serenely at the mountain of debris on his counter, overcoats in plastic bags, straw baskets full of books and magazines. I told him that, regrettably, I was unable to assemble everything directly before him, because of the crates, which were somewhat scattered. And what, he asked, might be in the crates? I pointed to the nearest one, holding an electric typewriter. On the other hand, I said, that big one across the way, the six-foot-high one, contained five crossbows and a sufficient supply of quarrels, or arrows; four of the crates held books; and so on.

"If you would be so good, sir," the customs official said, "as to conduct me on a tour of the shed and point out to me the various parcels." As we came to each piece he marked it with his blue chalk. Not a lid was lifted. When we returned to the counter, he spoke to another passenger who was waiting. He waved graciously toward my pile of impedimenta on the counter.

"In a moment, madam," he said, "there will be space enough here to drive a pantechnicon through."

He smiled, to ensure I understood his attitude was ironic, not sarcastic. He had been with me perhaps five minutes. From my point of view the operation had been a marvel of politeness. From his point of view it had been completely efficient, and his estimate of me as a nonsmuggler was wholly correct: in the entire lot of twenty-six pieces there wasn't five cents' worth of contraband.

A representative of British Railways took perhaps six minutes to arrange shipment of the heavy stuff to my house in Kent. The porter stowed the rest in, around, and on top of the car I had hired in advance. I knew approximately what I should give the porter, but it suddenly occurred to me that he was too good to be real, and I told him I had no idea. I asked him to tell me what he thought would be proper. He named a figure I considered absurd, lower standard of living or no lower standard of living. My memory is faulty, but I think it was five shillings, or seventy cents. At any rate it was a sum which, offered to a New York porter for handling twenty-six pieces, would have put me in danger of dismemberment. I gave it to him, and 50 percent more, and my heartfelt thanks.

A gale off the French coast had made the *Mary* twenty-four hours late on that voyage. Information on her arrival had been sketchy. She docked around six in the evening, and the driver of my car had been waiting on the pier since two that morning. He was bright and cheerful. Our destination was a town a hundred miles away. The roads were dark and winding; the directions our driver's office had given him faulty. The trip took four hours. We found the house, in an obscure lane, and two doors down, the caretaker's house. This gentleman, whom we will think of for the rest of our lives as the inimitable Mr. Edwards, had waited for us until nine thirty. He returned and opened the place and brought in the luggage. We made tea and toast for the driver, who was cross-eyed with fatigue and obliged to return at once to Southampton. He was perfectly cheerful about it. "Mustn't grumble," he said, as he bored off into the night. (It's a phrase one hears frequently in England: "Mustn't grumble." And another: "Not to worry." For example, one tells the laundry-truck driver that one has,

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for the third time, forgotten to make a list. "Ah, well, not to worry," he says.)

ITEM: The British used to be courteous, but they aren't anymore.

As an English waiter places a dish before a customer he says "Thank you." He also says "Thank you" as he removes it. A minor commercial transaction, the purchase of a loaf of bread or a shilling's worth of postcards, involves six *thank you's:* the customer is thanked when he gives the order, when he hands over the money, and when he receives the package; and, of course, he replies each time.

Coming down from London late one night, I was in a first-class compartment with two couples and a man, all in their middle thirties and all acquainted. An engine drivers' slowdown strike was in progress, and the train was making what I judged to be about seventeen miles an hour. The prospect was dreary. The others began to denounce the working classes in general, and engine drivers in particular. They seemed remarkably bloody-minded. One was for instant induction into the armed forces. Another was for dismissal and blacklisting. The third favored decimation.

"That's it!" he said. "Line 'em up and shoot every tenth one of the beggars. That would put paid to it!"

There was a murmur of agreement, and then someone suggested that it was a bit stuffy. The decimator-elect was nearest the window. He asked the other man's wife if she would mind. She said, not at all, actually. He asked his own wife. She was in favor. He asked the man opposite him, who had in fact made the suggestion. He voted in the affirmative. He asked the third man. Quite. There came now a distinct pause. After all, I was seated farthest from the window. I had said no word, but I was obviously an American or something of that sort. (I was still wearing an American-made, off-the-peg suit, which to an Englishman of a certain class appears to be of red serge.) Still, there was no way out. I was present, and I had to be consulted.

"I beg your pardon, sir," the would-be scourge of the engine drivers said. "Would you mind terribly if I opened the window a bit?"

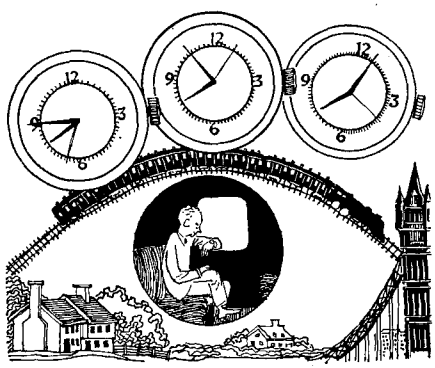
"By all means," I said.

He dropped it two inches and sank back into his seat.

"Yes, by God!" he said. "That's what we ought to do — decimate the lot of them!"

ITEM: The typical Englishman would die rather than strike up a conversation with a stranger.

The English may be diffident with each other, but a lively sense of hospitality and innate politeness lead them easily enough into conversation with strangers. During one train journey an Englishman of ma-



ture years offered me a conversational gambit, having clearly recognized me as American or Canadian. We were joined by another man of about the same age as the first, say sixty-something. Both men were knowledgeable, well read, informed, widely traveled, and fascinating. One was a retired major general; the other was head of a pharmaceutical house. They enjoyed each other, and at the same time made ingenious efforts to please me. The major general got off at my stop. He said to me, wistfully, I thought, "You know, I've seen that chap on the train for years, but we never spoke before."

ITEM: The British are devoted to bleakness and austerity.

True, they send their sons to schools boasting of cold showers at five in the morning in the dead of winter, but the young aren't *meant* to be comfortable. The mature Briton, on the other hand, is deeply concerned with comfort and is expert in obtaining it.

The first-class railway compartment, capacity six voyagers, is a case in point. I am assured that the carriages in use today are cattle cars compared with the best of the prewar period, but I find them delightful. Going up to London on the 9:09 out of Etchingham once a week or so, I occasionally spare a sympathetic thought for my friends habituated to the 8:57 for New York out of Wilton, Connecticut. The distance is about the same, and British Railways, like the New York, New Haven & Hartford, runs the engine in front. The similarity ends there.

The compartment has arm rests; ashtrays (a red triangle on the door signifies a nonsmoker); a wide baggage rack and a narrow one, for umbrellas and the like, under it; reading lamps; a small sign on the wood-paneled wall naming the wood, usually exotic; and adjustable seats. One car away is the buffet, where one can have a cup of coffee or tea, or eggs with ham or bacon and a pint of stout, if that is one's pleasure.

Because I had heard that British trains had become unpunctual *since nationalization, I occasionally* checked arrival and departure times. I do not claim this as a national standard, but, slowdown strikes excepted, the worst that I have noted so far has been a 45-second lateness in arriving in London. A country-squire type in the compartment with me on that day (it is a rarity to have more than three people in the compartment in the morning, and quite often one is alone) was not pleased. He had taken his watch out of his pocket as we passed Waterloo Station, and when the train came full stop at Charing Cross he looked up and said, "Hah! Damned near a full minute!" Clearly it had just been brought home that once more the welfare state had brutalized him.

It is a cliché of clichés, but the common pub is one of the most comforting devices man has originated. It is incredible, and depressing, that the pub, that combination of bar, club, and restaurant, should be totally unknown in the United States. The wineshop, where one may buy fine wines by the glass, is another delight, and I know a bar that serves champagne in tankards, not in fragile stemware.

The Briton's determination to be comfortable is clear in his mode of dress. Aside from certain rigidly governed strata of society, typically the City businessman and the Guards officer off-duty, both of whom wear what might be termed a mufti uniform, the Englishman dresses for comfort. Observing an audience at the Theater Royal in Brighton, some of the men in dinner jackets and some dressed as if for a hike on the beach, some of the women in silk and some in twenty-year-old tweeds, my wife remarked,

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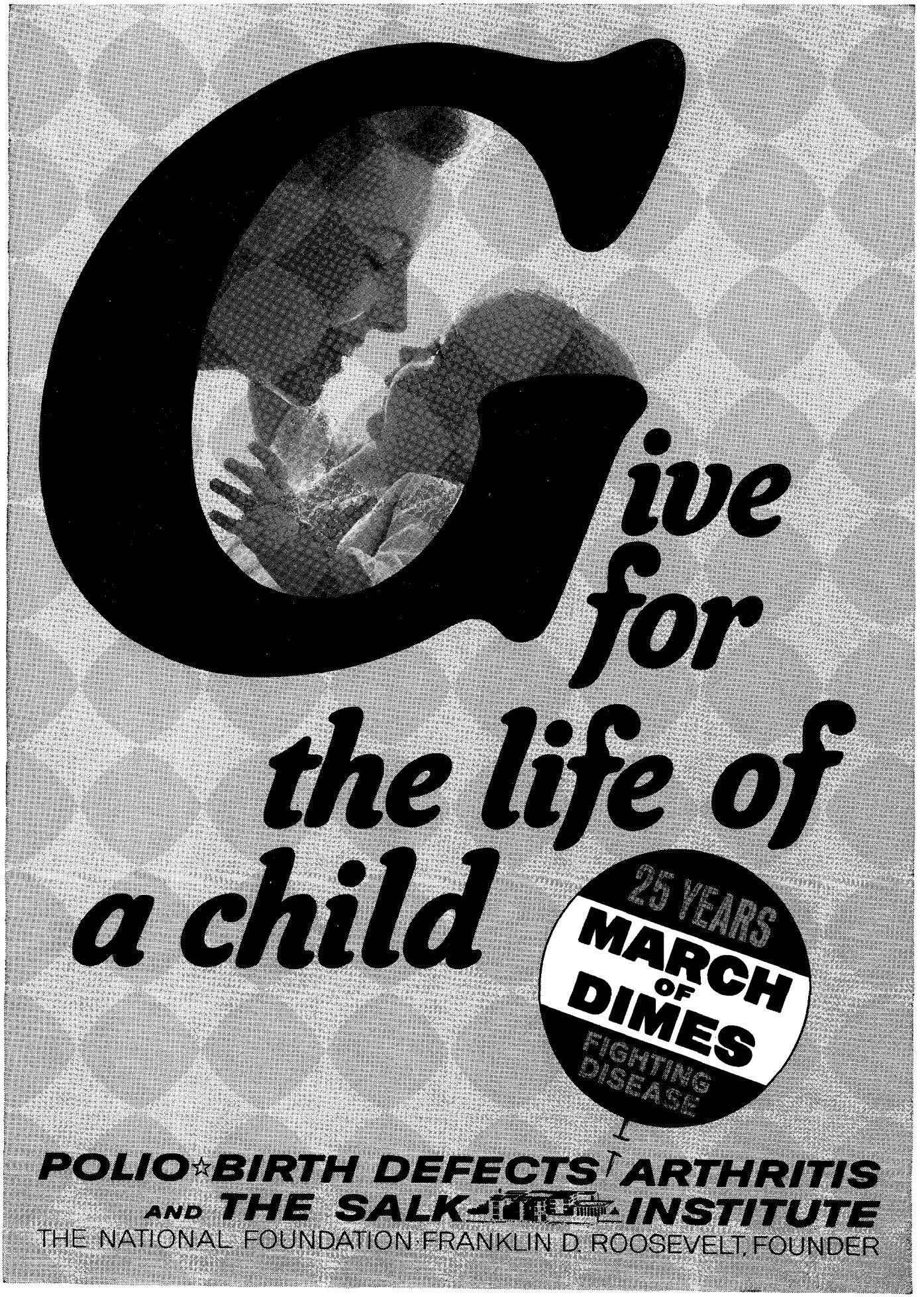

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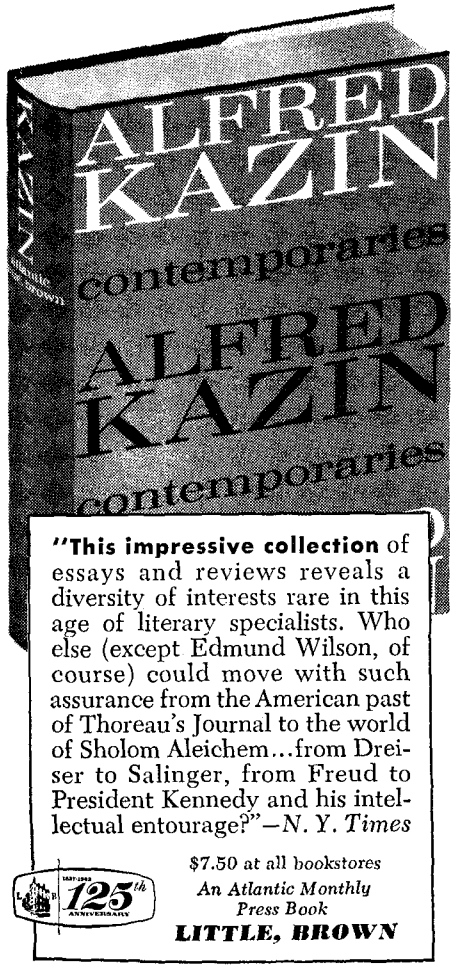

"These people are wholly unconcerned with what the public thinks; they know that they are the public."

One is often reminded of the doggerel:

> The Norwegians live in Norway,
> The Romans live in Rome;
> The Turks they live in Turkey
> But the British live at home.

ITEM: British food is dreadful.

British food is certainly not as bad as it is said to be, excepting food in the cheaper kind of restaurants. A really cheap restaurant in England, something on the level of a Nedick's, can be unspeakable, dreadful. A good restaurant will offer food plain but appetizing enough, if wholly unimaginative, and a superior one, usually French, Italian, or Chinese, will present a cuisine good to excellent. One need not expect to find the typically rewarding, even enchanting "little restaurant" of France, however. British chefs do best with fish and with roast meats. Their desserts are the worst in the Western world. The British know nothing about desserts, plum pudding excepted. They are not very keen on desserts, which they call "sweets" (also the generic term for candy). They may end a meal with a "savoury," which can be Welsh rabbit or mushrooms or sardines on toast. Or with cheese. Or with walnuts and port ("Clockwise, sir! Clockwise!").

ITEM: British weather is horrible.

The winter of 1961–1962 was held to be a terrible one. On two or three occasions, in Scotland and the north of England, snowfalls actually blocked the roads, and there were heavy snowfalls around London. There were two snowfalls in Kent, one of which was several hours in melting. It rained a good deal, and the temperature on occasion fell to around 40 degrees Fahrenheit. When Mr. Edwards came in every morning to see to the fireplace, he was likely to say, "*Not* a very nice day, zur. Horrible weather, this. Can't understand it." Still, in mid-February I could wander around the grounds in a flannel shirt, looking at daffodils four inches high. I wondered, then, how American weather seemed to the Englishman who had my house in Connecticut, as he looked out at seventeen inches of snow on the level.

I like English weather. Even in that notorious winter I did not encounter the dread bone-chilling, penetrating British damp. It rains often in England — how else could the country be so lush and green? — but nine times in ten the rain seems light, drifting, misty. One can walk in it with indifference. It is soon over. I have driven through three rainstorms in nine miles.

The weather changes frequently, adding to its interest. On one day in April in Hawkhurst, Kent, there were five separate periods of blue sky and sunshine; it rained three times; and there was a brief but brisk fall of hailstones as big as peas.

Summer evenings in England are delightful. It is still quite light at nine thirty and not wholly dark at ten.

I should emphasize that when I speak about British weather I am speaking only of what I know — Kent and Sussex, held by some to be the loveliest counties in England. If I had spent six months under the smoky sky of Manchester I would have a different opinion.

ITEM: Great Britain is in decadence and will never recover a dominant position in Europe or the world.

Perhaps. I would not care to venture a large wager in support of the proposition, however. The British political scene is difficult of assay. British conservatives are not as reactionary as their American counterparts. They can accept notions thought madly radical a short time ago: the Common Market, decimal coinage in place of the quaint, sacred pounds, shillings, and pence, a cross-Channel bridge or tunnel, and, *mirabile dictu*, driving on the right-hand side of the road. All of these things will come to pass. It is a cliché to say that British leftists, while determined, are never as radical as they look. Many, I daresay, are at one with the engine-driver-decimator-elect who would not open the window without my leave. Meanwhile, the whole mass moves on, slowly but implacably.

From a field I know better than I know some others, I will cite an example that may be pertinent.

Automobile racing is an important sport in Europe — five million people used to watch the Mille Miglia races in Italy — and national rivalries are intense. Racing is commercially significant: race-winning sells automobiles abroad.

When racing resumed after World

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War II the British had nothing to drive. Neither had the Germans or the French. The Italians had a superior car, the Alfa-Romeo, and it won races. In 1947 a company called British Racing Motors was organized, and plans for a car were laid down. Time passed. The Italians kept on winning races. The BRM was designed, the engine tested. Another year. It was run on the track. Difficulties were encountered. In Italy Maserati cars were challenging the Alfa-Romeos, and the new Ferrari was fast and most formidable. The BRM was still not right, and vast amounts of money had been spent. The British public was asked to contribute. The car began to appear at an occasional race. It did badly. The engine blew up. Brakes failed. Cockpit heat literally blistered drivers' feet. The designers kept going back to the drawing boards.

The German Mercedes-Benz factory, flattened under saturation bombing, announced a return to racing and produced a car that was practically unbeatable from its first appearance onward. The BRM kept stumbling along. One long-heralded appearance was a short one: the car broke its drive shaft on the starting line. The other machines roared away, leaving the BRM, in the dark bottle-green British racing colors, sitting impotent and alone in front of the grandstand. The car's reputation was so bad that foreign crowds jeered when they saw it.

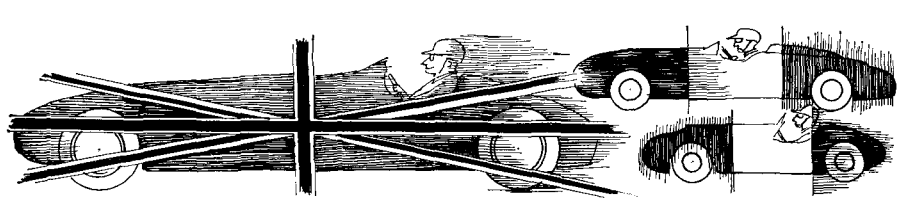
In 1961 the BRM suddenly began to go very fast, driven by an improbably good-looking, ramrod-straight, mustached guardsman-type named Graham Hill and by the American Ritchie Ginther. It won its first time out in 1962, although some said the victory was due more to Hill's virtuosity and daring than to the car's ability. But it won the next time as well, the important Grand Prix of Holland, and without requiring any heroics from Hill. The once-dominant Ferraris could get nowhere near it. Hill won the Grand Prix of Germany and of Italy, where Ginther took second place.

Meanwhile, two other British manufacturers, Cooper and Lotus, both having started operations in garages smaller than some American living rooms, had been winning important races. Indeed, in 1959 and 1960 the Australian driver Jack Brabham had won the championship of the world in Cooper cars. Cooper won the second race of 1962, the Grand Prix of Monaco, and Lotus the third, the Grand Prix of Belgium. Cooper, whose first cars had had rear-mounted engines, made this positioning so effective that front-engined cars fell hopelessly out of contention, and even the great Commendatore Enzo Ferrari had to redesign his machines hastily. The 1962 Lotus which won in Belgium was the most radical racing car in decades: it had no chassis or frame of any kind. In essence it was two long, stiff gas tanks, with an engine bolted on in the rear and a steering gear bolted to the front. It was very light, and the Ferrari drivers could not keep it in sight.

Suddenly it appeared that the stodgy, stick-in-the-mud British had the fastest cars, some of them remarkably advanced and radical in design, and the biggest pool of competent Grand Prix drivers, always very rare birds; of the sixteen who completed the 1961 season, nine were British, among them the incredible Stirling Moss, winner of more races than anyone else has ever won. The 1962 world championship was won by Graham Hill, and until the last race his closest challenger was Jim Clark, another Briton. The Manufacturer's championship was won by the British firm BRM. It was the old story: having lost a great many battles, the British were winning a war or two.

I was told of a crotchety retired naval officer who refused his housekeeper permission to burn a 1910 world map which showed the Empire in traditional red. "Nonsense," he told her. "It may be quite useful one day."

He will have to settle for less. But it may be, in its own terms, not a great deal less.



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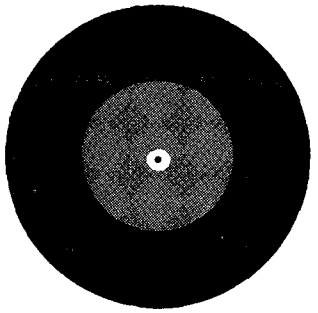

Record Reviews

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Beethoven: Sonata for Violin and Piano No. 8 in G Major, Opus 30, No. 3
Brahms: Sonata for Violin and Piano No. 1 in G Major, Opus 78
Henryk Szeryng, violinist, and Artur Rubinstein, pianist; RCA Victor LSC-2620 (stereo) and LM-2620

The noble and somewhat neglected art of the violin-piano sonata is receiving new impetus through a series of superb recordings by Henryk Szeryng and Artur Rubinstein. Here they undertake some rich and genial explorations of the key of G major. Without appearing in the least to be deferring to one another, they achieve a balance of tone and tension that is the essence of sonata playing. Encore, gentlemen.

Dukas: La Péri; The Sorcerer's Apprentice
Satie: Parade
Louis Frémaux conducting Monte Carlo Opera Orchestra; Deutsche Grammophon 138649 (stereo) and 18649

Just as the recent recording of Pablo Casals' White House concert had the more or less official blessing of the President and First Lady, so does this recording come with the imprimatur, "*Sous le haut patronage de S.A.S. le Prince Rainier III de Monaco*" — an endorsement presumably acquiesced in by *la Princesse Grace*. The record further bears the title: "Monte Carlo Concert Gala, Album I." Beneath these fancy trimmings lies a thoroughly delightful record of French music. Paul Dukas could make such magical orchestral sounds that one wonders why he published so little music. *The Sorcerer's Apprentice* everyone knows, but not in such an unhackneyed and suspenseful performance as this. *La Péri* is a "dance-poem for orchestra," preceded by a distinctive fanfare and filled with glistening and exquisite sounds. Erik Satie's *Parade* seems relatively dated and contrived, although its introduction of such sounds as a clacking typewriter made it terribly daring for its day. (It was first performed in 1917.) *Parade*, like the Dukas works, is played with polish and brightness by Louis Frémaux, a conductor who seems to know his business. And, to answer the one remaining question, the "S.A.S." in the Prince's title stands for "*Son Altesse Serenissime.*" Is there anybody around Washington, D. C., who can match *that?*

Ritorno all'Operetta
Franco Artioli, tenor; Romana Righetti, soprano; Elen Sedlak, soubrette; Elvio Calderoni, comico; with an orchestra conducted by Cesare Gallino; Vesuvius LP 1306 (monaural)

Nothing seems more unpromising than a record issued on an obscure label, with an unpretentious jacket containing scanty notes printed in a typewriter face, and devoted, of all things, to the singing of operetta songs by Lehar and others in Italian translations. But, wonder of wonders, the singing turns out to be smooth and lilting; the recording excellent in quality; and the songs sunny and sparkling in their Italian transplantation. Thus we have a charming, though all too brief, excerpt from *La Vedova Allegra* (otherwise, *The Merry Widow*) and selections from *Paganini* and *Frederica*, plus songs from the operettas of Paul Abraham and others. "Soubrette" and "comico" are the label designations for two amiable singers who specialize in the lighter duets. But the best voice belongs to Franco Artioli, a smooth-sounding tenor who seems cut out for singing songs by Lehar no matter what the language.

Edward Albee: The Zoo Story
Mark Richman and William Daniels, actors; Spoken Arts S808 (stereo) and 808

Two men meet by chance in Central Park, New York, strike up a conversation, tell each other of their lives, and come to a sudden disagreement. The quarrel ends when one fatally stabs the other, much to his own horror and to the almost inexpressible relief of the victim, who is grateful for having made contact with another human being, even at

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the cost of his own life. That is the story of Edward Albee's one-act, hour-long play *The Zoo Story*, which first brought him renown and set him on a road that has now been climaxed by this season's Broadway sensation, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* Albee is a controversial playwright, and *The Zoo Story* remains a controversial play. Its language is often pungent, its meaning often puzzling. But as the two strangers hold their tense and cryptic colloquy in the park, an almost unbearable suspense builds up, to end in a shattering climax. Mr. Richman and Mr. Daniels, both *Zoo Story* stage veterans, extract the last drop of drama from the play. However, some of the sound effects are distracting; for instance, the recording surely offers the loudest footfalls this side of doomsday.

Democracy in America: Fourteen dramatizations based on the work by Alexis de Tocqueville, prepared by the Division of General Education of New York University

Directed by George E. Probst, with Barry Morse, Alan King, and other actors of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation; music by Lucio Agostini; The Spoken Word SW-A 30: seven records

These seven hours of listening, divided into fourteen half-hour programs, represent one of the most imposing achievements of modern educational broadcasting. George E. Probst and Lister Sinclair have succeeded in transforming the writings of Tocqueville, supplemented by those of other observers of the 1830s, into vivid and thoughtful dramatic pictures of life in Jacksonian America. For example: "The Fourth of July in Albany, 1831," in which two traveling French aristocrats view and participate in a small town's patriotic fiesta, against the background of their own knowledge of postrevolutionary France. Wit, drama, and shrewd observation all have their places in these sketches, as they do in Tocqueville's writings. The fine Canadian cast seems thoroughly at home in a variety of American regional accents, and Lucio Agostini's music has pace and flavor. These dramatizations appeared initially as radio programs, but boxed together in an album they make an adornment for any school or library that is interested in stimulating an awareness of the American past.

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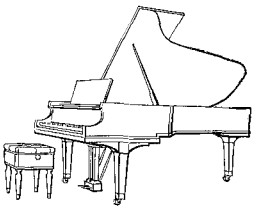

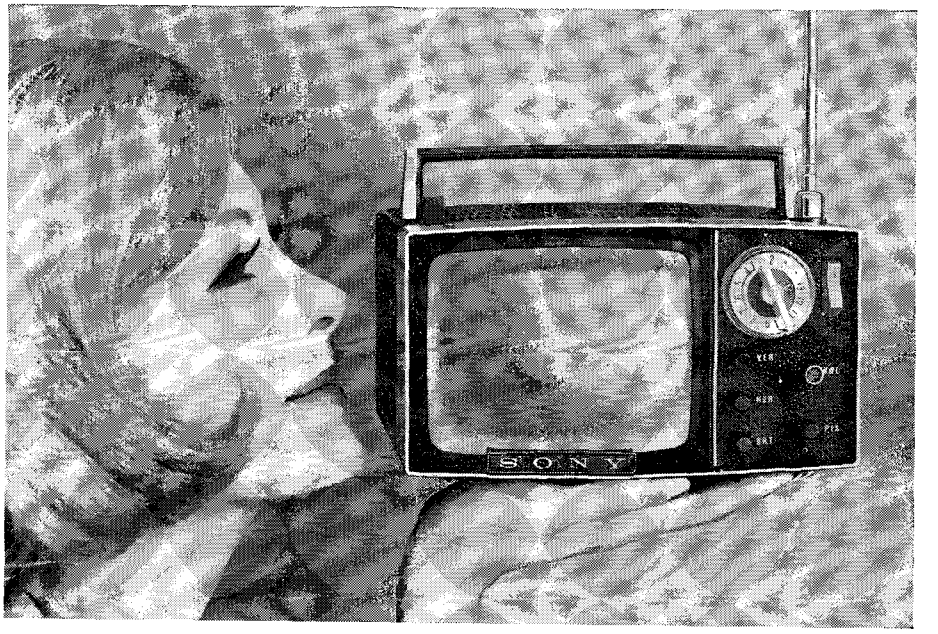

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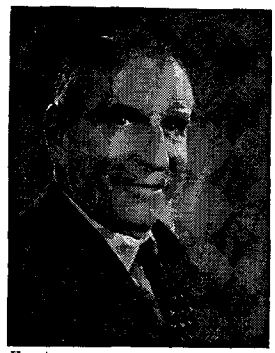

Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

"Well, it's all in the way you look at it." That comment, usually coming from an elder and always implying a difference in the point of view, is one of the most provocative expressions in the American vocabulary. Audubon, here when the continent was unspoiled, preserved by his looking the wild beauty we have lost; Thoreau, when his contemporaries were opening and exploiting the West, threw his imperishable protection about a familiar pond; and Edwin Muir, when most men saw in a sequoia so many thousand board feet of lumber, staked off the Mariposa Grove in Yosemite, our first national park. To have walked, listening, with any one of these would have been an education.

Most of us do not have a naturalist in the family, and our perception of the physical world is awakened by what we do. The man who led me afield in New Jersey was my scoutmaster, Ned Olmsted, a frustrated West Pointer who at last got his general's star in 1918. He was a rugged guide, and on our hikes to Salem Dam or our winter scouting through the Kean's woods or the adventurous bike rides on dusty roads to Morristown, we were somehow invested with his military fervor. Nature seemed to confront us with a series of tests, like making a fire without matches. Off duty in our long summers on the Jersey Coast we were so absorbed in tennis and sailing, swimming and beach parties that the casual moments — the first sight of the ocean in June, the hunt for moonstones in the low tide before breakfast, morning glories and sweet peas with the dew on them, the strong stink of the marshes, the swift, low-flying arrows of snipe and yellowlegs, the boats coming ashore from the fish pounds with their fresh-caught blues and bonitos — were as quick as snapshots and were as soon forgotten.

A desire for solitude, happiness in a quiet place is the prelude to a conscious communication with nature. A few are born with it, but for most the passkey is not found until competition and the wear of city life have left us needy of replenishment. I learned to be alone and like it in England: I was reading English authors in their native heath, Wordsworth in the Lake Country, *Pickwick* in Kent, Chaucer on the Pilgrims' Way, Hardy in Dorset, *Puck of Pook's Hill* on the Roman Roads; and on bike trips that might run to several hundred miles I was pumping — always uphill it seemed — for a scenic beauty beyond anticipation. The habit was still growing when I settled as a bachelor in Boston, and when friends with a vast estate along the Sudbury River offered me a single-room screened cabin for the summer and fall, here I came for solitary weekends. It was Thoreau country, and from the *Journals* I could follow his walks along the riverbank and spot his landmarks. The chestnuts which he had measured with his arms — two embraces or more, the giants — were dead but still standing.

What I am describing is a conversion, and Henry Thoreau converted me just as surely as he has men the world over to a new reverence for their country. He has a genius for the short muscular sentence that shakes us up, making us realize that his words apply to us even more than to his contemporaries, so fast have we been spending the country. Listen: "We live but a fraction of our life. . . ." "Men have become the tools of their tools. . . ." "The river is my own highway, the only wild and unfenced part of the world hereabouts. . . ." "Many large trees, especially elms, about a house are a surer indication of old family distinction and worth than any evidences of wealth." "It is more glorious to expect a better, than to enjoy a worse." "It takes a man of genius to travel in his own country, in his native village; to make any progress between his door and his gate. . . ." "What is the use of a house if you haven't got a tolerable planet to put it on?" Where can you find such a compound of common

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sense and American beauty? In THE THOUGHTS OF THOREAU (Dodd, Mead, $3.75), edited by EDWIN WAY TEALE.

IN WILDERNESS IS PRESERVATION

Teale tells us how he absorbed Thoreau on a four-hundred-mile trip in a rowboat down the Ohio. "I would let the boat ride with the current for half an hour at a time, reading as I drifted." In some such way the man from Concord has entered the bloodstream of all American naturalists. Roy Bedichek in Texas, Henry Beston on Cape Cod, Joseph Wood Krutch in Arizona, Sigurd Olson, Paul Brooks, Donald Culross Peattie are a few of his countless disciples. Thoreau's aim and his very words have been the motivation of volunteer groups like the Wilderness Society and, on the West Coast, the Sierra Club, groups who have banded together to preserve national monuments now threatened with extinction, and who live in the belief, so well expressed by David Brower, that "the natural and civilized worlds must live together or perish separately."

The Sierra Club, founded in 1902 by John Muir, has devoted itself to the study and protection of national scenic resources, particularly those of mountain regions. The books it publishes include photographic studies of the Sierras, of our great canyons, rain forests, and river valleys: "This is your heritage," these books say. "See that you preserve it." A number of the series have gone through several printings; and this fortuitous blend of prose and picture now comes to beautiful fruition in "IN WILDNESS IS THE PRESERVATION OF THE WORLD" (Sierra Club, $20.00), with selections from Thoreau's prose and verse on the left hand and to the right a series of seventy-two color plates by Eliot Porter.

Dr. Porter is a state-of-Mainer who half a century ago spent summer after summer on the white beaches and in the spruce forests of Great Spruce Head Island in Maine. Here he first read *Walden*, "finding it rather a chore," and on this family island he learned, as a great photographer must, to let nature tell its own story. In his new book his color plates compliment and reinforce the spirit of what Thoreau is saying. The pictures follow the four seasons, beginning with spring, and for me those which achieve the greatest beauty are of the marsh in March flood, and of the wild azalea, and those of the late autumn with the turning leaves, the cooling water, and the subtly sere ferns. The greens of deep summer seem the hardest to approximate. The water lilies are perfect; so are the grasses with the dewy cobwebs; but the very glossy leaves and the tender moss are more elusive. By any comparison, this is a rare book, and it reminds us, as do the excerpts from Thoreau's journals and letters, of the exquisite artistry of nature if only we will look.

UPRIVER IN CHINA

THE SAND PEBBLES (Harper & Row, $5.95) wears the seal of the Harper Prize Novel. It is a long, loose-jointed, somewhat predictable story of a gunboat, the U.S.S. *San Pablo*, an ancient relic which patrols the upper reaches of the Yangtze River "showing the flag" and ostensibly protecting American missions and property from warlords and revolutionaries. The book rings true, and so it should, for the author, RICHARD MCKENNA, served two hitches in the navy, the first for ten years in the Far East, two of them aboard a Yangtze River gunboat, and the second as a machinist's mate on a troop transport, from which he graduated to a destroyer at the time of Korea. He knows his ships, the types that man them, and their lingo, and he brings to every aspect of discipline or shore leave the grasp of detail and a sage, amusing detachment which make for verisimilitude.

The *San Pablo*, with its complement of two officers and twenty-two ratings, is a ship like no other. Built in the dark ages by the Chinese for the Spaniards, it is more a houseboat than a battlewagon and so encrusted with deckhouses and upperworks that it would capsize in the open sea. Chinese coolies, growing fat on squeeze, do all of the dirty work, including that of the black gang, and Big Chew, the cook, serves up meals an admiral would envy. For the ratings, who are not even expected to shave themselves, it is the most lush berth imaginable. But they must simulate a bold front, for it is the dedicated belief of their commanding officer, Lieutenant Collins, that they will have to fight without warning against overwhelming odds, and the practice of repelling boarders is an almost daily drill.

Into this musical comedy of a ship comes a replacement — square-set, powerful Jake Holman, a maverick who worships engines and loathes discipline. It riles Jake that the coolies should have firsthand control of his engines; he resents the belowdecks sovereignty of Lop Eye Shing, and he infuriates the captain by his contempt for drill. On the transport which takes him upriver, Holman meets an incoming missionary, Miss Eckert; she is the first decent, attractive woman that he is likely to see much of in China, and one can predict that when she is in trouble he will come to her rescue. Jake Holman is nearly as much fun to follow as Mr. Roberts; were it not for his magnetism, the story would be intolerably long. Among the coolies he finds an eager apprentice, Po-han,

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whom he trains in his own likeness; and with these two allies — Miss Eckert in his mind, Po-han at his side — and with Lieutenant Collins like an avenging fate hanging over him, Jake and his shipmates drift closer and closer to the days of tumult and real shooting. Could it all have been said in less space? Why, certainly. Cuts would have been particularly desirable in the tense, overdramatic close.

THE BUILDING OF A CATHEDRAL

SIR BASIL SPENCE, architect of the new cathedral of Coventry, has described his experiences as a church builder in PHOENIX AT COVENTRY (Harper & Row, $6.95). With infinite good humor and an artless manner, Sir Basil tells of the excitement of creating the design, part of which came to him under gas in a dentist's office, and of his innocent delight when the judges selected his plans from the considerable number submitted in the contest.

His troubles had just begun. Although in his own opinion the architect had designed a new cathedral which retained the spirit of the old one, he was savagely denounced for not following the Gothic letter. The authorities who had awarded him the job stood firmly by their choice, but public suspicion of a building labeled controversial made it difficult to collect funds. Sir Basil had to barnstorm around England and Canada with an illustrated lecture on his plans in order to help his employers raise the money to pay him. He had to find artists in iron and in the almost forgotten field of stained glass. He persuaded Graham Sutherland to design an immense tapestry, and when it proved impossible to weave it in Britain, he maneuvered like a diplomat to soothe Britain's injured dignity while getting the tapestry done in France. He found that the acoustical expert whose advice he needed was so inflamed by the thought of a modern cathedral that he would have nothing to do with it. The architect struggled patiently with all these complications and finally had the satisfaction of seeing his design rise into brilliant life beside the bombed ruins of the old cathedral.

Sir Basil is a thoughtful and sympathetic writer who never assumes that his reader shares his own technical knowledge and who seldom fails to foresee, and answer, the questions that will arise in the layman's mind about putting up a building. His book tells a great deal about architecture in general as well as about his particular project. One learns, among other things, that old cathedrals should never be dusted because it spoils the acoustics. The book's handsome color plates reveal that the new building is not modern, nor Gothic, nor Romanesque, nor anything except what Sir Basil intended it to be — a very beautiful church.

Reader's Choice

BY WILLIAM BARRETT

With each new work J. D. SALINGER continues to stretch the medium of fiction to fit his own personal obsessions. In RAISE HIGH THE ROOF BEAM, CARPENTERS and SEYMOUR — AN INTRODUCTION (Little, Brown, $4.00), the stretching has gone so far that the author feels called upon to reassure the reader: "I believe I essentially remain what I have always been — a narrator, but one with extremely pressing personal needs." A narrator he certainly is, and a wonderful one when he chooses to be; but here, particularly in the second of these two stories, he is so busy exorcising private ghosts that he gets in the way of his own characters.

Mr. Salinger's obsessions continue to be Zen Buddhism, Oriental philosophy, and generally the pursuit of some ecstatic and beatific perception that will redeem a stale and ugly world. The protagonist in this search for beatitude is Seymour Glass, oldest son and spiritual leader of his numerous and eccentric family. Seymour, who has already committed suicide as a young man, now definitely emerges as someone who could not possibly have grown old. In quest of the ecstatic vision, his mind has been fixed upon the purity and innocence of the very young. Imitating his example, the whole Glass family remains curiously childlike. Mr. Salinger's persistent theme has been the contrast between the wonderful and magical world of children and the crass materialism of adults. In playing off one against the other he often gives us moments of rare beauty; but this counterpoint also has its limitations. It seems to require that the adult world always be seen from the outside. They, the adults, are *the others*, the enemy.

"Seymour — An Introduction" almost abandons the story form altogether. In a series of rambling notes and ruminations Mr. Salinger tries to give us a deeper appreciation of this character who has possessed his imagination for many years. Seymour does emerge larger than life from these pages, but unfortunately also vaguer; as he becomes more Christlike and elect, he seems more archetypal than personal, less a character in fiction than a private symbol of salvation for the author.

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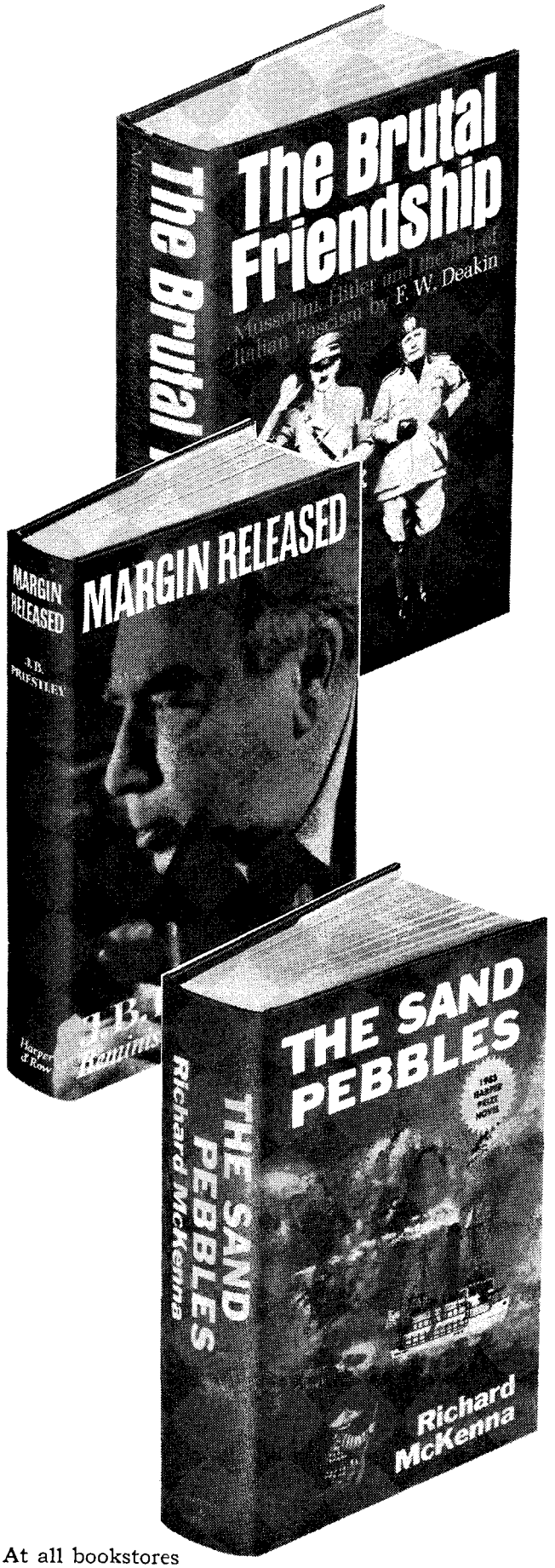

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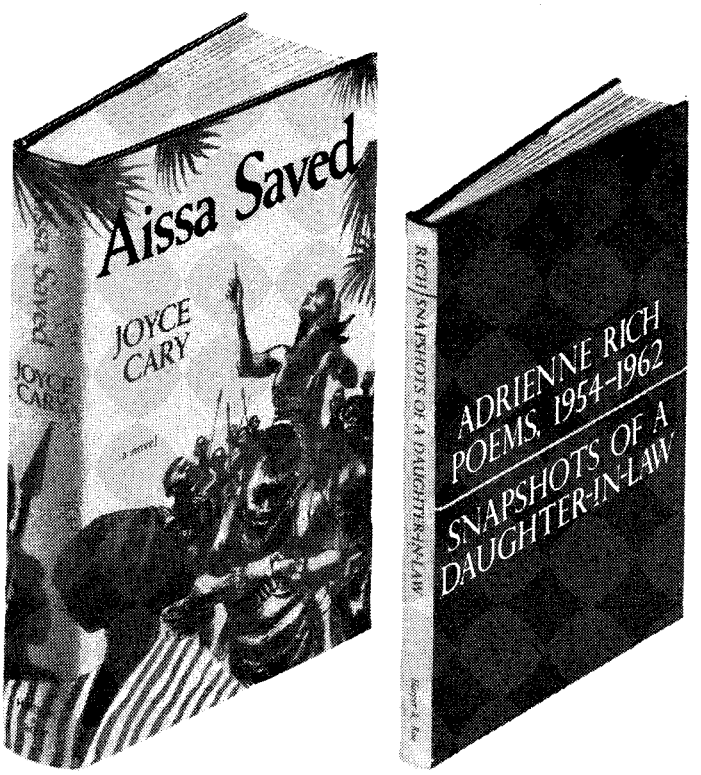

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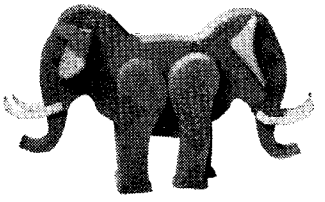

Because there are actually four major political parties with separate entities in the U. S. — the presidential Democrats, the presidential Republicans, Congressional Democrats, and Congressional Republicans. The result — a splintered national government almost incapable of solving 20th century problems.

JAMES MACGREGOR BURNS

The brilliant author of ROOSEVELT: THE LION AND THE FOX and JOHN KENNEDY: A POLITICAL PROFILE presents a fascinating insight into the paralyzing conflict between the President and Congress from the days of Madison and Jefferson to the stalemate in Washington today . . . and what can be done about it. Here is a book that will be talked about (and perhaps acted upon) in the years ahead. $5.95

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The other story, a more traditional and successful narrative, deals with Seymour's wedding day, when the bridegroom is very conspicuous by his absence. The narrator, the younger brother, Buddy Glass, is trapped with some disgruntled guests in a ride up Madison Avenue. One guest is a ferocious young matron of honor, a hefty specimen not many years away from the athletic field of some women's college, who holds her bouquet of gardenias in her lap "as though it were a deflated volleyball" and delivers blast after blast against the irresponsible Seymour. As always, Mr. Salinger's touch is as sharp as a cat's claw when he is dealing with the *other* side; and usually his worst materialists are women. Buddy invites the group to a small hideaway apartment he has shared in the past with his brother. While the guests proceed to drink themselves silly, he repairs to another room, happens upon a diary of Seymour's, and reads it. Here, in the diary's ecstatic prose, the jilting groom is thoroughly exonerated. How could he, who is not of this world, be expected to take part in the mundane business of a wedding with vulgar adults like that matron?

PROBLEMS OF DEMOCRACY

Though the essays by ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR., in THE POLITICS OF HOPE (Houghton Mifflin, $5.00) were all written before the Kennedy Administration came to power, they will probably be read by many people (perhaps misread by some) in the light of his present official position as a special assistant to the President. Such a reading may seem *e : post facto*, but there can be no denying that Mr. Schlesinger's book would strike an entirely different note now if the 1960 election had gone the other way.

For one thing, his powers as a historical prophet would have been left in sore disrepute. His prophecy was based upon a theory originally elaborated by his father (a distinguished historian at Harvard), to the effect that American political history progresses in cycles — periods of consolidation and relative inertia being followed by waves of activity and innovation. After the strenuous challenges faced during the Depression, the New Deal, the Second World War, and the Korean War, the American people were ready for a breather during the eight years of the Eisenhower Administration. But at the end of that period the cyclical theory predicted that it was time for a change; and Mr. Kennedy, who had read Mr. Schlesinger on the subject, accordingly based his 1960 campaign on the slogan "Let's get America moving again." The Schlesingers were confirmed by one of the narrowest squeaks in our electoral history.

Mr. Schlesinger is a very able writer, lively and persuasive in style, and his book altogether is an excellent introduction to the politics of the coming decade. Many of these essays, written in the middle years of the Eisenhower Administration, betray the author's obvious impatience at what he regarded as the lassitude and drift of the 1950s. Yet his own positive proposals now seem hardly bold or radical by contrast. Indeed, the positions he takes are usually so moderate and cautiously reasonable that it is hard to see why he should have been singled out by some political foes as a dangerously radical presence in Washington. If he is at all radical, it is not in the style of Marx but of Emerson, who distinguished between the party of hope, which looks to the future, and the party of conservatism, which looks to the past. Of course, Mr. Schlesinger does believe, among other things, that we are a rich enough nation to afford a better educational system and possibly even a decent postal service — views so extreme that, to those on the far right, they must undoubtedly appear to threaten the republic itself.

Three of the most valuable pieces in this book are intellectual profiles of Walter Lippmann, Bernard De Voto, and Reinhold Niebuhr. All of these men at times espoused political positions contrary to Mr. Schlesinger's own brand of liberalism: Lippmann for a while opposed Roosevelt and the New Deal; De Voto often spoke from the independent right; and for a while during the 1930s Niebuhr was a Marxist, thoroughly disenchanted with the possibilities of democratic politics. Yet each of the three, in the evolution of his own thought, is an admirable example of the free play of intelligence upon politics; and in treating them with understanding and sympathy Mr. Schlesinger goes a long way toward broadening the scope of his own liberalism.

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It is a paradox of democratic government that, while ultimate authority resides in the people, democracy has never been able to work without vigorous leaders. Mr. Schlesinger devotes two essays to this problem of leadership, but leaves matters on a pretty theoretical level. It has remained for JAMES MACGREGOR BURNS, professor of political science at Williams, to bring the problem very much down to earth in THE DEADLOCK OF DEMOCRACY (Prentice-Hall, $5.95), one of the most significant political tracts of recent years.

Mr. Burns's central contention is that ours has become a four-party system made up of presidential and congressional Democrats on the one hand, and presidential and congressional Republicans on the other. This split was dramatically clear during the President's recent difficulties in getting his program through Congress; but it has also bedeviled other Presidents throughout our history in their struggles with Congress. The result is that the federal government has often had to move sluggishly on vital social problems where prompt action was called for. Mr. Burns goes so far as to say that the American people in a certain sense have lost control of their own government. In the battle over medical care for the aged, the most reliable polls indicated that the great majority of voters were for the Administration's program, yet the bill could not get through Congress.

Mr. Burns locates the source of this party division in two different concepts of government that have dominated our history from the very beginning: Madison's cautious system of checks and balances, and Jefferson's insistence upon strong presidential leadership for a country whose frontiers were still expanding. Madison's view reflected the fears of a people who felt they had just escaped tyranny and wanted above all to curb federal power. It was, moreover, a style of government not too violently unsuited to the slow pace of events in a rural nation. But in today's rapidly changing world, where social evils fester if they are not promptly attended to, this system of stalemate and compromise is a deadly encumbrance of the past.

Is there any way out of the stalemate? Mr. Burns holds that the

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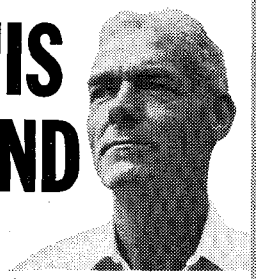

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change can come only through a strong President, Democratic or Republican, who manages to unify the congressional and presidential factions within his own party. If this could be accomplished, we would eventually have a single party in power, charged with administering the country, and a single party in responsible opposition. Without any amendment to the Constitution, we would have in effect moved close to the parliamentary form of government. Mr. Burns does not say, though I am sure he knows, that for this latter change to take place there would have to be a drastic shaking up of some of our most deeply embedded habits of thought as a nation.

SUBTLE MEMOIRIST

No less an authority than Edmund Wilson has recently declared that MORLEY CALLAGHAN is "the most unjustly neglected novelist in the English language." While THAT SUMMER IN PARIS (Coward-McCann, $5.00) is not a novel, it shows so many deft and subtle touches of the accomplished novelist that it is bound to send many readers after the other books of this remarkable writer to check up on Mr. Wilson's judgment.

Mr. Callaghan tells here about the summer of 1929 in Paris, when he was a close friend of Hemingway's and Fitzgerald's. The book is very deceptive at first; there seem to be no startling anecdotes, and Mr. Callaghan's art, which is simplicity itself, plods slowly along with the commonplace. But gradually, from what had appeared at first as a merely easygoing and agreeable chronicle, there emerge extremely subtle portraits of both Hemingway and Fitzgerald, as well as a highly dramatic account of their uneasy friendship.

Callaghan and Hemingway first met when they were young reporters on the Toronto *Star*. Hemingway, five years older than Callaghan, had seen a good deal of the world and sought to take the younger man in tow. Even then, Callaghan observes, Hemingway was the kind of man around whom legends easily formed. After Hemingway returned to Paris, the two kept in touch with one another; and some years later, when Callaghan himself went abroad, the friendship was renewed. Much of the pathos and comedy of this narrative turns on the sparring matches that the pair indulged in. Hemingway had a great reputation for fistic prowess (he was supposed to have knocked out the middleweight champion of France with one punch); and Callaghan was astonished to learn that this, too, was one of the Hemingway legends. In the ring Ernest was rather slow and awkward, and Callaghan had no trouble outboxing him. For the most part, Hemingway hid his annoyance; but on the one occasion when Fitzgerald came to watch, Hemingway happened to get knocked down. While Fitzgerald, a victim of the Hemingway legend, could not believe his eyes, Ernest got up and stalked off in a rage. Reflecting on the incident now, Callaghan observes, "Ernest just had to be champion."

In this intricate three-way friendship, Morley Callaghan emerges as the steadiest and most reasonable pivot. Perhaps after all these years he may be working off a little pique against his two more famous friends. Yet such is the compelling simplicity of his art that he convinces us that the way he is telling it is exactly the way it must have been.

PASSIONS HOT AND COOLED

The real hero of CALDER WILLINGHAM'S ETERNAL FIRE (Vanguard, $6.95) appears to be the fiery power of the summer sun itself as it provokes people to passion, violence, and killing in the sleepy little Georgian town of Carthage Hill. In due course Mr. Willingham draws out nearly all the stops in Southern Gothic fiction: lots of lurid sex, incest, blackmail, a rigged trial, a prostitute mother, a feebleminded dwarf, and several killings. Yet he is a born storyteller, and even the most sensational of his material is handled with such cool narrative skill that it seems credible at least during the moment of reading.

That a seduction is good for many pages of suspense was originally proved by Richardson in *Clarissa* and more recently confirmed by Herman Wouk in *Marjorie Morningstar*. Mr. Willingham ties a new knot of suspense by making the seduction not merely *pour le sport* but part of a plot by a thieving judge to protect his own hide. Judge Ball, guardian of young Randy Shepherdson, has been misappropriating the latter's inheri-

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tance for years. Now Randy is about to marry Laurie Mae, and the judge sees his peculations about to be discovered and his meal ticket lost. He therefore hires Harry Diadem, a handsome and demoniacally sexy young man, to seduce Laurie Mae in order to break up the marriage. Harry goes to work like a bat out of hell, but is unable to make more than a small dent upon the tenacious virtue of Laurie Mae. Finally, after many pages and some surprising switches, he does succeed; but in the classic pattern of the seduction story, even as he succeeds he fails: Randy and Laurie Mae are to be married notwithstanding. And diabolical Harry gets his just deserts at the hands of the dwarf, who has always worshiped Laurie Mae from afar and cannot bear to see her wronged.

In the house of the novel there are many mansions. Richardson wrote *Clarissa* deliberately to titillate, and the work would not now remain a classic if it did not have much the same effect upon modern readers. Mr. Willingham is far more flagrantly clinical in his methods, and his story is for the most part cleverly contrived tripe; yet such is the mysterious art of storytelling that he manages to hold the reader's interest through nearly seven hundred pages.

JOHN A. WILLIAMS is a young Negro writer whose first novel, *Night Song*, showed promise, but whose second, SISSIE (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy $4.50), we are happy to note, already marks the arrival of a mature and serious talent. To be sure, the book is uneven and there are tedious passages that suggest that Mr. Williams is still wrestling with material he has not yet assimilated. But these faults are minor beside the solid strength of his accomplishment; he has managed to write a convincing novel, not about the Negro question, but about real people with real personal problems.

Since Ralph Joplin and his sister Iris have "made it big" — he as a young playwright, she as a singer in Europe — their success permits them the leisure to search after their own souls. As the story moves back into the past, we are made to understand how Ralph and Iris got to be where they are and what self-doubts and struggles they had on the way up. Inevitably the burrowing into the past leads back to their mother, the matriarchal Sissie, a strong and passionate woman who ruled her roost and drove her children forward into life, but over whose past hangs a pall of bitterness and misunderstanding. When Ralph and Iris come at last to understand and forgive their mother as she is dying, they take the last step in growing up. By this time, too, Mr. Williams has managed to give us a glimpse of the depth and complexity of family life that is not peculiarly Negro but universally human.

LOVE LETTER TO THE WORLD

LUDWIG BEMELMANS was so prolific an author, and his many books were so unfailingly entertaining, that perhaps we had all begun to take him a little too much for granted. Now that he is gone it is a jolt to realize what a fine and resourceful artist, underneath all his carefree motley, we have lost. THE STREET WHERE THE HEART LIES (World, $3.95) is a last and lovely valentine to the world which he loved and to which he added so much marvelous buffoonery.

The scene is Paris, in a quarter near Notre Dame, and the characters a set of odd and wonderful waifs that only Bemelmans could assemble. A rich young American, Jeb Clayborn, gives up his wealth to live the life of a tramp under one of the Paris bridges. He meets and falls in love with Gala, the beautiful and virginal stripteaser at a little local firetrap theater called the Relaxez-Vous. Gala's specialty is to undress to a recitation of the poems of Baudelaire. She is also being pursued by two other suitors — a fabulously wealthy and henpecked sheikh who is in Paris to get away from all those nasty females in his harem, and Vittorio Vivanti, a Milanese movie director bursting with *pasta* and self-importance. But love triumphs; Jeb and Gala are married in Notre Dame, the Republican Guard stands by in full dress, and in the wedding party, held on a little barge on the Seine, all the implausible characters are packed like sardines below and above decks.

It is all, of course, a bit sentimental, as valentines ought to be. But Bemelmans was never one to let sentimentality becloud his cool and candid eye; and in Signor Vivanti he mercilessly impales a particularly egregious specimen of the *dolce vita*.

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POTPOURRI

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

RENOIR, MY FATHER (Little, Brown, $8.95) by the film producer JEAN RENOIR is a family memoir of such irresistible charm that it is a temptation to overlook the literary skill with which it is constructed. Renoir's son rightly considers his father, who hated ugliness, machinery, and intellectual prattle about art, a great painter and also one of the most agreeable men who ever wielded a brush. In keeping with Renoir *père's* dislike of pretentiousness, the book imitates family gossip. It leaps about in time, scoops up anecdotes that have nothing at all to do with the subject, follows tangents that lead to recipes, the affairs of remote cousins, and the limitations of nineteenth-century plumbing, but always circles back to the character of the painter. The book has the tone of unconsidered reminiscent conversation, full of affection and humor and sparkling with the unexpected detail that can be provided only by someone who was there and saw, with an artist's eye, what happened. For Mr. Renoir, although not a painter, is an artist in visual and dramatic effects, and in the long run, every irrelevant joke and trivial fact proves to be a solid, functional piece in the reconstruction of his father's life and world.

The facts about how many paintings Renoir did, who bought them and for how much, and other bread-and-butter information with which Mr. Renoir does not trouble himself can be found in RENOIR, THE MAN AND HIS WORK (Prentice-Hall, $6.95) by FRANÇOIS FOSCA, translated by Mary I. Martin. The book is a decent, workmanlike job reinforced with a large number of illustrations, the color plates varying inexplicably in quality but never falling below the level of usefulness.

JOHN UPDIKE'S new novel, THE CENTAUR (Knopf, $4.00), is clear proof that the old gods are not dead, but still up and about and capable of mischief. The Olympians have taken possession of Mr. Updike and compelled him to clutter a perfectly good short book about a hard-pressed schoolmaster with a lot of mythological baggage. Caldwell,

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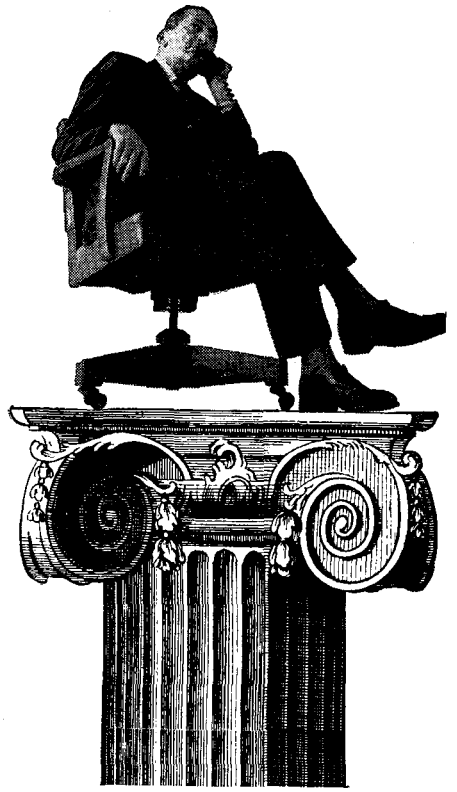

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the unfortunate teacher, is identified with that noble pedagogue Chiron the centaur. His misadventures in this incarnation are described by the author in Victorian Homeric translator's prose, and with a literal-mindedness leading to comic effects which Mr. Updike presumably does not quite appreciate. You cannot, after all, housebreak a horse. When Caldwell is not a centaur, his troubles are reported by his son in Mr. Updike's normal manner, with a great deal of oppressively detailed factual background, not all of it accurate. The time of this novel is specifically 1947, but Caldwell's son goes to see a movie called *Young Man With a Horn*, which was made in 1949. If this event occurred in the province of the gods, it might pass as a miracle, but it happens in the realistic half of the book and does nothing to encourage suspension of disbelief.

PAGE SMITH'S biography of JOHN ADAMS (Doubleday, two volumes, $14.50) has the advantage of being the first such book based on the complete collection of Adams papers. It is an impressive piece of work, Mr. Smith having reduced mountainous quantities of material to a lucid, coherent text. While the biography does not appreciably alter the established portrait of Adams, it does provide a great deal of lively and frequently witty quotation.

OCCASION FOR LOVING (Viking, $5.00) by NADINE GORDIMER is an intelligent, coldly convincing study of racial opposition in South Africa, cast in the form of a novel about a love affair between a white woman and an African painter. The two move on the periphery of an academic circle in which the principle of racial equality is conscientiously held and practiced. Nobody openly objects to their relationship; nobody informs the police. The affair nevertheless falls apart through the sheer practical difficulty of maintaining it. Miss Gordimer's point is that political conditions in South Africa inevitably outweigh every other consideration, no matter how private. White privilege is "a silver spoon clamped between your jaws and you might choke on it for all the chance there was of dislodging it." She makes this argument very successfully, but it must be admitted that in doing so she writes a novel that reads at times like a mathematical equation.

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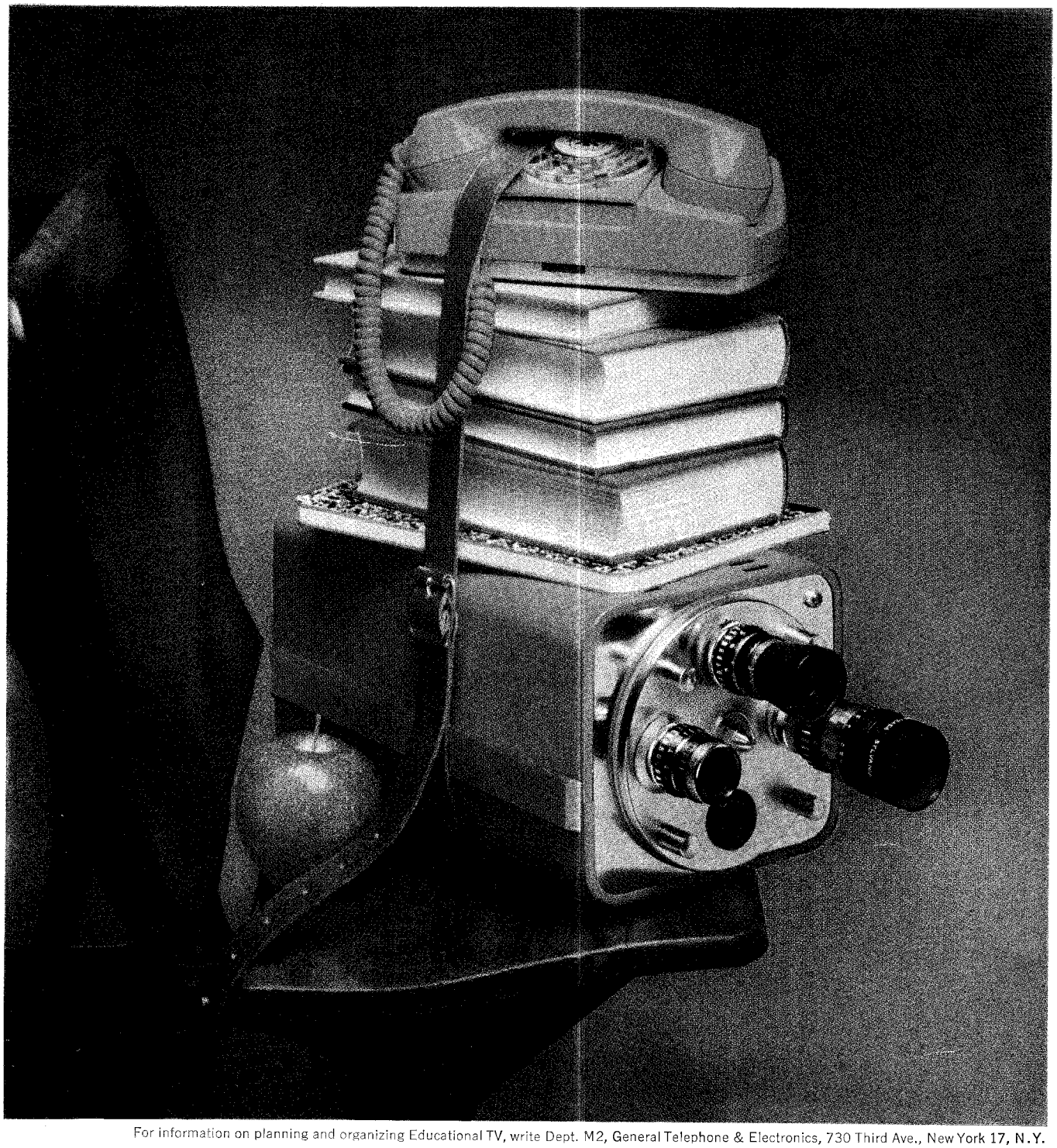

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